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ABHRÁIN GRÁDH CHUIGE CONNACHT

OR

LOVE SONGS OF CONNACHT

(BRING THE FOURTH CHAPTER OF THE "SONGS OF CONNACHT"), NOW
FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED, EDITED, AND TRANSLATED



BY

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

(an chraoibín doibinn).

PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH NATIONAL LITERARY SOCIETY, MEMBER OF
THE COUNCIL OF THE GAELIC UNION. AUTHOR OF "LEABHAR
SGEULIGHEACHTA;" "BESIDE THE FIRE," ETC.

THIRD EDITION.

báile-áit-claí.

clóbaile le Gill, spáirí uí Conaill.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN. DUBLIN: GILL & SON

Half-a-Crown, Nett.

abhráin gráoh chúige connacht

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Τῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ πόλλ' ἔνεστι ποικίλα,
Τέρπει τε γὰρ μάλιστα καὶ λυπεῖ βροτούς,
Τύχοιμι δ' αὐτῆς ἡνικ' ἐστὶν εὐμενής.

EURIPIDES.

Ἀντὶ τὰς ἡμετέρας
ὁρᾷ το ὄφελος
ὅτι ἂν εὖ ἴδωμεν.

BÁRD ÉIGIN.

Τίς δὲ βίος τί δὲ τερπνὸν ἄτερ χρυσέης Ἀφροδίτης,
Τεθναιην ὅτε μοι μηκέτι ταῦτα μέλοι.

MIMNERMUS.

PB1429
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FUAGRADII.

A Cháirde,

Níl ann san leabhairín seo acht aon chaibidil amháin de'n leabhar mór atá mé ag cur le chéile ar "Abhránaibh Chúige Connacht." Tá caibidil le bheith agam ann ar abhránaibh Uí Chearbhalláin nach raibh ariamh i gcló, caibidil eile ar Mhac Cába agus ar Chom-aimsireachaibh an Chearbhallánaigh, caibidil eile ar abhránaibh óil, caibidil ar chaointib agus ar abhránaibh bróin, caibidil ar dhántaibh Mhic Shuibhne agus an Bhaireudaigh, caibidil ar dhántaibh an Reachtair, caibidil ar abhránaibh eug-samhla, agus b'éidir tuilleadh. Agus i n-éinfeacht leis sin tá mé ag cur rómham cúntas iomlán do thabhairt ar bhárdaigheacht agus ar rannaigheacht na h-Éireann, le somplachaibh ar níos mó ná leith-cheud de na miosúraibh no módhaidh-rannaigheachta do bhi aca, i n-Gaedheilg.

Acht mar atá clóbhualadh na Gaédheilge an-chostasach, agus mar cailltear mórán airgid le gach leabhar, d'iarrfainn ar gach uile dhuine léigheas an leabhar so agus ata sásta leis an gcaoi ann a bhfuil sé deunta—agus go deimhin do rinneas mo dhithchioll leis—líne do chur chugam-sa go tigh Gill, Sráid Uí Chonaill, Baile-ath-cliaith, le rádh an nglacfaidh sé na coda eile nuair tiucfaidh siad amach, no and-tiubhraidh sé aon chongnamh dham leis na leabhracha so do sgapadh i n-aisge gan luach améasg na sgol ann a bhfuil an Ghaedheilg d'a múnadh anois i n-Éirinn, mar do sgap an duine-uasal an Cliabharach mo "Leabhar Sgeulwigheachta," agus a "Dhuanaire" féin, agus mar do sgap mé féin mo "Chois na Teineadh,"—rud do rinne, mar chluinim, mórán leis na teanga do chongbháil suas ann sna h-áiteachaibh sin. Do thug mo charad agus mo chomh-Chonnachtach féin an t-Athair Mártain Labhrás O Murchadh ó Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., fiche púnt dam, mar chongnamh ann san gcúis mhaith seo, agus is mian liom m'fhíor-bhuidheachas do chur i n-úmhaíl dó ann so.

Go raibh buaidh agus beannacht ar mhuinntir na Gaedheilge!
agus go saoraidh Dia Éire!

An CHRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

Οἰβρεάδα εἰς τὴν ἀντιγραφὴν ἀοιβήν.

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Containing six Folk Stories in Irish, reprinted from the last volume. With additional Notes, &c.

P R E F A C E .

MY DEAR DR. SIGERSON,

Allow me to offer you this slight attempt on my part to do for Connacht what you yourself and the late John O'Daly, following in the footsteps of Edward Walsh, to some extent accomplished for Munster, more than thirty years ago. Since that attempt of yours, down to the present day, scarcely an effort has been made to preserve what you then felt to be one of the most valuable heritages of the Irish race—its Folk Songs. I have, in the following little volume, collected a few of these, the Love-Songs of a single province merely, which I either took down in each county of Connacht from the lips of the Irish-speaking peasantry—a class which is disappearing with most alarming rapidity—or extracted from MSS. in my own possession, or from some lent to me, made by different scribes during this century, or which I came upon while examining the piles of modern manuscript Gaelic literature that have found their last resting-place on the shelves of the Royal Irish Academy. The little work of mine, of which this is the fourth chapter—the preceding three having been printed in the now extinct *Nation*—was originally all written in Irish, but the exigencies of publication in a weekly newspaper necessitated the translation of it into English. This I do not now wholly regret; for the literal translation of these songs will, I hope, be of some advantage to that at present increasing class of Irishmen who take a just pride in their native language, and to those foreigners who, great philologists and etymologists as they are, find themselves hampered in their pursuits through their unavoidable ignorance of the modern Irish idiom, an idiom which can only be correctly interpreted by native speakers, who are, alas! becoming fewer and fewer every day. It has also given me the opportunity of throwing some of these songs into English verse—such as it is—in doing which I have differed somewhat from yourself, Mangan, Ferguson, and other translators, in endeavouring to reproduce the vowel-rhymes as well as the exact metres of the original poems. This may give English readers, if the book ever fall into the hands of

PREFACE.

any such, some idea of the more ordinary and less intricate metres of the people, and of the system of Irish interlineal rhyming, though I fear that the unaccustomed ear will miss most of it. My English prose translation only aims at being literal, and has courageously, though no doubt ruggedly, reproduced the Irish idioms of the original.

I have, as you will see, carefully abstained from trenching upon anything ever before published, my object merely being to preserve what was in danger of speedy extinction. It is, however, more than time that the best of those gems of lyric song, published by Hardiman, over sixty years ago, in two expensive and now rare volumes, were given to the public in a cheap and accessible form. It is to them the student should first look for the very highest expression of the lyric genius of our race.

I have compiled this selection out of many hundreds of songs of the same kind which I have either heard or read, for, indeed, the productiveness of the Irish Muse, as long as we spoke Irish, was unbounded. It is needless to say that I have taken no liberties with my originals, and, though I have inserted conjectural emendations of many passages and words which to me appeared unintelligible, I have, of course, in every case honestly preserved in foot-notes the reading of the original MSS., or the words of the *viva-voce* reciter, no matter how corrupt they may have appeared, and I have spared no trouble in collating manuscripts wherever I could, so as to give the best text possible.

In conclusion, I beg of you to accept this little *dióracán*, not for its intrinsic worth, if it has any, but as a slight token of gratitude from one who has derived the greatest pleasure from your own early and patriotic labours in the same direction, for, as the poet says :—

'S í an ceangal ñaoibéilge ir gneannta cló,
 go blaítea léigteaí í maí ceól,
 'S í éanaí bmaítea binn-ñuít beóil.
 'S ir fíoraí ñua móra h-áille.

ir mé, le maí móra,

an chraoibhín aoibhinn.

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only prose translations of the others are given.*

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αῆhrāin ḡrádh chuíḡe connacht

OR

LOVE SONGS OF CONNACHT

Էս ջրած օ՛րբար յնր Էս թէ. Ե՛ս անն ան ճախն ճախեալ, ասոր ո՛ր
 քոր ար ան օգնո ար և յ-թարմա՛ծ քի ան ծան քօ, յա ար ձօն քսո
 Էիլ Ե՛ս ճաօն, ձէ՛տ անն ջօ Եփալ ան ծան քնն ան քն. Տո՛ւ
 ան ճաօ Է քի ճախարմա՛ծ ասոր ո՛ր մօ Ե ան ծանա՛ծ ան քն
 Էա՛ծար քօ; ո՛ր մախան Ե ան ծաօն ծօ Էս քօ Երօն ասոր
 քօ ջր-ճրած ձէ՛տ ան Է-Էրմա՛ն,

Իր Ես քօ քօ ան ջլօր ան յ-Էս
 Իր Ես քօ քօ ան յ-Էս

Էս քօ ան ծան քօ քնն քի, ասոր քի քօ քօ քի ճախն-քա՛ծ
 Է քնն.

Ե՛ս Երօն-Ե ՏԻՐ.

Ե՛ս Երօն-քի քի քի քի քի քի,
 ար ան ջ-քօ քօ Ե՛ս քի քի քի քի,
 'Տ քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի,
 'Ջր քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի.

Ե՛ս քի քի քի քի քի քի,
 քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի,
 քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի,
 'Տ քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի

Ե՛ս քի քի քի քի քի քի,
 քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի,
 քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի,
 քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի.

Ե՛ս քի քի քի քի քի քի,
 'Տ քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի,
 քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի,
 'Ջր քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի.

քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի,
 քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի,
 քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի,
 քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի.

* Aliter, “քի քի քի” = քի քի.

† .1. 'քի քի, քի, քի քի. Էա՛ծար քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի
 քի քի քի քի քի քի քի քի.

who did not understand it. The girl's name, and the occasion on which she made this poem, and everything else about it, is unknown, except that the poem is here. That is the way with three-fourths and more of the poems in this book; there remains nothing of the people who composed them in grief and tribulation, except the songs.

A tune is more lasting than the voice of the birds,
A word is more lasting than the riches of the world.

This is the poem she made, and it is evident that she was a country girl.

IF I WERE TO GO WEST.

If I were to go west, it is from the west I would not come,
On the hill that was highest, 't is on it I would stand,
It is the fragrant branch I would soonest pluck,
And it is my own love I would quickest follow.

My heart is as black as a sloe,
Or as a black coal that would be burnt in a forge,
As the sole of a shoe upon white halls,
And there is great melancholy over my laugh.

My heart is bruised, broken,
Like ice upon the top of water,
As it were a cluster of nuts after their breaking,
Or a young maiden after her marrying.

My love is of the colour of the blackberries,
And the colour of the raspberry on a fine sunny day.
Of the colour of the darkest heath-berries of the mountain,
And often has there been a black head upon a bright body

Time it is for me to leave this town,
The stone is sharp in it, and the mould is cold;
It was in it I got a voice (blame), without riches
And a heavy word from the band who back-bite.

I denounce love ; woe is she who gave it
 To the son of yon woman, who never understood it.
 My heart in my middle, sure he has left it black,
 And I do not see him on the street or in any place.

That is a song that cannot be surpassed for simplicity, softness, gentleness, and deep sorrow. That is how I found it ; but there are two other verses that were, without doubt, composed by some one else, though they have found a place in this poem. The daughter is speaking to her mother in the first verse, and the second daughter is speaking to the mother in the second verse.

THE FIRST DAUGHTER SPEAKS.

Oh ! dear little mother, give him myself ;
 Give him the cows and the sheep altogether.
 Go yourself a-begging alms,
 And go not west or east to look for me.

THE SECOND DAUGHTER (OPPOSING).

Oh ! dear little mother, give him herself ;
 Do not give him the cows and the sheep altogether.
 Do not go yourself begging for alms
 For any son of churl who is alive in Erin.

I give these two verses, but I separate them from the rest of the poem, for it is evident that it was some other person who added them to the mother-song.

There is the woman seeking satisfaction for her broken heart by putting her thoughts into words. Here, now, is the man trying to do the same thing in deep, mournful sorrow, and hard and ruined (*i.e.*, ruinous) melancholy upon him. The name of this song is the "Brow of Nephin." I heard part of it from a woman in Roscommon, and there is one verse of it given in Hardiman's book ; but I never got a complete copy of it until I found it in my old manuscript, out of which I have already taken so many songs. I was unable to find any copy of it in the MSS. in the Royal Irish Academy. It is likely that this poem is older than anything of Carolan's. Nephin is a mountain far west in the county Mayo, and the mountain gave its name to the song. No doubt it was a peasant who was neither poet or bard who com-

տօճ զոր Ծառն-էրե նս գայն 'հոգիք ձեր ահ 'հոգիք Եւ թողն է,
 ձեր տը եղջ Ծ'Արարանն իմ մեզն լուծ Դժ—ժոյն
 ունիւր Լիր.

malá néipin.

[illegible]

ՄԱ մեծիմն-բ ար նա ԿԱՆԿԱԻՆ
 ԵՄԵՐ ԲԱԾ ՄԱԼ ՄԱՄ, ՃԵՈՅԱԻՄՈՒ ՄՐՈՐԷ,
 ՄՈ ԵՃՐՈՒԵ ՄԻԼԵ ԲԱՐՈՒ ԲԱԾՈՐԵԱԾ
 ԱՇՄՐ ՃՐԱՍԻՄ ՕՐՐԱ ՃԱԸ ԼՕ.
 ՔԻՐ-ՔՃԱԸՆՆԱՆ ՆԱ ՆՃՐԱՍՃԱԸ
 ՔԱՐԻՆ ԲԱԾՈՒ Ա՛Ր ԵԼՒ ԱՄՈՐ ՃԱԸ ՃԼԵՈ,
 ՄՍ ՇՄԻ Լ՛ԵՄ ՄՈ ԵՐՈՒԹԵ-ՔՏԻՃ ԵՃ՛ՆՆԱ ՃԱԼ ՄԱԼ,
 ԱՇՄՐ ԵԱՆ ՄՈ ԵՐԱՍԻՇԵ Ո՛ՒԼ ԵՃՕ.

12a6 doibinn do na h-éinímb
 a éirígear go h-ápo,
 'S a còulúgear i n-éimfeacht
 ari don éraibín aiháin.
 ní mar rin dam féin
 a'p do m' ceuto míle gráó
 17 pas a o na ééle orpáinn
 éimgear gac lá.†

* "Deiç aḡam," i n-áit "le mo čaolb," 'ran ms.

† Aliter.

ni hé rin péim oam-ra
 ná vo m' ceuo mile gráo,
 1r paða fánað ó na céile
 bíor air n-éirige tað lá.

posed it, but there are few songs of the great bards themselves that are in my opinion as sweet as it.

THE BROW OF NEFIN.*

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,
 We should nestle together as safe in
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.
 From your lips such a music is shaken,
 When you speak it awakens my pain,
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.
 But were I on the fields of the ocean,
 I should sport on its infinite room,
 I should plough through the billow's commotion
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.
 For the flower of all maidens of magic
 Is beside me where'er I may be,
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,
 Not a woman takes pity on me.
 How well for the birds in all weather,
 They rise up on high in the air
 And then sleep upon one bough together
 Without sorrow or trouble or care ;
 But so it is not in this world
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,
 For away, far apart from each other,
 Each day rises barren and bare.



* LITERAL TRANSLATION.

If I were to be on the Brow of Nefin and my hundred loves by my side, it is pleasantly we would sleep together like the little bird upon the bough. It is your melodious wordy little mouth that increased my pain, and a quiet sleep I cannot (get) until I shall die, alas !

If I were to be on the harbours as I ought to be, I would get sport, my friends all under trouble and gloom upon them every day.

O thou flower (?) of enchanters who got victory and fame in every strife, sure it is my heart within that is a black coal and a woman of my pity (i.e., to pity me) lives not.

Is it not delightful for the little birds who rise up high and who sleep together upon one little bough ? Not so is it for me myself and my hundred thousand loves, it is far from each other each day rises on us.

What is your opinion of the sky when there comes a heat upon the day, or on the full tide rising in the face of the high ditch ? Even so does he be who gives excessive desire to love, like a tree on the brow of a mountain which its blossoms would forsake.

múrnín na gcuaisce báine,

'S i mbaile-na-hinnre fíar
 acá mo ghráb le bliathain,
 is áille í 'nó grian an fóghair,
 's go bfarann mil 'nna diais
 ar lois a cor 'ran tirlab
 Dá fuair an uair 'réir na Samna.
 Dá bfaráinn féin mo mian
 go ngabainn í ann mo lion

† “Ὁ δὲ βράζειναι ἀπὸ τοῦ ὕδατος,” ἴσως ms. βέβαιον = “Ὁ δὲ βράζειναι ἀπὸ τοῦ [ὑδατος] ὕδατος” .i. ἀπὸ τοῦ ὕδατος τοῦ ὕδατος.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens
 When the heat overmasters the day,
 Or what when the steam of the tide
 Rises up in the face of the bay?
 Even so is the man who has given
 An inordinate love-gift away,
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

After giving these two dispirited songs we will follow them with two other songs of a contrary kind, songs which I might have included amongst those in praise of women, except that they are old love songs throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, and I give here a Connacht copy which I found in the old manuscript about which I have spoken so often, and a Munster copy which I found in a manuscript of mine which that fine Irish scholar, Donal MacConsa-dine, from Ennis, in the county Clare, made. This song is the "Moorneen (darling) of the fair hair." This first version is like that which the Hargadaunuch (Hardiman) has, but it is not so like it that it is not worth while to save it. Here it is—

THE MOORNEEN, OR DARLING, OF THE FAIR HAIR.

In Ballinahinch in the West
 My love is for a year,
 She is more exquisite than the sun of the autumn,
 And, sure, honey grows after her,
 On the track of her foot on the mountains,
 No matter how cold the time after November.

Δ' ἦ σο ῥ-cuirpinn-ḡe an b'ón ḡo óiom ó'n lá ḡm †
 Δ' ἦ aḡ c'ómhairle a ḡuḡaḡ ḡaiḡ
 ní ḡóḡḡaḡ mé aḡt mo ḡhian
 1ḡ í ḡúḡḡnín na ḡḡuaḡḡe báine.

ḡá mo c'eucta le ḡḡuḡ
 Δ' ἦ mo b'annḡa le cur
 Δḡuḡ an méaḡ úo uile le ceunaiḡ,
 mé oo beic amuḡḡ
 aḡḡ f'eap'taiḡm Δ' ἦ aḡḡ ḡioc
 aḡḡ ḡúil ḡo ḡciúb'á ḡḡéiḡ ḡam.

1ḡ coma leaḡ é
 Δ c'ap'ao o mo éleib,
 ní op't aḡá an ḡian c'p'áit'ce,
 Δḡuḡ úuít'ce f'laít'ear ḡé
 níḡ f'eicḡḡ ḡu ḡo h-éuḡ
 ḡ'una ḡcuḡaḡḡ oo c'p'oit'ce-ḡciḡ ḡḡáḡ ḡam.

ḡá b'p'áḡaiḡm-ḡe mo ḡoḡa
 ḡe ḡh'áib' ḡeara an ḡoḡhian,
 Δḡuḡ p'áḡaiḡ op'ra ḡoḡaiḡ f'áḡta,
 Δḡuḡ ḡéiḡ maḡ ḡeiri na leaḡaiḡ
 ḡo c'uḡ ḡí buaiḡ ó'n ḡoḡhian
 1ḡ í ḡúḡḡnín na ḡḡuaḡḡe báine.

Seó anoir an c'oir ḡunihneac maḡ ḡ'f'áḡ mac Conḡaiḡín 'hna
 óiaḡḡ í, Δḡuḡ aḡh'uiḡḡm ḡo c'oil'teannac ḡuḡ f'eap'ḡ í 'há an ceann
 ḡuaḡ.

máire bheas na ḡḡuaḡḡe báine.

Coir na b'p'íḡḡe f'iaḡ aḡá mo ḡḡáḡ le bliáḡain
 Δ ḡaiḡuḡl ḡúo maḡ ḡḡuan an t'raih'raib,
 f'áḡann mil 'hna oiaḡḡ aḡḡ loḡḡ a cor ḡan t'ḡliab
 Seac't f'eac'tih'ne t'ap éiḡ na Saḡhna.
 ḡá b'p'áḡaiḡm-ḡe f'eín a ḡuaḡḡḡ 'ḡ í bean an c'úilín ḡuaḡaiḡḡ
 an aḡh'oir úo ḡo luait'eaḡ aḡḡ b'p'eáḡaḡt,
 'S ḡuḡ aḡ ḡeaḡaiḡib' c'úil-ḡá-luaḡ ḡo ḡḡaḡḡ-ḡa le m'uan
 1ḡ í máire na ḡḡuaḡḡe báine.

† "ḡan buaiḡḡeaḡ" ḡ'an MS, ḡá f'ocal ḡh'it'ear ḡḡoc'-ḡuaḡm.

If I were myself to get my desire,
 Sure I would take her in my net,
 And I would put away from me this grief without trouble,
 And for the counsel of all ever were born
 I shall only marry my desire,
 She is the Moorneen of the fair hair.

My plough is to cease,
 And my lea-land to sow,
 And all that is to be done;
 Me to be out
 In rain and in frost
 In hope that you would give me liking.

It is all one to you
 Oh ! friend of my bosom ;
 Not on you is the ruinous pain (*but on me*),
 And the country of the heavens of God
 That you may never see till death,
 Unless the inner heart give me love.

If I were to get my choice
 Of the pretty women of the world,
 And let me get of them a satisfactory choice (*I would take you*),
 And as the books say
 She took the victory from the world,
 She is the Moorneen of the fair hair.

Here, now, is the Munster version as Considine left it after him, and
 I willingly admit that it is better than the one just given.

LITTLE MARY OF THE FAIR HAIR.

Beside the Breed in the West, my love is for a year.
 Her likeness is as the sun of the summer.
 Honey grows behind her on the track of her feet in the mountain
 Seven weeks after November day (i.e., *even in the heart of winter*)
 If I were myself to get her description she is the woman of the
 tressy cooleen,
 Yonder maiden who was spoken of (or betrothed) for loveliness,
 And sure at the gates of Killaloe I parted with my lamb,
 She is Maurya (*Mary*) of the fair hair.

νάρι έιζεαο-ρα πέιν όο'η έαζ no peal πέ βάριη αν πέιη
 ιρ cúmhα αρ το όείζ ní νάρι liom,
 άέτ cooiaó αιη nóρ na η-éun ι mbáριη bog na ζcμαοb
 ηo αν ήpuil αοη πέαρ α ήπέιν μαρ τάιη-ρε.
 Όά έαο í αν οιοόε 'ρέιη níοη cόδαιλ μο júile neul,
 άέτ αζ μαέηηαíη αιη ζηíοíηαρέαιb μάιηε,
 ά'ρ ζο ήράέ νάρι έαζαíò αν τ-ευζ ι mbáριη fuar μο ζέαζ
 ζο ήπειρφαο-ρα ι οτιζεαρ μο ζήάó ζεαλ.

Coιr na ήρίζοe μόιηe ατά μο íñle ιτόρ-ρα
 'S í αν αιηóιη τά μόóαíηuιλ ήευράέ,
 'S ζυη millpe blar α πόζ 'νά ιιúcpa ήεά αιη ήόιη,
 'S α ήεíτ ό'ά όλ αιη ήpαηηoα cpαοpαζ.*
 Όά έíέ ήpεαζα όεαpα βάηηα íñne ζεαλ
 μαρ eala ήεíόεαó αιη αν liηη 'ηηα h-αοηαρ,
 ά'ρ ζο λαβαpαηηη αν έuαέ αιη λάp αν ζειηήpó fuaiη
 'S αν ηβαίλε ηβεαζ 'ηηα ηbίοηηη í pléιpεαέτ.

ηαέ τοιλb ουβαέ αν cáρ το όuηηe μαρ ατάíη
 ηαέ ζ-cuιpíó na ηηά íο íuηη ανη,
 'S ζυη ή'έ έluηηη-pe όά ήάó ζο οταβαpαíοίρ íúo ζήάó
 Όο'η πέαρ ιρ μεαpα cáιλ ι η-έίpηηηη.
 ηαέ ηαβαο* ανη άpίρ ζο οτόζφαο μο liοη
 ά'ρ ζο ηβαíηpηηη-pe ό'ά ζcpοíόe íúo íάpαíη,
 ταp α μαίpεανη ήεό οe íηηάíb, ιρ í íúo μο ζήάó,
 μάιηe ήεαζ na ζpυαίze βάíηe.

Όά pζpíοbφαíηη αν τ-αβήάν 'pαη ηαηηαίζεαέτ άζυρ 'pαη ηιοίpηp
 ceυηα λειp αν ζ-ceαηη οειpηοηηαέ ό'pείcpíόe έ ζο pοpαρ έοíη coρ-
 ηíuιλ le έέίλε ατά íαο. άέτ ατά cóip eile, cóip ηuηíηηeαέ αρ
 pζpíbηηη οο íηηηe αν Coηpαíοíη ceυηα, άζυρ pζpíοbφαíó μέ έ 'pαη
 ηαηηαίζεαέτ έeυηα 'ηη άp pζpíοbφαρ αν όάη Coηηαέταέ, ζο
 pαηηλόέαηαοíο le έέίλε níοp πέαρ η íαο. άέτ ní μαρ íηη fuaiη μέ
 έ pζpíόbφα λειp αν ζ-Coηpαíοíη άέτ le líηciλ pαοα, μαρ αν "μάιηe
 ήεαζ na ζpυαίze βάíηe," íuαρ.

*=Cαοp-όεαρζ, έοíη οεαρζ le cαοp,

*=ηά ηαίb μέ (?)

That I may never come to the death or a while beneath the earth's
top

And melancholy after thee I think no shame,
But sleep like the birds in the soft top of the boughs,
Or is any man in pain as I am ?
No matter how long last night was, my eyes never slept a wink
But musing on the deeds of Maurya,
And that the Death may never come in the cold top of my branches
Until I see my white love in a household.

Beside the great Breed my thousand treasures is,
She is the maiden who is mannerly, courteous,
And sure the taste of her kisses is sweeter than the honey of the
bees on the table

And to be drinking it in berry-red brandy.
Two breasts—fine, handsome, white, smooth, bright,
Like a swan that would be alone upon the linn ;
And sure the cuckoo speaks in the middle of the cold winter
In the little village in which she is sporting.

Is it not sorrowful, mournful, the case to a person as I am
That these women pay him no attention ?
And sure what I hear said is that they would give their love
To the man of the worst character in Erin.
That I may not be in it again until I lift up my net
And until I take satisfaction out of their hearts,
Over all that live of women she yonder is my love,
Little Maurya of the fair hair.

If I were to write this song in the same metre and measure as the
last one it would easily be seen how like they are to one-another.
But there exists another version, a Munster one from a manuscript of
mine which the same Considine made, and I shall write it in the same
measure as I wrote the Connacht song, that we may the better com-
pare them with one another, but it was not thus I found it written by
the Considine but in long lines like the " Mary of the Fair Hair,"
above,

múinnín na sruaige báine.
 mo léun gan mé 'gus tu
 a mhaighdean óg gan éim'
 i n-oileánuibh duba loc' éirne,
 no fadóí coillteibh dub' na rlat
 mar a n-eunaido na h-éanlaic neao
 agur fárad go bárra geugá.
 no i ngleann-táinnín coir cuain
 mar a labhrann an éuac,
 a'r an fáirge o éuait beir taobh linn,
 mife féin 'r mo rún
 gan coislaó ann nó ruan
 acé ag rúgrao i g-clúio a céile.

mo leun! gan mé 'ra' g-cill
 i bfoéair mo éairne gaoil
 no i mullaó cuic ag deunadh áruir
 sul fá r' éarla tu am' líon
 ag súbailt cheao am' éroide
 agur o'iompuig tu mo élaois mar áirne.
 Cumann gear[r]* o innaoi
 ní mairneann fé acé mí
 acé mar fiolla ve gaoit mairta,
 a rtoir nfor éoir mé éiol
 mar geall air beagán maoin'
 a'r fearra liom bíod o'mnecinn ráirta.

níor fág mé baile cuain
 o Corcaig anuar
 no ar rin go Cruac-páirpáig
 éart ó éar anuar
 go béul an eapa Ruaid
 náir éairtear, air mo éairte ann, ráitche.
 mar rúil go b'fágaimn tuarpar
 péupla an éuil sualaig
 's i an aingir do éug buaid éar mhadhb l,
 's gur i teóiraimn éill-sá-lua
 do rgarar le mo rún
 ir i múinnín na sruaige báine.

* níl fíor aзам an é reó "géur," no "gearr."

THE MOORNEEN OF THE FAIR HAIR.

[MUNSTER VERSION].

My grief that I and thou
 Oh young maiden without melancholy
 Are not in the dark island of Lough Erne,
 Or beneath the dark woods of the rods,
 Where the birds make their nests
 And (there is) growth to the top of the boughs.
 Or in a little valley beside a bay
 Where the cuckoo speaks,
 And the sea from the north to be beside us,
 Myself and my secret
 Without sleep or slumber
 But playing in a corner together.

My grief that I am not in the church-yard
 Along with my kindred friends,
 Or on the top of a hill making a dwelling,
 Before you chanced into my net
 Doubling the wound in my heart,
 And you turned my locks like a sloe-berry.
 Short affection from a woman
 It only lasts a month,
 But it is like a whiff of the March wind,
 Oh treasure, it were not right to sell me
 On account of a little riches
 And in future let your mind be satisfied with me.

I never left a harbour town
 From Cork down
 Nor from that to Croagh Patrick (in Mayo),
 Round from the south, and down
 To the mouth of the Red Waterfall (*i.e.*, Ballyshanon),
 That I did not spend a quarter-of-a-year on my visit in it,
 In hopes that I might get an account
 Of the pearl of the tressy cool;
 She is the maiden who gained the victory over women,
 And sure at the mearn of Killaloe
 I parted with my secret,
 She is the Moorneen of the fair hair.

Coir na h-aibne móire
 Atá mo iníle ríoraí
 'S í an inaighean inaigeac mho[th]m[á]raí íárta í,
 'S go mbeo inílle liom a rós
 'Ná míl na mbeac ari bóro,
 Agus í do beic 'gá h-ól le bhrannsa.
 A óá éic éruinne breága
 Cumta deara bláimhar'
 Mar beideac rneáca 'gá ácaó ari fléibitib,
 'S go labhrann an éuac le fonn
 Ari lár an gheimhíó éall
 'San mbailé 'nna mbíonn mo ghráó le pléiríur.

Tá don beupra eile ann ran abrán, áct ir sóig liom nac mbain-
 eann ré leir, agus gur tuine éigin eile do rinne é, áct béarfao ann
 ro é.

Tá cur aca óá ráó
 Gur móri mo ghean ari innáib
 Níor éugar-ra mo ghean áct do éingeap,
 A' r í g-contabairt mo bácaó*
 Go leanfaimm tu 'ra' tinnáin
 O'fonn beic ann do ráirt a éuil-fionn.
 Do deunfaimm ráirt de luing
 'S do rtiúrócaimn í tar tuinn
 Do insoifaimm gao 'r do deunfaimm céuáca,
 Mo leanabán beag fionn
 Do breugfaimm í ari mo glúin,
 A' r go rácfaimm real faoi beinn a léine.

Cairfamaoio anoir ari abrán doibhíonac eile, do rinne maighean
 óg ag deunadh cúma agus liontuib anoiráig a ghráó-ra. Chualaid
 mé cur óé ó fhean-innaoi í g-contaé sligis, áct bí ré ruaitte agus
 meafgá le roac-béupraib eile, agus ari an ábhar rin beirim cur
 óé ar an láimh-rghuibinn agus cur eile nac bfuil ran láimh-rghuibinn
 mar fuair mé ó'n tfean-innaoi é. Tá an éuro beupra agus an
 ceann beiríonnac ó'n tfean innaoi, agus na tpi cinn eile ó'n ms.

* U'fearr "mo báitce."

Beside the great river
 Is my thousand treasures,
 She is the maiden—handsome, mannerly, satisfying ;
 And sure her kiss was sweeter to me
 Than the honey of the bees at table,
 And it to be drunk with brandy.
 Her two breasts—round, fine,
 Shapen, handsome, blossomy—
 As it were snow that would be thrown on mountains;
 And sure the cuckoo speaks with delight
 In the middle of the winter over there
 In the village in which my love doth be with pleasure.

There is one other verse in the song, but I am sure it does not belong to it, and that it was somebody else who made it, but I shall give it here :—

There are some of them saying
 That my love for women is great
 But I never gave it but to five ;
 And, in danger of being drowned,
 Sure I would follow you in the ocean
 With desire to be in your part (*i.e.*, dear to you), oh fair-
 haired one !
 I would make portion of a ship,
 And I would steer it across the waves ;
 I would spin a gad (withy), and I would make a plough,
 My little fair child
 I would coax her on my knee,
 And sure I would go awhile beneath the corner of her mantle.

We shall now meet another mournful song which a young maiden composed lamenting and grieving after her love. I heard part of it from an old woman in the county Sligo, but it was mixed up and mingled with other bad verses, and for that reason I give part of it out of my manuscript and part that is not in the manuscript, as I got it from the old woman. The first verse and the last are from her and the other three from the manuscript ;—

malá an tsleíbe nuaid.

Tá mé ann mo fuidhe
 O o'éirigh an gelaic ariú,
 Ais cup teinead ríor
 Agus go ríor 'gá faodógad go geur,
 Tá muinnitir an tige
 'nna luide agus mire liom féin,
 Tá na coilige as glaothac
 Agus an tír 'nna coollad aet mé.

Ná'r fágfaid mé an raogal ro
 Go rgaolfaid mé díom an m-fad,
 Go raib baé agus agus caoirige
 A'r mo mian de buacail aihán,
 Níor bfaid liom an oide
 Beirinn rinte le na brollac mán bán
 'S go tairbfaid ceas do fíol éabha
 'nna diais rín a roga ruo a ráb.

Foluigeann gáid gáid
 Ann gac áit a m bíonn maipe 'ran mnaoi
 A'r leabaid caol áro
 Le ráitce níor bfaid mo luide,
 Nuair éirigh mé a'r mo gáid
 O'fág mé a'r málá an tsleíbe nuaid
 Soilim mo ráit
 Sur ir fáidac éirigh gear mo gnuaid.

An liontub a gnuim féin
 Ní feudaim daidib dé ól,
 Ir meap mair táim
 Ní feudaim coollad go fíol,*
 Mallac míc dé do'n té rín
 Do baid díom mo gáid,
 Agus o'fágfaid liom féin mé
 Gac don oide fad fá éirid †

* "An coollad a fágail," 'ran ms.

† "Fá bhón," 'ran ms.

THE BROW OF THE RED MOUNTAIN.

I am sitting up
 Since the moon rose last night,
 And putting down a fire,
 And ever kindling it diligently;
 The people of the house
 Are lying down, and I by myself.
 The cocks are crowing,
 And the land is asleep but me.

That I may never leave the world
 Till I loose from me the ill-luck,
 Till I have cows and sheep
 And my one desire of a boy.
 I would not think the night long
 That I would be stretched by his smooth white breast,
 And sure I would allow the race of Eve
 After that to say their choice thing (*of me*).

Love covers up hate
 In every place in which there is beauty in a woman
 On a couch narrow, high,
 For a quarter-of-a-year great and long (*was I*) lying,
 When I remembered my love
 That I left on the Brow of the Red Mountain,
 I weep my enough
 And it is scarcely (?) my countenance dries.

The grief (*or black ale, a play on words*) I myself make
 I cannot drink any of it ;
 It is worse as I am
 I cannot get the sleep;
 The curse of the Son of God upon that one
 Who took from me my love
 And left me by myself
 Each single long night in misery.

'S a buacailín óig
 ní áóbar air bít magairt óuit mé,
 ní'l agao le ráð
 áct amáin go bfuil mé gan rppé,
 ní tura mo ghráð
 agur mo éráb m'á' m'poe liom é,
 'S má tá mé gan bólaect
 1r leór óam lairde* liom féin.

Tá an t-abrán ro an-doibronac, mar an cúro 1r mó de na h-abránai b gráð tá veunta le mnáib, agur tá an fonn nfor doibronaige 'ná na focail féin. Tá ré an-cóirínúil le h-abrán ar an bponn ceunta do fuair mé i láimhgrubinn muihinis le dóimnall mac Conraioin. 1r oóig go bfuair seiréan an dán o'fean-oume éigin agur gur rgríob ré rfor é. Cúo gur i rgrubinn muihinis do fuair mé é, ní i g-cúige muihan amáin atá ré le ráðail, mar éualar cúro de i g-Connactaib, mé féin. 1r de na h-abránai rin é atá coitcíoim do'n dá cúige. 1r cailín atá ann ro arí' ag veunadh bróim dí féin fá nac oisig léite a roga-gráð féin beic aici Tá ré an-cóirínúil leir an abrán air a nglaoðann o'dálai g Cairleán ui n'éill, áct tá beupairt ann ro nac bfuil aige-rian, agur ar an áóbar rin creioim gur fiú a éabairt ann ro.†

an tuirse a's an brón so.

Tá an tuirse a' an brón ro
 ag gabail go mór mór timcíoill mo éroirde,
 a' lán mo dá bróga dé
 'S na deóra ag ríleat liom ríor.
 'S é 1r fada liom uaim an dóimnac
 a míle rtoirín no go ngabann tu an t'rlige
 agur m' annraect fá óó éu,
 slán beó leat no go bfuilfíró mé arí'.

A cúmáim a' a annraect
 i scúir an t'raihraíó an ngluairpeá liom féin,
 amac faoi na gleannai b
 mar a mberómí' ag oul faoi do'n ghréin,
 ba, cooirige, ná géana
 ní iarrfáim leat iao mar rppé,
 áct mo lám faoi do éom géal
 a' ceao cóirpáó no go mbuailfeat an oó-veug.

*=luirde

† fenc l. 82 de "fíliúeact na cúige muihan," ii. cúro.

And oh, young *bohaleen*,
 I am no material for mockery for you,
 You have nothing to say
 Except only that I am without a fortune.
 You are not my love,
 And my destruction if I am sorry for it ;
 And if I am without cattle
 It is enough for me (i.e., *I am able*) to lie alone.

This song is very sorrowful, like most of the love songs that are composed by women, and the air is more mournful than the words themselves. It is very like a song to the same air which I got in a Munster manuscript of mine by Donal Mac Consaidin. He probably got the poem from some old person and wrote it down. Although I found it in a Munster manuscript, it is not in Munster alone it is, for I heard some of it myself in Connacht. It is one of those songs that are common to the two provinces. It is again a girl who is here making lament for herself because she cannot have her choice love. It is very like the song that O'Daly calls "Castle O'Neill," but there are verses here which he has not got, and for this reason I think it worth giving them here.

THIS WEARINESS AND GRIEF.

This weariness and grief
 Are going greatly, greatly, round my heart,
 And the full of my two shoes of it,
 And the tears dropping down with me.
 It is what I think the Sunday long from me,
 Oh, thousand treasures till you pass the way.
 And my darling twice over you are,
 Giving farewell to you, until I return again.

Oh, affection, and oh, darling,
 In the beginning of the summer would you move with
 me yourself
 Out under (i.e., among) the valleys,
 Where we might be at the going-under of the sun (?)
 Cows, sheep, or calves
 I would not ask them for fortune with thee,
 But my hand beneath your white form,
 And leave to converse until twelve would strike,

Ceud r'lán do'n oíðce Léir
 'S é mo leun nac' anocht do b' ari' oíur
 buacailín r'péireamuil
 Do b'péirfadh mé fearl ari' a glúin.
 O'inneóirinn féin r'geul tuit,
 Dá mb'féidir go n'oeunpá oim r'ín,
 Go b'fuil mo ghrád do m'éréirín
 A dia gléigil 'r' a mhuir na c' truaḡ!

Tig le fearl beir' do b'pónac' éoin maic le mnaoi. As go d'brán
 beas r'impliðe do fuaip mé o' f'ean f'earl oar' b'aimm O' f'alaimin
 ar' baile-an-tohair.

is fada mé as imteacht.
 Ir' fada mé as imteacht
 ari' éuairirg mna' tige,
 a tuairirg ni b'fuarar
 i mbaile no i oíir,
 nó go b'facaib' mé mo m'uirín
 ari' édoið' énuic na siðe,
 a g'ruas na trí d'ualac'
 O'á r'g'uabab' le g'aoic'.
 Ir' truaḡ gan mé póirta
 le r'óir' geal mo éroiðe,
 Taob' éall' de'n d'banin m'óir
 ná as an g'cloiðe teóran le na taob'.
 Cuimlódar* ban óg
 Ir' ias a' éóirfadh mo éroiðe,
 'S beirínn b'iasdaim eile† oi b' óige
 Dá mbeirínn póirta as mo m'ian.

Go b'faraib' d'á r'g'iacán
 ar' mo éliacán anuar
 'S go n-éirigim anáirde
 a mearḡ éimín an éuain,
 Go n'oeuntar' cóimra élaip' óam
 'S go o'céir' na tairirgíðe innici go olúit,
 ní r'g'arfaib' do ghrád go b'rác' liom
 Go mbeir' mé ráic'ce 'ran uaiḡ.

*=Cómhúadar.

† Oi b'óige=níoi' óige. f'oirim' éonnaic'ac'ac'=ní b'óige.

A hundred farewells to last night ;
 It is my grief that it was not to-night that was first.
 A sprightly *bohaleen*
 That would coax me awhile on his knee,
 I would tell you a tale myself
 If it were possible you could keep a secret for me,
 That my love is forsaking me,
 Oh ! bright God, and oh, Mary, is it not the pity !

A man can be sorrowful as well as a woman. Here is a little simple song I got from an old man named O'Fallon in Ballintubber.

LONG AM I GOING.

Long am I a-going
 Inquiring for a *ban-a-t'ye* (Hausfrau)
 Information of her I did not get
 In town or in country.
 Till I saw my darling
 On the side of the Fairy's Hill,
 Her hair of the three tresses
 A-sweeping with wind.

²⁹Tis a pity without me to be (*i.e.* that I am not) married.
 With the bright treasure of my heart,
 On the brink by the great river
 Or at the nearer ditch by its side.
 Company of young women,
 It is they who would raise my heart,
 And I would be a year younger
 If I were married to my desire.

Until two wings grow
 Out of my two breasts,
 And till I rise up on high
 Amongst the birds of the bay,
 Till a coffin of boards is made for me
 And till the nails go closely into it,
 Your love will never part me
 Until I shall be a quarter of a year in the tomb.

Διρ h-αλλαιόιβ αν τιζε ιμόρι-ρε
 Cómnuigeann a' r bíonn mo ghrád bán,
 Διρ fao mo reult-eólaip
 'S é ir oóig liom nac mbíonn* ré le fágail.
 Buó mullre liom a póigín
 'n á an beóip 'r' n á an riúcpa bán
 'S muna b'fág' mé tu le pópaó
 'S é ir oóig liom nac mbéir mo époide plán.

Ατά αν ζάιποίν ρεό 'nna fápác,
 Δ ghrád géal, no an mipe leat é?
 faoi na topaioib† b'péag' bána
 Tá ag fáp map duilleabap na g-cpaéb.
 níop binne liom glór céiprig
 Ag gabail an t'páio ρeo ná gué binn na n-eun,
 'S sup eulwig mo ghrád uaim
 Cúl páinneac go Cairleán ui néill.

Ir a m'pgeic i mbeul beapman
 Oo fágbaó mé διρ ματοιν Oé lwaim,
 Jan don oume beó i noáil liom
 Acé mo ghrád bán a' r é iméigce‡ a b'pao uaim.
 ni b'pail gile ná b'péagacé
 ná áilleacé o' á paib ann ran píoagacé
 nac b'pail ann mo ghrád bán
 A' r sup fág ré rúo opna ann mo éliab.

náρ fágaió mé αν ραοgál ρo
 no go leigpib mé óiom αν μι-άó,
 go mbéir bac agam agup caoipige
 agup m'annpacé διρ leabaió go páim.
 Tpopgao na h-aoine
 ná lá ρaoipe ni b'pupinn go b'pác,
 'S níop b'paoa liom αν oioé
 Oo beoíinn pinte le o' b'pollaé géal bán.

* "na bídeann ré," ran MS.

† "faoi r na topaioide," ran MS.—map aveipio na muuimig.

‡ "mice," ran MS.

On the halls of this great house
 Resides and does be my white love,
 Altogether (?) (*he is*) my knowledge-star ;
 What I am sure of is that he is not to be got ;
 I would think his kiss sweeter
 Than the b'yore (*kind of beer*) and the sugar white ;
 And, unless I get you to marry,
 What I think certain is that my heart will not be whole

This garden is a wilderness,
 Oh ! white love ; or, are you sorry for it ?—
 Under the fine white fruits
 That are growing like the foliage of the branches.
 I would not think the voice of a thrush more sweet
 Going this street, or the melodious voice of the birds ;
 And sure my love has eloped from me,
 The ringletted *cool*, to the castle of O'Neill.

Like a (discarded) bush in the mouth of a gap
 I was left on Monday morning,
 Without one person alive near me,
 But my white love—and he gone far from me.
 There is no brightness nor fineness,
 Nor loveliness of all that were in the kingdom
 That is not in my white love ;
 And sure that left a sigh in my breast.

That I may never leave this world
 Till I let from me the ill-luck ;
 That I may have cows and sheep,
 And my affection on a couch pleasantly ;
 Fasting on Friday
 Or holiday I never would break ;
 And I would not think the night long
 That I would be near by your white bright heart.

τὰ λúιβίν ðεαρ cúβαρῆα ἀζαμ
 αἰρ ἐὺλ ἀν ἐνοκάιν,
 le mo éúlfíonn ðo bpeugað
 ἀ'ρ mo éyτο míle γράδ.
 μαρ ριν α βῖðεαρ mo ἐρoιδε-ρε
 ðeunaín píopaið ann mo lár,
 μαρ βeῖðeað cpánn ι lár ρléιβε
 'S é ζαν ρρέαμáιb ná cpoιδε ρlάν.

μαρ βeῖðeað* ζpíαν op cionn ðuibeacáin
 bíonn m'ínnctinn, pαpαop!
 ζαν coúλað ζαν pυaínneap
 le tailléað áζup βliaðain,
 ιρ μαρ ριν α βῖðεαρ mo ἐρoιδε-ρε
 ðeunaín píopaið ann mo lár,
 μαρ náç oúγεánn tu ðo m' íapρaið
 Seal áon oúðe aínáin.

Δὺ ρο μαρ éαomeap beaη ἀνóiaγ δ ζpιάδ-ρα ζo píop-ρimρlῖðe
 áζup ζo h-αν-bínn. Pυaίρ mé ἀν píopa ρo ó pεaη íínnaoι ðap
 b áínn bρíγto nι Çopρuaíðt bí 'ínná cóínnuῖðe ι mboçáι ι lár pop-
 τaίγ ι ζ-conoðáç Ropcomáin áζup ι beáç-náč ceuto βliaðain o'áop.

mo bρῶη áιr ἀη bρáιpρζε.
 mo bρón áιρ ἀη bρáιpρζε
 ιρ é τὰ móρ,
 ιρ é ζaðáιl ιoιp‡ mé
 'S mo íííle ρτόρ.

O'pázað 'páη mbáιle mé
 ðeunaín bρíón,
 ζαν áon epíul tap páιle líom
 Çoιðe ná ζo ðeó.

* Labaίpῆeap ἀη pocal ρo μαρ "βeῖç," ι n-áon ρíolla aínáin, ι ζ-Connaçtauῖb.

† "ðíoto Çpummey," ι m beupla, τὰ ρί μαρb ánoιρ áζup α cuo ábρán léιçe.

‡ Labaίpῆeap "ιoιp" μαρ "eaðap" ι ζ-Conaçtauῖb áζup ι n-álbaínn.

I have a nice fragrant little corner (?)
 At the back of the hillock,
 To entice my fair one
 And my hundred thousand loves.
 Even so does my heart be,
 Making bits (of itself) in my middle,
 As it were a tree in the midst of a mountain
 And it without roots or heart sound.

As it were a sun over an abyss
 My mind, alas, does be
 Without sleep, without rest,
 For more than a year.
 Even so my heart does be,
 Making pieces (of itself) in my middle,
 Since thou comest not to seek me
 For a while of only one night.

This is how a woman keenes after her love, exceedingly simply, and melodiously. I got this piece from an old woman named Biddy Cussrooe (or Crummey in English), who was living in a hut in the midst of a bog in the County Roscommon.

* MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.

My grief on the sea,
 How the waves of it roll !
 For they heave between me
 And the love of my soul !

Abandoned, forsaken,
 To grief and to care,
 Will the sea ever waken
 Relief from despair?

* Literally. My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever or aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorneen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth.

mo léun naé bfuil mipe
 'Sur mo múirín bán
 1 g-cúige laigean
 no 1 g-conradé an Chláir.

mo bhrón naé bfuil mipe
 'Sur mo míle grád
 aip boirto loimge
 Triaill go 'Meicá.

Le▲buio luadra
 'Dí rúm ariéir,
 Agyr cáit mé amac é
 le tear an laé.

Táinig mo grád-ra
 le mo éadé
 Suala aip súalain
 Agyr beul aip beul.

Beirfaió mé ann ro abrán grád eile, an t-abrán an-éilútaé ainm-
 neamhuil rin, an Droiḡneán Donn, mar fuairar é dá bliadain deug
 ó roim o fean-fean, báiteur Sgurrilóg, 1 gconradé Roircomáin,
 fear do fuair bár o roim. Beirim ann ro é, mar tá ré ruo-beag
 eugraimuil ó'n g-cóir do eug mair bhrúe agur ó'n g-cóir do eug O
 h Arḡadain ná O Dálaidg óúinn; agur má éirigean rḡoláire fuar
 ariam le cur 1 g-cló príoim-abrán na h-Éireann (agurir oíob-ran
 an Droiḡneán Donn) 1 g-cuma ceap le ruiroéaraéct éuramaidg
 orra, ní fuláir* dó an oiréao cóir eugraimuil do beir aige agur
 ir féoir leir fágail. Níl an cóir reó ró éorimuil le don éeann
 eile aip a bfuil fíor aḡam-ra, agur tá oíéir mór roir 1 agur an
 t-abrán 1 leabair an h-Arḡadainaidg.

AN DROIḢNEÁN DONN.

Saoileann ceuo fear gur leó féin mé nuair ólainn lionn,
 'S téideann dá tairian fíor oíom nuair rmaoinḡim aip do éóiríad
 liom.

Do cum ir míne 'ná an ríosa aip sílab uí fíloinn,
 'S go bfuil mo grád-ra mar bláé an áirne aip an droiḡneán donn.

* Deir ríao 1 g Connadéuib "ní mór dó," 1. ir éigim dó.

My grief, and my trouble !
 Would he and I were
 In the province of Leinster,
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
 Oh, heart-bitter wound !—
 On board of the ship
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
 All last night I lay,
 And I flung it abroad,
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
 He came from the South ;
 His breast to my bosom,
 His mouth to my mouth.

I shall here give another love song, that very renowned and famous one, "The Drinaun Dunn" (Brown Blackthorn), as I got it twelve years ago from an old man, one Walter Sherlock, in the County Roscommon, a man who is since dead. I give it here as it is slightly different from the copies which Miss Brooke, Hardiman, and O'Daly give, and if any scholar ever rises up to print the prime songs of Erin—and "The Drinaun Dunn" is one of them—in right form, and making a careful study of them, he would want to have as many different versions as he can get. This copy is not very like any other one that I know, and there is great difference between it and the song as given in Hardiman's Book.

THE DRINAUN DUNN (BROWN BLACKTHORN).

A hundred men think that I am their own, when I drink ale (with them),
 But two-thirds of them go down (*i.e.* retire) from me, when I think
 of your conversation with me ;
 Your form smoother than the silk that is on the mountain of O'Flynn,
 And sure my love is like the blossom of the sloe on the brown
 blackthorn.

And farewell henceforth to yon town, westward amongst the trees,
It is there that my drawing is, early and late;
Many is the wet dirty morass and crooked road
Going between me and the town in which my treasure is.

There is a ribbon from my first love in my pocket below,
And the men of Erin, they could not cure my grief, alas !
I am done with you, until a narrow coffin be made for me,
And till the grass shall grow, after that, up through my middle.

And, Oh, Paddy, do you think the worse of it (are you sorry), me to
be ill ?

Or, Oh, Paddy, do you think the worse of it, me to go into the
churchyard ?

Oh, Paddy of the bound back hair, it is your mouth is sweet,
And until I go into the ground my affection will be on you for your
conversation with me.

He is a man without sense would go contend with a ditch that
would be high,

And a low ditch by his side on which he might lay his hand (to
vault across) ;

Although it is high, the rowan-berry tree, it bees* bitter out of the
top,

While blackberries and raspberries grow on the tree that is lowest of
blossom.

And, Oh, dear Mary (Virgin), what shall I if you go from me ?

I have no knowledge (of how to go) to your house, your haggard, or
your stacks ;

A faithful counsel my people gave me not to elope with you,

For that there were a hundred twists in your heart, and the thousands
of tricks.

This poem is truly gentle and sweet, and there is no spot in the
country where it is not to be still found, and it is as common in
English as it is in Irish, but we do not always find in it the same
verses. There was an old woman in it, long ago, who used to sing it
to me, and she never came to this verse—

Although the rowan-berry tree is high, etc.,
that she used not to shed tears from her eye. Here is another little
simple song that I got from an old piper, named Green, in the county
Roscommon.

* Usual Anglo-Irish for "it always is," or "it does be."

IS TRUAḠ ḠAN MISE I SACRANA.

1ṛ truaḠ Ḡan mise i Sacrana
 1 bḡrame ná 'ra' Spáin
 ná éall annṛna riar-inneacáib
 mar a ḡ-cóinnuigeann mo ḡráó bán.
 aḡur máire an éúil dualaig
 'hna ruidé roir mo óá lán,
 a'ṛ ḡo mbéiróinn-ṛe 'ḡá bṛeuḡadó
 ḡo h-éirige an lá* bán.

nuair luidim air mo leabairó
 ní'l rócaimuil le fáḡail,
 's ḡo bḡuil aṛraimḡ ann mo éaoib óear
 aḡur loir rí mo lár.
 Doctúiríde na cruinne
 's iao uile le fáḡail,
 ní'l mo leigear aḡ an méao rin
 aet aḡ máire an éúil bán.

1ṛ raod mé aḡ iméaet
 air éuarparḡ mná tige,
 a macraimuil ní fácaib mise
 1 mbairle no 1 oir.
 Óá bṛeicfeá-ra an rṛuairó-bean
 air éaoib Ónuic-na-ríde,
 Duail ó'á ḡruaig bán
 's é 'odá ruaoac le ḡaoir.

ní'l aon abrán 1ṛ rimplíde ann ran leabair ro 'há an ceann ro.
 ní'l ré corinúil le h-obair rir do éleactadó vánta do deunaim, aḡur
 1ṛ corinúile le h-abrán beurla é 'há le h-abrán ḡaeóeilḡ, óir ní'l
 an cóin-fuaim éaona 1 noó no 1 oirí focalaib annṛ ḡac líne,
 mar aetá annṛna rean-abránnaib eile; ní'l cóin-fuaim ann ran
 abrán ro aet amáin 1 noeiré an oara líne aḡur an éaeṛamíadó
 líne,—rud éroetuiréar nac bḡuil ré an trean, aḡur nac obair
 báiró aet obair uime-oiré éirín é.

* “lá”=“láé,” ann ro.

I WISH I WERE IN ENGLAND.

Pity I am not (*i.e.*, I wish I were) in England,
 In France, or in Spain,
 Or over in the West Indies,
 Where my white love lives,
 And Mary of the tressy *cool*
 Sitting between my two hands,
 And sure I would be coaxing her,
 Until the rise of the white day.

When I lie upon my bed,
 There is no relief to be got,
 And sure there is a stitch in my right side,
 And she has wounded my middle.
 The doctors of the universe,
 And they all to be got—
 My curing is not with all that number,
 But with Mary of the fair *cool*.

It is long I am going
 In search of a woman-of-the-house,
 And image of her I never saw
 In town or in country.
 If you were to see the lovely lady
 On the side of the Fairy's Hill,
 A tress of her fair hair,
 And it being violently-forced with the wind.

There is no song in this book more simple than this. It is not like the work of a man who used to practise making poems, and it is more like an English song than an Irish one, for there is not the same co-sound (vowel rhyme) in two or three words in each line as there is in the other old songs; there is no vowel rhyme in this song except at the end of the second and fourth lines, a thing which proves that it cannot be very old, and, that it is not the work of a bard, but of some peasant.

Σὶ ρεὸ ἀν αἷτ ὁαμ ἀβράμιν βεαδ θε'ν τρὸντ σευθνα ὁο ἐυρ ρίον.
 θεαν εἰγιν ὁο ἐυδ γράδ ὁο ἐάλλιύρ ὁο μιννε ἐ. Φυαῖρ μῖρε ὁ
 ρεαν-φεαρ, Ὀάιτέαρ στυρρλὸδ, ἰ γ-connadé Rorcomáin ἐ, ἀέτ τὰ ἀν
 φεαρ ο α βφυαῖρ μέ οέτ μβλιαῶνα ὁ φοιν ἐ μαρβ ἀνοῖρ. Τὰ ρέ ἀν-
 τρῖμπλιθε, ἀγυρ γὰέ υἷλε ποcαλ σ'ά ἰουβδαῖρτ μέ ἰ σταοῖβ ἀν ἀβράμιν
 σερῖμσνναῖδ ἰρ ρίον ἐ ἰ σταοῖβ ἀν ἀβράμιν ρεὸ μαρ ἀν γ-σευθνα.

τὰλλιύρῖν ἀν εὐοαῖδ.

Ράγφαρὸ μέ ἀν βαῖλε ρεὸ
 μαρ τὰ ρέ γράννα,
 ἀγυρ ραέφαρὸ μέ μο ἐόμινυρὸ
 γο cλαῖρ-υἷ-ḡεαῶρνα.
 ἀν αἷτ α βφυῖγρεαο ρόγα
 'Ὀμ' ρτόρῖν ἀγυρ σευο ράιλε,
 'Ὀμ' βογ ἐαλαμάνῖν (?) βό (?)*
 ἀγυρ ρόρφαο λειρ ἀν τὰλλιύρ.

α ἐάλλιύρ, α ἐάλλιύρ
 'S α ἐάλλιύρῖν ἀν εὐοαῖδ,
 νῖ σερῖε λιом μαρ ḡεαρρμαρ τυ
 'Ἠά μαρ ἐυμαρ τυ ρα βρευδα,
 νῖ τρῖμμε λιом βρὸ ἡνυλῖν
 'S ἰ τυῖτῖμ ἰ loc εἰρνε,
 'Ἠά γράδ буан ἀν τὰλλιύρ
 τὰ ἰ μβρῖλλαέ μο λέιμε.

Shaoil μῖρε ρέιν
 μαρ ὁο βῖ μέ γαν εὐλαρ
 γο μβαιρῖνν λιом ὁο λάιν
 νο ράιννε ἀν ρόρτα,
 ἀγυρ ραοῖλ μέ 'ἡνα ὀαῖδ
 γο μβυῶ τυ ἀν ρευτε-εὐλαρ,
 νο βλάέ να ρυḡ-ερμαῶβ
 αῖρ γὰέ ταοῖβ σε να βόιέρῖν'.

* ὁ 'έῖοῖρ=Ὀμ' βογ ἐολαμάνῖν (=column ὀῖγ).

This is the place to put down another little song of the same sort. It was some woman who gave love to a tailor who made it. I got it from an old man, Walter Sherlock, in the County Roscommon, but the man from whom I got it eight years ago is now dead. It is very simple, and every word I said about the last song is true of this one also.

THE TAILOREEN OF THE CLOTH.

I will leave this village
 Because it is ugly,
 And I go to live
 At Cly-O'Gara?
 The place where I will get kisses
 From my treasureen, and a *Céad fáilte*
 From my soft, young little dove,
 And I shall marry the tailor.

Oh, tailor, oh, tailor,
 Oh, tailoreen of the cloth,
 I do not think it prettier how you cut (your cloth)
 Than how you shape the lies;
 Not heavier would I think the quern of a mill,
 And it falling into Loch Erne,
 Than the lasting love of the tailor
 That is in the breast of my shirt.

I thought, myself,
 As I was without knowledge,
 That I would seize your hand with me
 Or the marriage ring,
 And I thought after that
 That you were the star of knowledge
 Or the blossom of the raspberries
 On each side of the *boreen* (little road).

Τά ceann de na beuppaib reó le fáǵaíl i n-abhán eile, aǵallam
no cómhád roir buacáil óǵ vo bí aǵ fáǵbáil na h-éipeann aǵur
mnaoi óǵ tá aǵ labairt leir. Deir pé léirí ann ran ǵ-ceuo rann
naó bpuil baobáin aige aó a íláinte aiháin, aǵur deir rérin le
ǵneann óir ir folllarac ǵo mb'feair leir i o'iméaó uair. Ni
éireoeann ppe é aǵur coruǵeann í aǵ cláirán. aǵ ro é.

τά cailín óǵ 'sa 'mbaile eoó.

(An buacáil).

τά cailín ann ran mbaile reo
'S ir ainn dí-re máire,
Vo eus mé ǵráó 'ǵur caicneáin oí
Tar cailínib na h-áite,
Ni'l óir aǵam, ni 'l aigeao
Ná don nio aó mo íláinte,
'S má'r moǵa leat fear polain
Bíom aǵao aǵur fáilte.

(An Cailín).

Δ óǵánaǵ óǵ
Δ bpuil ór-buioe ann Δ pócaib
ǵo bpeicó mé vo h-allaioe
ǵeala, 'ǵur o'óirioe,
ǵo bpeicó mé vo ǵáirioin
Lán oe ǵac tópaó,*
aǵur na ceuoéa aǵ fáǵaíl báir
le ǵráó vo pópta.

ǵaol me péin
mar bí mé ǵan eólar
ǵo mbeupá óam vo láin
no fáinne an pópta,
aǵur ǵaol mé 'nna óeǵ rin
ǵo mbuó tu an poul eólar
no blác na íúǵ-épaob
air ǵac taoib oe'n bóirín.

* Recté "τοπαό," ni "τόπαό."

One of these verses is to be found in another song, a dialogue or conversation between a younglad who was leaving Erin and a young woman who is speaking with him. He says to her in the first verse that he has nothing but his health, and he says that in sport, for it is evident that he would prefer her not to go away from him. She does not believe him, and begins to complain. Here it is :—

THERE'S A GIRL IN THIS TOWN.

(THE BOY).

There's a girl in this town,
 And her name it is Maurya,
 I gave her love and liking
 Beyond all the girls of the place.
 I have no gold, I have no silver,
 Nor anything but my health,
 And if an empty man is your choice
 You may have me and welcome.

(THE GIRL).

O young youth,
 In whose pockets is the yellow gold,
 That I may see your halls
 Bright, and your coaches,
 That I may see your garden
 Full of every fruit,
 And the hundreds dying
 For love of your marrying.

I thought, myself,
 For I was without knowledge,
 That you would give me your hand
 Or the wedding-ring,
 And I thought after that
 That you were the star of knowledge,
 Or the blossom of the strawberry
 On each side of the boreen.

(an buacáil).

1^o buacáilín boct mé
 ag págbáil na h-Éireann
 ag imteacht cum na Fraince
 i n-airm Rí Shumair,
 Uíol mé mo thúitche
 air éartha tige géire,
 'S a bean an tige na páirte
 tabair fluéad mo béil dam.

(an Caílín).

A ógánaig óis
 Úrúil an t-ór buíde ann a pódairib
 agus an iomarcuid ban ós
 ag rógað do béilín,
 náir págaib mair an raogal ro
 tá bioánaic breugac
 go n-oilríd mé do leanabán
 air brollac geal mo léine.

Tá píora binn eile ann a brághmaoir an ráó ceutna, "neult an
 eólar" agus 1^o doibinn an ráó é. 1^o ag cur i g-céill atá ré go
 mbionn eólar dúbalta agus géir-inntiunn meudaghte go móir, ag
 an té atá i ngráid. Tá an gráid mar neult, agus tá ré mar
 neult-eólar mar gheall ar an g-caoi ann a n-ordlann ré ár g-ceuo-
 fada, go mbíomís dúbalta níor eutroime níor beóda agus géire
 'ná biamar poime rin. Tuismis ann rin glóir agus áilleacht an
 t-raogail i riocht náir tuisgeamair arís an go dtí rin é. Ag ró an
 píora air ar labhair, abhán nac féidir a páirgáid i tceangla ar
 bíd ar a mullreacht agus ar a píor-éadome.

A ógánaig an úil ceangailte.

A ógánaig an úil ceangailte
 le a raib mé real i n-éinfeacht
 Cuaid tu 'réir, an bealaic ro
 'S m éaduis tu do m'feudaint.
 Ssail mé nac tseunfaide dochar suit
 Tá tseunfá, ár mé o' iarraid,
 'S gur b'í do páigín éabhairfead rólar
 Tá mbeirinn i lár an fíabhair.

(THE BOY).

I am a poor bohaleen
 A-leaving Ireland,
 Going into France
 In the army of King James.
 I sold my estate
 For a quart of sour drink,
 And, O woman of the house, of the part (*i.e.*, of my love)
 Give me the wetting of my mouth (*i.e.*, a drink).



(THE GIRL).

O young youth,
 Who has the yellow gold in his pearls,
 And too many young women
 Kissing your small mouth,
 That I may never leave this world
 Which is slanderous and lying
 Until I rear your children
 On the white bosom of my shirt.

There is another melodious piece in which we find the same expression, "star of knowledge," and a lovely expression it is. It is making us understand it is, that there be's double knowledge and greatly increased sharp-sightedness to him who is in love. The love is like a star, and it is like a star of knowledge on account of the way in which it opens our senses, so that we be double more light, more lively and more sharp than we were before. We understand then the glory and the beauty of the world in a way we never understood it until that. Here is the piece of which I spoke, a song which cannot be surpassed in any language for its sweetness and true gentleness.

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
 You passed by the road above,
 But you never came in to find me;
 Where were the harm for you
 If you came for a little to see me,
 Your kiss is a wakening dew
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

Ծά mbeidēad maoim aḡam-ṛa
 Aḡur aipḡeas ann mo ṛóca
 Ծeanṛann bóiṛín aič-ḡioṛad
 Զo voṛar tiḡe mo ṛtóṛín,
 mar ṛúil le Ծia Զo Զ-cluinnṛinn-ṛe
 Toṛann biinn a bṛóiḡe,
 'S iṛ ṛas an lá ann aṛ čoṛail mé
 Adč aḡ ṛúil le blar vo ṛóiḡe.

A'ṛ ṛaoil me a ṛtóṛín
 Զo mbuṛ ḡealad aḡur ḡṛian ču,
 A'ṛ ṛaoil mé 'nnā čiaḡ ṛin
 Զo mbuṛ ṛneadčta aṛ an ṛṛliab ču,
 A'ṛ ṛaoil mé 'nn a čiaḡ ṛin
 Զo mbuṛ lóčṛann o Ծia ču,
 no ḡur ab tu an ṛeulč-eólar
 Aḡ oul ṛóñam a'ṛ mo čiaḡ ču.

Զeall tu ṛioṛa 'ṛ ṛaičtin vām
 Calldaidē* 'ṛ bṛóḡa áṛoa,
 A'ṛ ḡeall tu ṛar éiṛ ṛin
 Զo leaṛṛá ṛṛo an ṛṛnám mé.
 ni mar ṛin adá mé
 Adč mo ṛḡeac i mbeul beaṛna,
 Զad nóin a'ṛ Զad maiṛin
 Aḡ ṛeučaint tiḡe m' adar.

Aḡ ṛo abṛán ṛṛi-milṛ eile tá coṛmúil le ṛioṛa aṛ Čúḡe muñan
 tá ṛé čoiñ biinn ṛin, adč čṛeioim ḡur abṛán Connadčad é. Tá an
 ṛád ṛin “ṛeulč an eólar” ann ṛan bṛioṛa ṛo mar an Զ-ceudna.
 iṛ ṛollapad Զo bṛuil ṛé bṛiṛte ṛuar Զo móṛi aḡur nač bṛuil an č-
 iomlán ann.

* ṛóṛe ṛḡáile no cáiṛ, čṛeioim.

If I had golden store
 I would make a nice little boreen
 To lead straight up to his door,
 The door of the house of my storeen ;
 Hoping to God not to miss
 The sound of his footfall in it,
 I have waited so long for his kiss
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
 And I thought after that you were snow,
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;
 And I thought after that, you were more
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
 And satin and silk, my storeen,
 And to follow me, never to lose,
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall
 I am now left lonely without thee,
 And this house I grow dead of, is all
 That I see around or about me.*

Here is another truly sweet song, which is like a piece out of Munster, it is so melodious, but I believe it is a Connacht song. The expression "star of knowledge" is in this piece also. It is evidently greatly broken up, and the whole not in it.

*Literally. O youth of the bound back hair, With whom I was once together
 You went by this way last night, And you did not come to see me. I thought
 no harm would be done you If you were to come and to ask for me, And sure it
 is your little kiss would give comfort. If I were in the midst of a fever.

If I had wealth And silver in my pocket, I would make a handy boreen To
 the door of the house of my storeen ; Hoping to God that I might hear The melo-
 dious sound of his shoe, And long (since) is the day on which I slept, But (ever),
 hoping for the taste of his kiss.

And I thought, my storeen, That you were the sun and the moon, And I thought
 after that, That you were snow on the mountain, And I thought after that That
 you were a lamp from God, Or that you were the star of knowledge Going be-
 fore me and after me.

an mair̥oean ōs.

Oá mbeid' áitneab aḡam féin
 no ḡabáltar a' r̥ réim
 Caoimḡ bneásḡ bána
 ar̥ áro-énoc no r̥léib,
 sláimte aḡur méim
 aḡur ḡráð ceart o'á réir
 beir̥onn-re 'r̥ mo ḡráð ḡeal
 so ráim ann ran traéḡal.

Tá mair̥oean ós 'ran tír
 'S ir̥ réaltan eólar̥ í,
 ḡrian bneásḡ ar̥ bóro f
 a' r̥ toḡa de na mnáib*
 a cum raḡa bneásḡ
 'S a cúilín cnaḡad bán
 s ḡac ált léi ar̥ lúe-éir̥e
 o búcla so bráḡaro.

Oá mbeir̥onn-re 'r̥ mo rún
 ar̥ éoil̥l aḡ buain enó
 no ar̥ [ḡaoib] l̥ir̥ín doib̥inn
 'S ḡan oíoi̥onn oir̥iainn aḡt ceó,
 beir̥eas mo éir̥i̥de-re o'á bneóḡad
 le oíoi̥nar̥ o'á póis
 'S ḡur̥ b'é ḡráð ceart do élaoid̥ mé
 'S do fíor̥-rḡair̥ mo ír̥nó.

Oá mbeir̥onn-re 'r̥ mo ḡráð
 ar̥ ḡaoib̥ énuic no báin
 'S ḡan reóir̥l̥ing ann ar̥ bróca
 ná lón cum na r̥l̥iḡe,
 beir̥' mo r̥úil-re le c̥r̥ior̥t
 le ar̥ noóḡaint̥ ḡan moil̥l
 a' r̥ so oóḡraḡ mo r̥tóir̥ ḡeal
 an brón ro de m' éir̥i̥de.

* "Toḡa ḡac óisḡir̥ í," ran ms., aḡt tá ruo éis̥in amúḡa 'ran beir̥ra ro.

† "So bráḡmaoir̥ ar̥ noóḡain ḡan moil̥l" ran ms.



THE YOUNG MAIDEN.

If I had a dwelling to myself,
 Or a holding and position,
 Fine white sheep
 On high hill or mountain,
 Health and beauty,
 And right love accordingly,
 I and my bright love would be
 Quietly off in the world.

There is a young maiden in the land,
 And she is a star of knowledge,
 A splendid sun at table she is,
 And a choice one of women ;
 Her form long and fine,
 Her cooleen shaking, fair,
 And every joint with her in an agile-quivering
 From her buckles to her neck.

If I and my secret love were to be
 At the wood gathering nuts,
 Or on the side of a pleasant lis (rath or moat),
 With no shelter over us but mist,
 My heart would be pining
 With affection for her kiss,
 And sure it was right love destroyed me,
 And truly-scattered my complexion.

If I and my love were
 On the side of a hill or a waste (?),
 Without a farthing in our pocket
 Or provisions for the way,
 My hope would be with Christ
 That we would get plenty without delay,
 And that my bright treasure would lift
 This grief off my heart.

Ծա մբեծօմն-րէ 'ր մօ ջիւն
 Ըօր տօրօք ոռ շիւն
 'Տ ջան առ նեւե՛ եօ 'նն ճի տօմեօլլ
 Առ օրծե քառ, 'ր լա ;
 Ծօ եւծօմն-րէ աջ շօմիւն
 Լե ղեւիւռ առ շիւն լան
 'ր Լիօմ-քա 'բսծ հ-աօիւմն
 Եւե՛ աջ շօմեօք մօ ջիւն.

Աճէ ու մեքսիմ ջօ Երսիւ առ ձերան ջիւն ուօր Լեւեմիւջէքք ար
 բսռ նա շիւք աջսր ուօր օրծեօմնա 1 մեւս նա քան օսօմե 'նձ առ
 տան ծօ քիմնե Ծօմար Լաւօր Ըօրօքալա (ոռ Ըօրօքալաձէ մար աճ
 առ Ե-ամմ րջիօքեձ ջօ միմ) օր օմնն առ շալիւն մի-ձջաիւսլ րջա-
 միւն. 7. միւս ուք Ծաքսառա ծ'ա տսք քէ ջիւն. Ու քալն առ քար 1
 ո-ճիւմն Լե նա Լիմն Եսծ մո՛ նեքս աջսր Լիւ՛ 'նձ առ Ծօմար քօ,
 աջսր քիմ է առ քա՛ քաօ 1 Երսալ քէ 1 Լեք-ամմ, Ծօմար Լաւօր. Ու
 Եւեձո՛ նա քանքիւք արման քալքաձէ աջ միմք րջեւ րօնքառաձ
 ծ'ա շալն. Ուսլ քէ 1 ո-ամքիւք առ Ծաքա Տարքալք, քալիւս, աջսր
 Եւ՛ 1 Լան քալիւս աջ 1 միմքք, աճէ քալ էր Ըօմսլ ծօ շաձէ ջօ
 հ-ճիւմն շալլ քէ առ շիւս Եսծ մո՛ ծի, աջսր շալն քի 1 քիւն նա
 ուօլոլն 1 ջ-քօքաձ Տիւն քէ աջսր 1 ջ-քօքաձ միւն-ճօ. Ծօ Եւ՛ առ
 Ծօմար Լաւօր շօմ Լաձ քիմ ջօ մեքսքաձ քէ ար Երօքաձ քի Եւա-
 քալ, նաձ քալն քիւս ար արման, աջսր Եւ՛ քէ շօմ Լաւօր քիմ ջօ ջ-
 քօնքիւքաձ քէ է ջան Լեքքառ ծօ մեքաձ շօմ միմք աջսր Եւքքաձ
 քէ ջիւս ար 1 միւն. Եւք քառ ջիւ Եւ՛ քէ առ շիւս ջիւս մօր
 ծօ քիմն քէ. Ուսլ Եւ՛ քէ 'նն Եւաձալլ աջ քալ, տիմեօլլ քաձէ
 մեւաձոնա տսք ծ'աօր, շալն ջալքքաձ ջօ տի առ Եալե-մօր
 Տիւքաձ, աջսր շիւք քէ տեքլան քաօ առ քի ար քառ, աջ Լարքաձ քի
 1 քաձքաձ աջ քօքսքաձէ ոռ աջ քիւսլք Լեք. 'Տ է առ ջիւքառ ծօ Եւ՛
 աճ առ Ե-ամ քիմ, ջիւ Եւ՛քիւս ծօ 'ն շալքառն 1 տիւքքաձ ջալքքաձ
 ծօ 'ն քիւք քիմ առ ջալքքաձ քիմ շօքքաձ աջսր շօքքալ ոռ ջօ
 Երսքքաձ քառ քար Եւա Եւալքաձ է աջ քօքսքաձէ.

Շալնք առ Լա առն ար շիւսնք առ քօքաձ Եւա ջօ Տիւքաձ Լե քիւ-
 քիւս առ քալն առ տիւս 1 քաձքաձ աջ քօքսքաձէ Լեք'առ ջալքքաձ,
 աջսր Եւ՛ քարքիւքաձ քալն առ Ըօրօքալալք աջ տիւս առ մար առ ջ-
 քօքառ. Ծ' Լարք Ծօմար ար Լեքքառ ծօ տիւ Լեք, աջսր քալ էր
 միմք քառ շիւ քէ քառ ծօ. Ուսլ շալքառն ջօ Տիւքաձ Եւ՛ նա
 քիւսքէք առն քօքք, աջսր շալն քառ քաձքալն առ Երսէք ոռ ար առ
 մօմքք 'ն շալ 1 քալն առ ջալքքաձ. Շաձ Եւա տիւս ծօ Եւալք աջ
 քօքսքաձէ Լեք, Եւեձո՛ քէ ծ'ա Լեքաձ, աջսր ծ'ա շաձաձ ար առ
 քալիւս, աջսր ու՛ քալն քար ար Եւ՛ րօնքառն քարմն 'նն աջաձ.
 Ըօմքալք քօքքաձ ար Ըօրօքալալք ճիւ Ծօմար աջ քաձաձ աջսր

If I and my love were
 Beside the tide or the shore
 Without anyone alive around us,
 And the long night and the day
 I would be conversing
 With Nelly of the fair cool,
 It's I who would think it pleasant
 To be accompanying my love.

But I do not think that there is any love song more widely spread throughout the country and more common in the mouth of the people than the poem which Tumaus Loidher (strong Thomas) Cosdello, or Coisdealbhach (foot-shaped ?), as the name is often written, composed over the unfortunate and handsome girl Una MacDermott, to whom he had given love. There was no man in Ireland in his time of greater strength and activity than this Tumaus, and that was why he got his nick-name of Tumaus Loidher. The Shanachies used never to be tired of telling wonderful stories about him. He lived in the time of Charles II, I think, and his people had much land, but after Cromwell's coming to Ireland they lost the greater portion of it, and it came into the possession of the Dillons in the counties Sligo and Mayo. This Tumaus Loidher was that quick that he would overtake a three-year-old colt that never had been bridled, and he was that strong that as often as ever he got a hold of his mane he would hold him, without allowing him to get away. They say that this was the first great deed that he performed: When he was a boy growing up, about seventeen years of age, there came a champion or bully to the town of Sligo, and he put a challenge under (*i.e.* challenged) the whole county, looking for a man who would go to wrestle or contend with him. The custom which they had at that time was, that the city into which a champion of this sort would come, was obliged to support and maintain the champion until they could find another man who would beat him at wrestling.

The day came when the whole county gathered together to Sligo to see was there any man who would go wrestling with the champion, and Costello's father's brother was going there likewise. Tumaus asked him to allow him to go with him, and after long entreaty he gave him leave. When they came to Sligo there were multitudes there before them, and they went out on the lawn or meadow where the champion was. Everyone who was going wrestling with him he used to be throwing him and hurling him on the ground, and there was no man able to stand before him. Young Costello's uncle saw

αιρ βρυσί. “Cao tá oir?” ar ré. “Óia,” ar ré, “leig oam, leig oam, uil ag corruigeaéct leiréan.” “A amaoáin mhóir,” ar an colceadair leir, “cao é rin tá tu ráó? an maic leat go maribódaó an gairgídeac éu.” “Ní mharbódaó ré mé,” ar an buaáil, “ir lároipe mire ’n á eiréan.” “Leig oam do ruigídeacá láimhuigídeac,” ar an rean-feair. Síu Tomár amac íao agur bí na réiteacá bí ionnta cóm teann agur cóm cruaid le iarpánn. Bhí an buaáil ag cur imríde air an t-rean-feair agur ag ríor-iarpáit ceao air, go raib re ráruigíte faoi deirre agur éus ré ceao só uil ag tpoio leir an ngairgídeac. Ní raib don fear eile ag teac an t-am rin, óir bí raio uile buailte ag an ngairgídeac an méao do éuaí ag corruigeaéct leir, agur bí faicéoir air na daoimib uile. Seair amac an Coircealaó ann rin agur subairt ré, “maíraíó mire ag rírair leat.” Rinne an gairgídeac gáire nuair éonnaire ré an garúr ós uil amac leir agur subairt ré, “má tá tu críona a garúir big,” ar ré, “fanraíó tu máir a bfuil tu; agur ní éuicraíó tu ag tpoio líom-ra.” “Deunraíó mé mo dícéil leat, ar mhó ar bí,” ar Tomár.

Ir amlaíó buo gíac leó corruigeaéct do deunáin an traí rin, críor no beilt leadair do éeangailt timéil cuim an dá fear, agur gneim do éabairt do gac fear ar críor an fíir eile, agur nuair beiréao raio réi agur nuair béairraíde an focal sóib, éoródaó raio ag corruigeaéct. Nuair éonnaire an ríuaí móir do bí cruim-ríge ann rin an críor ag uil air Tomár ós do glaoó raio amac gan leigean só uil ag tpoio, óir bí faicéoir oirra go maribraíde é, mar do mairb an gairgídeac ro cuib maic daoine roimhe rin, agur fáoil raio uile nac raib corruíleac ar bí go sóibíraó buaáil bog ós mar Tomár a anam uaí. Acé nfor maic le Tomár éirteac leó, mar mhóuig ré féin go raib ré nfor lároipe ’n á fáoil na daoine. Ói an rean-cólceadair ag reilt seór nuair éonnaire ré nac raib don maic só beir ag camt leir.

Éuaí an críor leadair air ann rin, agur fuair an gairgídeac gneim daingean air, agur fuair reiréan gneim maic air críor a námaio. Tugaó oruigaó sóib ann rin do éorugaó ar a éirle. Nuair fuair ré an focal éarraig Tomár a dá láim do bí gneam-ríge 1 mbeilt a námaio, arteaó éuige féin go h-obann, acé nfor éuir an gairgídeac cor ar féin. Fuair Tomár bárrós air agur éus re an daia fárgaó só acé nfor éorruig an námaio. “A éolceadair óilir,” ar Tomár, “cao tá ar an bfeair ro nac bfuil ré ag corruigeaéct líom, rígaíó sóom é go bfeicímio.”

Tumaus quivering and boiling. "What's on you?" (What's the matter with you?) says he. "Ora," says he, "let me go to wrestle with him." "You great fool," says the uncle to him, "what's that you're saying? Do you want the champion to kill you?" "He won't kill me," says the lad; "I am stronger than he." "Let me feel your arms," says the old man. Tumaus stretched them out, and the muscles that were in them were as firm and hard as iron. The lad was beseeching the old man, and asking permission of him until he was tired at last, and gave him permission to go fight with the champion. There was no other man coming forward at this time, for the champion had beaten them all, as many as went wrestling with him, and the other people were afraid. Costello stood out then and said, "I'll go wrestling with you." The champion laughed when he saw the young gossoon going out against him, and he said, "If you're wise, little gossoon, you will stay where you are, and you won't come fighting with me." "I'll do my best with you, anyhow," says Tumaus.

Now this was the way it was customary with them to make a wrestling at this time; that was, to bind a girdle or belt of leather round about the body of the two men, and to give each man of them a hold on the other man's belt, and when they would be ready and the word would be given them they would begin wrestling. When the great multitude saw the belt going on young Tumaus, they cried out not to let him go fight, for they were afraid he would be killed, for this champion killed a good many people before that, and they thought there was no likelihood that a soft young boy like Tumaus would bring his life away from him; but Tumaus would not listen to them, for he felt himself that he was stronger than the people thought. The old uncle was shedding tears when he saw that it was no good for him to be talking to him.

The leather belt went on him then, and the champion got a firm hold of it, and he got a good hold of his enemy's belt. The order was then given them to begin on one another. When he got the word Tumaus suddenly drew in his two hands that were fastened in his enemy's belt towards himself, but the champion never put a stir out of himself. Tumaus got a leverage on him and gave him the second squeeze, but the enemy did not stir. "Dear uncle," said Tumaus, "what's on this man that he is not wrestling with me; loose him from me till we see?" Then the people came

Շնորհ յա ծաօմբ թար ան ին ասր իջաօլեատար լնին ան չար-
 ֆնծից օե 'ն ճրօր ան և թաւ իաօ շրթամուցե, ասր ար ան մեալլ
 օօֆտու ան թար իար, ասր է թար մար, — Եւ ճնին և օրօմա Երրե
 Եր ան չ-սեօ քարջած շն Տօմար օօ.

Ե'ն ին ան ճեօ-չարջնեաճ օօ իմնե Տօմար արմին, ասր շն
 թէ թն ան ին չօ թաւ թէ ինօր լնօր և'ն ծաօմբ Ելե. Շար չօճ
 չեալլ Եր ան սար անին չօ յօւնթած թէ շեթր քնծա արալլ
 յաճ Երթօթած թէ և լնծած յա և յօրննչած, ճէ չօ չ-արթած թէ յա
 շեթր քնծա շար Ե ճէլե յար և Երծած թէ ճ իարթած և լնծած.
 Երթօ օօ իմնե ան չօճ ճէ քնալծ օօ շար յօննա 1 յ-ճէ իարմն.
 Շնորհ Տօմար ասր ճլաճ թէ յա քնծա ան և լնին ասր շն թէ
 քարջած օօն, ճէ ինօր ճօրննչ թէ իաօ, շն թէ ան օար քարջած
 օօն, ճէ յա թաւ մալ ճլաճ ան. “Օար մօ լնին իր մալ օօ իմնե
 Ե իաօ,” ար թէ, “արթն մէ ան ճօճ մօր Ենթ օօմ.” Են թէ ան
 ճօճ մօր օէ, ասր շն թէ ան քնօնած քննած օօն, ասր ինօր քեօ
 թէ և լնծած, մար իր քնալծ օօ Ե յօննա, ճէ իմնե ք չրթաման
 օօն ան և օա լնին, անսլ ասր մար Եւ ճլալե իաօ. Ե'ն ան չօճ
 'ննա թարմ ճ ան օրթար, մար Ե թալճօր ար չօ մարթած յա
 քնծա, շն չար օար Եր թն Եւ յա օօ-օւննա է, ասր ճօն լաճ
 ասր ճօննար թէ օա մարթած իաօ, ամաճ Եր, ասր ճարմն թէ
 ան օրթար 'ննա օնալ. Ճլաճ լարած քննաճ ան Երթեալ յա
 ճօննար թէ ան ճլար օ'ննար ան չօճ ար, ասր ճօնննչ թէ ասր
 ճալ թ յա թօրած քնալծ օօ Ե'ն ան և լնին անօնալ յա չօճն,
 ասր ճէլ թէ ճօն լնօր ին իաօ չար ճօմն թէ մար քնլնար յա
 իաօ ամաճ քն ան օրթար.

Տա ան օրթար իջլ և յա թան օօմն ար ճալթալ ասր
 չնօմարթալ Տօմար լնօր (նօ Ե'ն ճն լնծօն օւն օ թօմ) յաճ
 իջարմն չօ Երթ օ'ա յ-նննն յա օթօթօնն օրթ ասր օա Ե-
 քեօթմն և յ-ննննն մար օօ ճալար իաօ, ասր ար ան ճօճ ին յա
 յնթօթած մէ ան թօ ճէ ան օճն թօ և յօարմալ թէ ան օն
 ճաճ մէ օւլ օ'ա ճալար ար նն յա յարմաճ.

Շն նն չնծ օօ-թան, ասր շն թար չնծ օ' նն. յա թաւ
 ան Երթեալ թալծար, ճէ Ե'ն մօրն մաօմբ ասր ճննան ճ
 մաճ յարմաճ, ասր օ'օրնն թէ օօ'ն յնն, նն, չան Ել ճ
 ճնն յա ճ ճօննն Ե Տօմար լնօր մար յաճ Երթած թէ Ե'ն և
 քօթած չօ Երթ. Ե'ն թար Ել ան Եւ թալծն 'ն ան Երթեալ ճ,
 ասր Եւ նն Եր չօ Երթած թար ան թար թօ. յար թալ թէ
 թօ օրթ չօ թաւ օլ և յնն Երթ ասր լնծա չօ լնօր ճլաճ,
 իմնե թէ քնած յա քննա մօր ասր շն թէ քնած ար օօմն.

up and they loosed the hands of the champion from the belt where they were fastened, and on the spot the man fell back, and he cold dead ; his back-bone had been broken with the first squeeze that Tumaus gave him.

That was the first hero-feat that Tumaus ever performed, and he himself understood then that he was stronger than other people. A smith bet with him one day that he would make four horse-shoes which he would neither bend nor straighten, but that he must put the four shoes together when trying to bend them. What did the smith do but put steel into them in place of iron. Tumaus came, and he took the shoes in his hand, and he gave them a squeeze ; but he never stirred them. He gave them the second squeeze, but there was no good for him in it. "By my hand, then," says he, "it's well you made them. I must take off my cotamore (great coat) to it." He threw the cotamore off him and he gave them the third tightening, but he could not bend them, because it was steel was in it ; however, he made pieces of them in his two hands as if they were glass. The smith was standing at the door, as he was afraid that the shoes might break, although it was an impossibility, as it seemed to him ; but as soon as he saw them breaking, out with him, and he pulled the door after him. Then Costello took a flame of wrath when he saw the trick the smith played him, and he turned round and hurled the pieces of steel that were in his hand out after the smith, and he flung them with such strength that he drove them out like bullets through the door.

The old people have, or they had fifteen years ago, so many stories about the adventures and deeds of Tumaus Loidher, that were I to begin on them, and were I able to tell them as I heard them, I would never cease telling of them, and for that reason I shall only speak here of the occasion on which he composed the poem I am about to give on Una* MacDermott.

Una gave him love, and he gave love to Una. The Costello was not rich, but MacDermott had much riches and land, and he ordered his daughter Una not to be talking or conversing with Tumaus Loidher, because he never would allow her to marry him. There was another man in it who was richer than the Costello, and he desired that she should marry this man. When he thought, at last, that his daughter's will was sufficiently broken and bent by him, he made a great collation, or feast, and sent an invitation to the gentlemen of the whole

* Una is pronounced "Oona" not "Yewna" as so many people now call it. This beautiful native name is now seldom heard, but it is absurdly Anglicised "Wyny" in Roscommon, and in some places "Winny."

uaiple an ciontaé uile, agus bí Tomás Láirín 'nna meary. Nuair
bí an tineár criochnuighe éiriuig ríad ag ól ríáinteadó agus tubairt
mac Diarmada le na ingin, “fear ruar,” ar ré, “agus ól ríáinte
ar an té rin ir fearir leat ann ran g-cuiseadta ro,” mar ríoil
ré go n-ólfaid rí ríáinte ar an bfeair ríáibhín rin do bí leagda
amaid aige mar céile bí.* Ólac ríre an glaine, agus fear rí ruar,
agus o’ól rí deod ar Tomás Láirín Coirteala. Nuair cionnairc
an t-ádaín í ag deunaim rin éaimis fearis air agus buail ré buille
boire ar a leit-cinn. Bhí náire uirru-re, agus éaimis deóra ann
a ríúilb, áit bí rí ro áirio-inntinnead le leigean do na daoinib
feicirint go ríab rí ag gol faoi an mbuille eus an t-ádaín óí,
agus éós rí borca ríuoirín agus éuir rí ríuibín dé 'nna ríóin, ag
leigean uirru gur b' é an ríuoirín Láirín do baon na deóra bí.
O’fág Tomás Láirín an reomra ar an móimio. Ir i tdaobib
an móí a éarla ann rin a tubairt ré an raon ro amearis móráin
eile.

naé lágac a tubairt páirte na ngeal-éioé é,
ag fáirgaó a dá láimh 'r ag mínuigaó a méair,
ag cur ríagáit air an áobair agus í i bpeín,
a' r cineas cráitöte air ! buí Láirín an ríuoirín é.

Buailadó úna nic Diarmada cinn 'nna áiais rin, leir an ngráó
do eus rí óó, agus ní ríab rí ag fágaíl biris ar bíé ná leigir ó
aon ruo, agus bí rí éom dona rin faoi deiradó náir feuo rí a lea-
baio o’fágbaíl. Ann rin agus ní go oí rin, eus mac Diarmada
cead bí an Coirtealac do glaoóac éuici féin. Chuir úna ríor air
agus éaimis ré, agus éreóruis ríad go oí reomra úna é, agus
éaimis a h-anam air éuici le ríáruigadó inntinne nuair cionnairc rí
air é. Rinne an lúégaíre do bí uirru faoi n-a feicirint an oiréad
rin de máit óí, gur éuit rí faoi deiradó ann a codlaó ríim roair,
an éuo codlaó fuair rí le míorab, agus eiréan 'nna fuide coir na
leapcan agus ríre ag congbaíl a láime-rean ann a láimh-re féin.
Suio ré ann rin ar fead tamail máit, áit mar naé ríab ríre ag
oírúigadó agus mar bí leir air beit ag ríamaimc ann rin, ríaoil
ré a láimh-ran ar a láimh-re, agus éuaid ré amad ar an t-reomra
agus ríor na ríaróiríde. Ní bfuair ré uime ar bíé ann ran tead,
agus bí náire air o’fíamaimc ann leir féin. Ólacó ré ar a
feairbógaínta oialaíre do cur ar na caplaib, agus do beit ag

* Feud an ríeasraó crioíne eus ingean eile nuair éuir an t-
ádaín an ruo ceuona o’fíadab uirru, ann mo leabair Sgeului
geadta, L. 153.

county, and Tumaus Loidher was among them. When the dinner was finished they began drinking healths, and MacDermott said to his daughter: "Stand up and drink the health of that person whom you like best in this company," because he thought she would drink the health of that wealthy man he had laid out for her as a consort.* She took the glass and stood up, and drank a drink on Tumaus Loidher Costello. When the father saw her doing that anger came upon him, and he struck her a blow of his palm on the side of the head. She was ashamed, and tears came into her eyes, but she was too high-spirited to let the people see that she was crying at the blow her father gave her, and she lifted a snuff-box and put a pinch of it to her nose, letting on that it was the strong snuff that knocked the tears out of her. Tumaus Loidher left the room upon the spot. It was anent the occurrence that happened there, that he spake this rann amongst many others—

Is it not courteously the child of the white breasts said it,
 Wringing her two hands and smoothing her fingers,
 Putting a shadow upon the reason, and she in pain,
 And bitter destruction on it! it was a strong snuff.

After that Una MacDermott was stricken sick with the love she gave him, and she was getting no relief or cure at all from anything, and she was so bad at last that she was not able to leave her bed. Then, and not till then, MacDermott gave her leave to call to herself the Costello. Una sent for him, and he came, and they guided him to Una's chamber, and her soul came again to her with satisfaction of mind when she saw him. The joy that was on her at seeing him did her so much good that she at last fell into a pleasant quiet sleep, the first sleep she had got for months, and he sitting beside her bed, and she holding his hand in her own hand. He sat there for a good while, but as she was not awaking and as he was loath to be remaining there, he loosed his hand out of her hand, and went out of the room and down the stairs. He found nobody at all in the house, and he was ashamed to remain in it by himself. He called to his servant to saddle the horse and be going. He then got on his horse and rode slowly, slowly, from the house, thinking every moment that he would be sent for, and that they would ask him to return; accordingly, he

* See the clever answer of the girl who was desired by her father to do the same thing, in my *Leabhar Sgeuluigheachta*, p. 153.

imčeačt. Čuaidó ré ar a čapall ann rin, ašur mǎrčáil ré zo mall ó'n tiš aš rmuafneab žac móimio zo ž-cuirpíde ríor air, ašur zo n-iarprfab ríao air rílleab. O'fan ré mar rin, anaice leir an tiš ačt ní ríab don teáčtaipe aš tišeačt le na žlaodáč ar air. B́i a řearbřóžanta tuipeač aš řanařmamt leir, ašur b'řava leir an t-am a b́i a řmážiřtír aš marcuřžeačt žan oul a břao ó'n tiš. Čoruiž ré aš rǎb le n-a řmážiřtír nač ríab muinnřtír řmíc říarřmava, ačt aš mažab řaoi, ašur čuřř ré ann a čeann é žur řeall vo b́i ríao aš řeunari air. říor čřeio an Čoirřealač i řorřač žur ab' amliuř b́i řé, ačt nuair nač ríab řuime ar bič aš teáčt čuřž ašur nuair a b́i an řearbřóžanta aš ríor-čur an ařmarřř řeó ann a čeann, vo čoruiž ré řéin a čřeioeamaint ašur čuž řé a řmóio ašur a řmionna řar řia ašur řuime nač řřion-řřóčab řé ar air zo bříáč ašur nač laiřeóřab řé řocal zo řeó le řna no le muinnřtír říarřmava řuina nřlaodřaríde ar air é řul čuaidó ře čar ač na h-aibne biže, na řonóřž. Nuair čuaidó řé ařřeač řan abain ní řačřab řé čairřřř, ačt o'fan řé řan uřžž ar řeab leač-uairpe ašur říor mó, aš říor-řúil zo řřiučřab teáčtaipe řna řiaž. Čoruiž an řearbřóžanta o'á čámeab ann rin. "řř móř an t-ionřnač řiom," ar řé, "řuime uaral mar čura vo řeič aš řuarač řan uřžž řeó air řon řnǎ ar bič ann řan řřaožal móř. Nač beaž o'uarřřear náipe mar rin o'řulainž." "řř říor řuirt rin," ařř an Čoirřealač, ašur čřiomáin řé an capall řuar ar an mbanca. Ar éižin b́i řé ar an řalař čřřm nuair čáimžž teáčtaipe řna řiaž řan a řán-řič ó řna, aš žlaodáč air vo čeačt ar air čuici zo řuač. Ačt ní řřřřřeab an Čoirřealač a řmóio ašur říor říll řé. řar éřř an Čoirřealač o'imčeačt uaičř, říor řúřřž řna ar řeab řamaill ářřbeul-řmóřř. Ar řđúřřřžab ří řaoi řeřřeab zo h-aeráč euorřřom b'é an čeuo řuřřo řinne ří říor vo čur ar an ž-Čoirřealač, ačt b́i řé imčięčč. řžannřuiž ří ann rin ašur čuřř ří teáčtaipe řnn a řiaž, ačt říor čáimžž an teáčtaipe řuar leir i n-am. řřlac an Čoirřealač řarač-řeřřžž ann rin ašur řuail řé řorř ar an řřearbřóžanta vo čuž an řřřč-čóimairře řó, žur řarř řé ře'n řuillle rin é.

říor řřava řna řiaž rin žur žóill an břón ašur an čúma čóim móř rin ar řna žur řeřřž ří, ašur zo břuarř ří bǎř. říor řeuř don řuř bi ar an řóimā řólár ar bič čačairř vo'n Čoirřealač řna řiaž rin. řhí řna čurčā ar oileáimīn beaž i řár řoča Čé, ašur čáimžž an Čoirřealač zo břuač an řoča an ořčē řřeřř a čurčā, ašur řnám řé amač zo řř an oileán ašur čaič řé č řéin říor ar an uaiž, ašur čuřř řé an ořčē čairřřř aš řaine ašur aš řol

remained near the house, but there was no messenger coming to call him back. His servant was tired waiting for him to go on, and he thought it long the time that his master was riding without going far from the house. He began to say to his master that MacDermott's people were only humbugging him, and he put it into his head that they were doing an act of treachery on him. Costello did not at first believe that it was so, but when no one was coming to him, while the servant kept continually putting this suspicion into his head, he began, himself, to believe it, and took his vow and oath by God and Mary that he would never again turn back and never speak a word to Una or one of MacDermott's people unless he should be called back before he went across the ford of the little river, the Donogue. When he did go into the river he would not go across it, and he remained in the water for half an hour or more, ever hoping that a messenger might come after him. Then the servant began to revile him : " I think it a great wonder," he said, " for a gentleman like you to be cooling in this water for any woman at all in the great world ; is it not small your pride, to endure a disgrace like that ? " " That's true for you," said the Costello, and he drove his horse up upon the bank. Scarcely was he up on the dry ground when there came a messenger after him in a full run from Una, calling to him to come back to her quickly ; but the Costello would not break his vow, and he did not return. After Costello's going from her, Una did not awake for an exceedingly long time. On awaking of her at last, airy and light, the first thing she did was to send for the Costello, but he was gone. She frightened at that, and sent a messenger after him, but the messenger did not come up with him in time. Costello took then a flame of anger and struck a fist upon the servant who gave him the bad advice, so that he killed him of that blow.

It was not long after this that grief and melancholy preyed so much upon Una that she withered away and found death. Nothing at all that was on the world could give any comfort to the Costello after that. Una was buried in a little island in the middle of Lough Cé, and Costello came to the brink of the lake the night after her burial and swam out to the island, and threw himself down upon her grave, and put the night past, watching and weeping over her

ορ' α' cionn. Rm ie ré an ruo ceunna an bap'a oíðce. Éaimis ré an
 τρίοιμάδ' οίðce δ'γυρ' ουβαιρετ' ré ορ' cionn na h-uaidge map' éualaid
 mipe é.

Δ' uñ'a bñn iγ' γρ'ánna an luíðe rin opc
 ap' leabaid' caol ápo amearγ na mílte corp
 muna otagaid' tu ráid* (?) oim Δ' r'áio-bean bí miam' gan loét,
 ní éiucaid' mé cum na h-áite reð go brát' áct' aréir' γ' anoét.

no map' fuair' mé an ceatáin'a ró i lámh-r'γr'ibinn' ópoð-r'γr'ioðca,
 an t-aon' éeann amáin' ann Δ' b'fuair'ear' ap'iam' é,

Δ' uñ'a bñn iγ' γρ'ánna an luíðe rin opc
 ap' leabaid' caol ápo, lámh leir' na mílcið corp
 muna otagaid' tu vo lám' oam Δ' r'áio-bean nað' noeap'naid' olc
 ní feuc'fuig'ear' mo r'γáile ap' an t'p'ráio reð coíðc' 'áct' anoét.

ní luaidce' ουβαιρετ' ré rin' ná mócuig' ré uñ'a δ'g' éiruige' ruar' δ'γυρ'
 δ'g' bualad' boipe éuoroime ap' Δ' leic'cinn, δ'γυρ' éualaid' ré guct' map'
 guct' uñ'a δ'g' ráid' leir' "na tap'p'aisγ,"† δ'γυρ' o'imcið' ré go r'ápta ann
 rin gan fillad' go brát'.

Ói an' éuro eile ve beada' Éomáir' láioir' cóim' h-iongan'cað' leir'
 an r'geul' ro, δ'γυρ' vo bíðeað' an oipeao r'geul' δ'g' na rean' oaoimib'
 i g-con'oaé' Roγcomáin' δ'γυρ' i g-con'oaé' Šliγiz' o'á' éaoib' δ'γυρ' éong-
 bócað' ouine δ'g' éir'eaðt' leó' ap' reað' oíðce iomláine áct' níop' éruin-
 nis' mé iao uile nuair' o'feuro'p'ainn' δ'γυρ' anoip' ni éis' liom Δ' b'rág'áil.
 fuair' ré b'ár' paoi' ðeireað'. Ói' fear' ve na Ruao'ánaib' δ'γυρ' g'eall'
 na Oíolúnaiz' ouair' oó' oá' map'bað' ré é. δ'γυρ' r'γaoil' ré peil'éap'
 leir' o' éúil' c'puaidce' móna δ'γυρ' m'ap'h' ré é. Bhi' ré' 'inna luíðe ap'
 reað' t'p'i' lá' ap' an t'aláim' gan' ouine ap' bíc' le na' éóg'báil' map' bí'
 p'ait'c'ioγ' ap' na' oaoimib' roim'e. Map' g'eall' ap' an' n'γn'ioim' rin' ni
 leiz'f'eað' na Coip'oealaiz' vo éáim'is' 'inna' oiaiz' aon' fear' o'á' r' b'áinn'
 Ruao'án' beic' 'inna' cóim'nuíðe ap' Δ' noúic'ce-rean'. áct' ðeip' cuio eile
 g'yp' b'é Δ' ðeap'br'ácaip'-rean' Oubál'cað' Caoç' vo fuair' b'ár' map' ro.
 ðeup'p'aid' mé' anoip' na ceat'p'ainna vo rinne' an' Coip'oealað' ap'
 uñ'a nic' o'ia'p'ma'oa, map' éualaid' mé iao o' m'óp'án' oaoine. ðeip'
 na' oaoine-t'ipe' g'yp' i g-"c'puaoð'-g'aeð'eil'ge," atá' r'iao, δ'γυρ' nað'

* "ráid," no "r'áir," iγ' é reð an' pocal' éualaid' mé ó' g'ac' uile
 ouine Δ' p'uib' an' p'ann' ro' aige, δ'γυρ' iao Δ' b'pao' ó' ééile, t'p'i' p'ic'e
 míle ó' ééile, áct' ni' éuizim' cao' é' an' éiall' vé.

†=na tap'p'.

head. He did the same thing the second night; he came the third night and spake above her grave, as I heard it—

“O fair-haired Una, ugly is the lying that is upon you,
On a bed narrow and high among the thousand corpses,
If you do not come and give me a token (?), O stately woman, who
was ever without a fault,
I shall not come to this place for ever, but last night and to-night.”

Or, as I found this stanza in a very ill-written manuscript, the only one in which I ever did find it:

“Unless thou givest me thy hand, O stately woman who did no
evil,
My shadow shall not be seen upon this street for ever but to-
night.”

No sooner did he say that than he felt Una rising up, and striking a light blow of her palm upon his cheek, and he heard a voice like Una's, saying, “Come not,” and he then departed satisfied, without returning for ever.

The rest of the life of Toraus Loidher was as wonderful as this story, and the old people in the Counties Roscommon and Sligo used to have as many stories about him as would keep a person listening to them for an entire night, but I did not collect them all when I was able, and now I cannot find them. He found death at last. There was a man of the Ruanes, and the Dillons promised him a reward if he would kill him, and he loosed a bullet at him from behind a turf clump and killed him. He was lying for three days on the ground without any person to take him up, for they were afraid of him. On account of this deed the Costellos who came after him would not allow any man of the name of Ruane to live on their estate. But some say that it was his brother, Dooaltagh, or Dudley, the dim-eyed, who died in this manner.

I shall now give the stanzas which the Costello made about Una MacDermott as I heard them from many people. The country people say that they are in “cramp-Irish,” and that there was never yet found a piper or a fiddler to play them on the pipes or the fiddle! There are a great many stanzas in the poem, but I never got the

whole of them or the half. I heard these stories about Tomaus Loidher from Shamus O'Hart, from Walter Scurlogue (or Sherlock), both of them dead now, and from Martin O'Brennan, or Brannau, in the County Roscommon, but I got some of the verses from a man in the island of Achill who had never heard any talk about Tomaus Loidher.

When he died he was buried, as he himself directed, in the same grave-yard and island in which Una was buried, and there grew an ash-tree out of Una's grave and another tree out of the grave of Costello, and they inclined towards one another, and they did not cease from growing until the two tops were met and bent upon one another in the middle of the graveyard, and people who saw them said they were that way still, but I was lately on the brink of Lough Cé and could not see them. I was not, however, on the island.

OONA WAUN (FAIR UNA).

O fair Una, thou blossom of the amber locks,
Thou who art after thy death from the result of ill counsel,
See, O love, which of them was the best of the two counsels,
O bird in a cage, and I in the ford of the Donogue.

O fair Una, thou has left me in grief twisted,
And why shouldst thou like to be recounting it any more for ever ?
Ringleted *cooleen* upon which grew up the melted gold,
And sure I would rather be sitting beside thee than the glory of heaven.

O fair Una, said he, of the crooked skiffs (?)^{*}
And the two eyes you have the mildest that ever went in a head,
O little mouth of the sugar, like new milk, like wine, like *b'yore*,
And O pretty active foot, it is you would walk without pain in a shoe !

O fair Una, like a rose in a garden you,
And like a candlestick of gold you were on the table of a queen,
Melodious and musical you were going this road before me,
And it is my sorrowful morning-spoil that you were not married to
your dark love.

O fair Una, it is you who have set astray my senses ;
O Una, it is you who went close in between me and God,
O Una, fragrant branch, twisted little curl of the ringlets,
Was it not better for me to be without eyes than ever to have seen you ?

^{*} Perhaps referring to the skiffs or currachs on Loch Cé, round which so many of the MacDermotts lived.

17 ɸɭɭɔ̃ ɔɖʊɾ ɸɔɖɪ ɓɔ ɔɔɪɾɥ-ɾɛ ɔ̃ɓ ɔɓ ɔɔɪɪ ɔɾɛɪɾ,
 ɔɖʊɾ ɓɛ ɓɔ ɸɭɭɔ̃ ɸɔɖɪ ɔɾ ɔɾɔɔɔ ɓɔ ɪɔɾɥɔ̃ ɪɓɓ ɾɛɓɓ,
 ɔ ɖɪɪ ɖɔɓ ɖɾɔɔɓɓ ɔɖ ɓɔɾ ɪɔɔɔɔɓɪɪɔɔɔ ɔɔɔ ɓɔ
 ɔɔɔ ɔɾ ɓɔɔ ɔɾɔɖɾɪɪɪɪɪɪɪ ɔɪ ɸɔɔɔ ɓɔ ɓɔɪɓɪɪ ɔ̃ɓɓ ɾɛɓɓ.

ɔɔ ɔɔɓɪɪ ɔɓɓ ɾɔɓ ɾɔɔɖɔɪ ɾɔ ɔɔɔɔɔɾ ɔɪ-ɓɔɔɾ ɔɾ ɔ̃ɪɔ̃ɔ̃ ɾɔɪɓɓ*
 ɔ ɪɓɓ ɔɛ ɓɔɓɓ ɾɔɔɖɔɪɔɔ, ɔɖʊɾ ɓɪ ɔɓɔ ɪ ɔɔɔɔɔ
 ɔɔɾɔɔɔ ɓɔɓɪɪ ɓɪ ɔ̃ɔɓɾɔɓɓɓ ɓɔ ɾɾɔɖ ɾɔɾɓɓɓɓ,
 ɔɔɔ ɔ'ɾɔɾɾɾ ɪɓɓ ɓɔ ɔɔ ɔɔɓɔ ɔɔ ɓɔɔɔɔ† ɪɓɔ ɔɖɔɓ.

ɸɔɖɪ ɓɛ ɓɔ ɔɔɔɾɪ ɔɔɔɾɓɓɓɔ ɾɔ ɪɔɓɾɾ ɪ ɓɔɾɔɔɔ-ɾɖɾɾɓɓɓɓ, ɓɔɔ
 ɾɔɪɔ ɔɔɔ ɔɪɔ ɔɛ ɓɔ ɔɔɔɾɓɓɓɓɓɓ ɸɔɖɪ ɔɓɓ. ɓɪɓɾ ɔ̃ɔɪɔɾ ɾɛɓɓ
 ɔɾɓɓɓ ɓɔ ɔɔɔɾɪ ɔɓɓ ɔɪɪɪ ɾɔɔ. 17 ɾɔɪɪɪɪɾ ɓɔɔ ɔ̃ ɔɓ ɔɪɾɔɔɔɔɔɔ
 ɔɔ ɾɓɓɪɪ ɔɓ ɔɔɓɓ ɔɪɾɔɔɔɔɔɔ ɔɔɔ, ɔɾ ɓɔɔ ɔɾ ɔɔɔ.

ɔɔɾɔɔ ɔɖʊɾ ɔɔɾɔɔɔɔ ɔɾɪɪ ɓɔ ɾɔ-ɖɾɔɔ ɔɖ ɔɖɔɔɔɔɔ,
 17 ɓɾɾ ɔ̃ɔɾ-ɾɪɔɔɔɔ [ɪ] ɔ'ɾ ɓɾɾ ɓɪɪ-ɔɔɔɔ (ɔɔ) ɾɔɖɔɔɔ ɔɓ ɖɾɔɔɓ,
 ɓɾɾ ɔ̃ɔɾ-ɾɪɔɔɔɔ ɾ'ɾ ɓɾɾ ɓɪɪ-ɔɔɔɔ (ɔɔ) ɾɔɖɔɔɔ ɔɓ ɖɾɔɔɓ,
 ɔɖʊɾ ɔ ɔ̃ɔɔ ɾ'ɾ ɔ ɔɾɔɔɔ 17 ɾɔɔɔ ɓɛ ɔɔɔ ɔɔ ɔɔɔɔ.

ɔ ɪɓɔ, ɔ ɔɓɓɪɾ, ɔ ɔɾɔɔɔ, ɾ'ɾ ɔ ɔ̃ɔɔ ɔ̃ɔɔ,
 ɔ ɔɛɪɪɪ ɓɔɔɔ ɓɔɾ ɔ̃ɔɓ ɾɔɓɓ ɔɖɔɔɔɔ,
 ɔ'ɾɔɾɾ ɪɓɓɓ-ɾɔ ɔɔɔ ɔɾ ɪɔɔɔɔɔ ɪɔɪ ɾɔɾɾɔɔ-ɾɔɖɔɔ
 ɾ'ɓɔ ɓɔ ɸɭɭɔ̃ ɪ ɔɾɔɔɔɔɾ ɪ ɖ-ɔɔɔɔɔɾ ɓɔ ɔɾɓɓɔɔɔ.

ɔ̃ɪɔɖɪ ɓɛ ɾɾɔ ɔɔɔɪɪ ɓɔ ɔɾɔɔ ɔɾɛɪɾ,
 ɔ'ɾ ɓɪ ɔɾɔɖɪ ɓɛ ɾɛɓɓ ɾɔɾɔɔ ɓɔ ɾɪɔɔɔɔ ɓɔ ɔɛɪɪ
 ɾ'ɔ ɔɔɔɔɔɔ ɔɓ ɾɔɔɔɔ-ɔɔɪɪɪ ɖɾɔɔɔɔ ɔ'ɾ ɓɔɔɾɾ ɔɾ ɔ ɓɔɾɾ
 ɓɔ ɔ̃ɾɪ ɾɾɔɔɔɔ ɓɪ (ɪ) ɓ-ɔɔɔɔɔɔɾ ɔɔ ɔɾɔɔ ɪɓɓɓ ɔɪ (ɾɛɓɓ).

ɔɔɔɾɪ ɪɓɔ ɔɔɔɾɪ ɔ̃ɔɪɪ, ɔɔɔɾɪ ɓɔɪɪɪ ɾ'ɾ ɔɔɔɾɪ ɓɔɾɔ
 ɓɔ ɔɔɔɾɪ ɓɓɔɔ ɔɔɔ ɔɔɔɾɪ ɔɾɔɔɔɔɔ ɔɪ (ɪ ɖ-) ɔɔɔɾɪ ɔɔɾɔɔɔɔ ɓɔ
 ɾɔɔɔ,
 ɔɔɔɾɪ ɔɔɾɾɾɔɔɔ ɔ'ɾ ɔɔɔɾɪ ɾɔɔ ɔɖ ɔɔɔɾɪ ɔɔɾɔɔɔ ɔ̃ɔɾɾɔɖ
 ɔɔɔɾɪ ɖɾɔɓɓ ɔɾɾ ɓɔ ɔɔɔɾɪ ɓɓɔɔɔ ɓɔɔ ɔɔɔɔɔɔɔ ɔ ɖ-ɔɔɔɾɪ ɖɾɔɔ
 ɔ'ɔ ɖ-ɔɔɔɾɪ ɾɔɖɔɔɔ.

*=ɾɔɪɓɓ. †=ɔɔɔ. ‡ ɔɔɔ'="ɔɔɔɔɔ," ɪ ɖ-ɔɔɔɔɔɔɔɔɔ.

§ "ɔɔɔɾɪ ɔ̃ɔɾɾɔɔɔ ɔ ɖɔɔɔɾɪ ɾɾɔɖ ɔ ɖ-ɔɔɔɾɪ ɔɔɾɔɔɔɔ ɔ̃ɔɾɾɔɔɔɔ,"
 ɾɔɓ ɓɓ.

It's wet and cold was my visit to the village last night,
 And I sitting up on the brink of the couch by myself,
 O brightness without gloom, to whom the many were not betrothed
 but [only] I,
 Wherefore proclaimest thou not the cold of the morning to myself.

There are people in this world who throw disrespect upon an empty
 estate
 [Having] a quantity of worldly goods [themselves], though they have
 them not lastingly,
 Complaint over [lack of] goods or lament for land I would not make;
 I would rather than two sheep if I had Una (*i.e.* "a lamb," a play on
 the word).

I found the following four stanzas in a bad manuscript in which
 were only a few of the above verses. I never heard these other four
 myself. It is plain it was not the Costello who made the last one
 of them, at all events.

Stand ye and look ye is my very love a-coming,
 She is like a ball of snow and like bee's honey which the sun would freeze
 Like a ball of snow and like bee's honey the sun would freeze;
 And my portion (*i.e.* my love) and my friend, it is long that I am
 alive after you.

O Una, O maiden, O friend, and O golden tooth,
 O little mouth of honey that never uttered injustice,
 I had rather be beside her on a couch, ever kissing her,
 Than be sitting in heaven in the chair of the Trinity.

I passed through the byre* of my friends last night;
 I never got any refreshment or [even] the wetting of my mouth.
 'Twas what the frowning high-shouldered (?) girl said, and madder on
 her fingers,
 "My three pities that it was not in a solitude I met yourself."

Four Unas, four Annies, four Marys and four Noras,
 The four women, the four finest were in the four quarters of Fola (Ireland)
 Four nails and four saws to four boards of coffin,
 Four hates on the four women who would not give their four loves
 off their four kisses.

* Or perhaps through the town of Boyle, *i.e.* *Buille* not *buaille*.

Éug mé cóip de'n Céann Dubh Síleap céana, amearg na n-abrán
 ar ar glaoib mé “abráin ocátoeada,” agus o'innir mé fáct a
 deunta, agus éairbéan mé gur eugraimhíl ar fad é ó'n g-cóirín
 gearr vó do bí i g-cló le O h-argaoáin. Caiséir mé anoir an
 tsear cóip éur ríor. Tá sí gearr rimplíde agus binn. Is coríníil
 gur ríne an cóip reó 'nád ainnir an Céarbalánaig. Tá ré reo nfor
 coríníile le ceatrainnais bí h-argaoáin nád an t-abrán do éug
 mé ann ran g-ceuo-éairibíil.

ceann dubh shileas.

Tá mná an baile reo ar buile 'r ar buairíreab
 ag tarraing a nguaige 'r 'gá leigean le gaoit,
 ní glacraib ríao rgarair o'feairib na tuaité,
 go tóirí ríao 'ran ruais le buacailíib an ruí.

Ceann dubh síleap síleap síleap
 Ceann dubh síleap o'puro liom anáil,
 Ceann dubh is gile 'nád 'n eala 'r an faoilean
 is ruine gan éiríde ná óiríubraó duit gíad.

a ógánaig uapail uapail uapail
 Seobairí tu uair a' ruirí go lá,
 Seobairí tu ríoból a' uiláir an buailce
 agus ceao do beir ruar go n-éirídeairí an lá.

Ceann dubh síleap síleap síleap,
 Ceann dubh síleap, o'puro liom anáil,
 Ceann dubh is gile 'nád 'n eala 'r an faoilean
 is ruine gan éiríde ná óiríubraó duit gíad.

Óearraib mé ann ro abrán air a nglaobair an páirín fionn.
 Tá abrán de'n ainm ríu i leabair an h-argaoánaig áct ní'í don
 line ainm coríníil leir an oán ro. Ní'í ré ró foilléirí cao air a
 bfuil an oán ro ag tráct. Bí rgeul i ocaib mná éirí a éirí
 cleatáir. 7. rógaire le na fuaoac leir, áct éirí sí a culairí féin
 ar ruine éirí eile, agus nfor fuaoig an “cleatáir cam” an
 ruine ceart leir. Ní éirí linn an rean-rgeul fágaíl anoir, tá
 raicéirí o'puro go bfuil ré caillce. Is cinnte mé gur i ocaib puro
 fíunnaig a éiríle don uair ainm amearg na noaimne, do cumad
 níor mé 'nád leac de na rean abráinais reó, áct m éirí linn fágaíl
 amac anoir cao iao na h-ocáiríde faoi a n-searuaó iao. Is cor-
 íníil go bfuil dá abrán meargta ruar ann ran abrán ro, an dá
 ceuo beirra ag tráct ar an iarraib do ruine an cleatáir cam
 leir an bpáirín fionn. 7. caillín bán, o'fuaoac leir, agus ar an g-

I gave a version of the *Cann Dhu Dheelish*, or *Darling Black Head*, amongst the songs which I called "Occasional," and told the reason of its composition, and showed that it was quite different from the short little copy of it that was printed by Hardiman. I must now give the third version of it; it is short, simple and sweet. It is probable that this copy is older than Carolan's time. This song is more like Hardiman's stanzas than the one given in the first chapter.

DARLING BLACK HEAD.

(ANOTHER VERSION).

The women of this village are in madness and trouble,
 Pulling their hair and letting it go with the wind,
 They will not accept a gallant of the men of the country
 Until they go into the rout with the boys of the king.*

Black Head, Darling, Darling, Darling,
 Black Head, Darling, move over to me,
 Black Head, brighter than swan and than seagull,
 He's a man without heart gives not love to thee.

O youth well-born, well-born, well-born
 Thou shalt get a reward, and remain till day,
 Thou shalt get barn and threshing floor,
 And leave to be up till the day shall rise.

Black Head, Darling, Darling, Darling,
 Black Head, Darling, move over to me,
 Black Head, brighter than swan or than seagull,
 He's a man without heart gives not love to thee.

I shall here give a song called the *Paustyeen Finn*.† There is a song of that name in Hardiman's book, but there is not one line in it resembling this poem. It is not very clear what this poem is about. There was a story about some woman that a "clahirya," or rogue (?) came to carry off with him, but she put her own garments on someone else, and the crooked "clahirya" did not carry off the right person with him. We cannot find the old story now; I am afraid it is lost. I am sure it was about some true event or other that once hap-

* This seems to mean that the girls said they would not marry anyone who had not fought with and routed the king's troops. All these old songs, however, are very obscure.

† This word, as in the name of the celebrated warrior, Finn MacCool, is pronounced like "Finn" in Connacht and the North, but something like "Fewn" (rhyming with tune) in parts of Munster and Scotland. Hence the diversity of spelling we meet with in the Anglicized Ossianic tales.

pened amongst the people that more than half of these old songs were composed, but we cannot now find out what were the occasions on which they were made. It is probable that there are two songs mixed up in this one, the two first verses speaking of the attempt which the crooked clahirya made to carry off with him the Paustyeen Finn, or fair-haired childeen, and of the way in which she deceived him, and what follows is praising the beauty of the Paustyeen, and then somebody is saying—perhaps the crooked clahirya—that he ought not to be hanged for the Paustyeen because she went with him willingly. If these old songs had been collected a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago, together with the stories that belong to them, these great gaps would not occur in them, and they would not be so broken up and so unintelligible as they are now. It is a really great pity that the song and poetry and story of the people—I am not now talking of the song and poetry of the bards—were not collected long ago, and they would make the most valuable and interesting store and treasure amongst the nations that speak a Celtic language. It is now too late in the day to go gathering or collecting them, for half or three-fourths of the best songs belong to the middle of Ireland, or to those counties in which only a very little Irish is spoken to-day. If we go far back beside the sea, amongst the mountains and the fishermen, we will find people who habitually, indeed, speak Irish, but they have not much now outside of the songs and stories that were common in their own midst and rose beside the sea; but the stories and bardism of the wealthiest and best educated portion of the country, the portion of most knowledge and learning, are now gone and lost, such as those of the counties of Meath and Westmeath, and all the central parts of Ireland, Longford, Roscommon, Tipperary and the flower of Elin. Alas! it is an incredible loss.

THE PAUSTYEEN FINN, OR THE FAIR-HAIRED CHILDEEN.

At the last end of the Saturday I shall waken the fun,
 My sister came to me mildly and weak,
 "He will come to us, the crooked clahirya,
 And will bring me off by violence."

"Do you take off the dress of your body and your head
 And put on my hat and my new brown suit,
 If he come to us, the crooked clahirya,
 It's I shall be carried off by him."

nis' de maoim an tpaogail agham aet don deiribhíurí aiháin
 aghur ní "péic" an doimain buò mait' liom í fágail,
 ní béarfaínn-re rílling ar m'fóirtín go b'rác
 muna* oisg liom a ráó gur liom féin í.

nuair éuasó mé amac leir an b'ráirtín fionn
 tá me lán-éinnce gur óubluig mé an gream,
 Cuir mé mo lán éairtí a'r dearguis rí liom,
 a'r o'fhearadail mé an é-am bí 'ra' ládair.

Gráó le m'anam í, an ráirtín fionn,
 a choibé 'r a h-anam beir ráirtghe liom,
 dá éic gheala mar bláé na otom
 'S a ríob mar an eala lá mártá.

nuair o'éirig rí ar maoim an ráirtín fionn
 "A cuirle na g-carao chéao deunfar tu liom?"
 "A ríur" ar ra mife, "tabair o'adair ar faille,
 'S má éogruigeannt' tu aicir do rgeul dó.

Cao do b'áil dooir mo éroéad fá 'n b-ráirtín fionn,
 a'r gur ar mo neamh-toil tugad' mé ann,
 ní éigin u'á n-aíth-deoín do rinne mé ann,
 aet le lán-toil a h-adair 'r a mádar.

Dá mbéidinn-re i oteac poláin gan doim-neac ann,
 fadó mór aghur fearadainn dá réroead or ái g-cionn,
 gan neac do beir 'm' aice, aet an ráirtín fionn
 ir cinnce go n-ólfainn a pláinte.

Gan báo ná coite do deunfainn rináin,
 gan gunna gan ríortail do deunfainn lán,†
 nis' doim-fear a bainfead le mo deiribhíurí aiháin
 nac roeunfainn rúdar u'á énáimáib.

ir é an porc aghur ní h-ao na focail do rinne clú an abráin reó,
 mar éimio le móráin eile aca.

Seó anoir comrád roir buacail aghur cailín, ann a bfuil an
 cailín ag cur aihair ann a deiribhíurí go oisg ré gráó ríorruíde
 óf. Ir an-éoitcáinn abráin de'n éneál ro, aghur cuirim an ceann
 ro ríor mar rompla ar mórán eile.

* "mar," ran ms.

† "eagruigeannt' tu," ran ms. focail nac oisginn.

‡="láimac". 7. r'gaoilead gunna?

I have not of the goods of this life but one sister only,
 And it is not a rake of the world I would wish to have her.
 I would not give a shilling for my fortune for ever
 Unless I can say that she is my own.

When I went out with the Paustyeen Finn
 I am certain sure that I doubled the fun ;
 I put my arm round her and to me she clung
 And I served the time that was present (?).

The love of my soul is the Paustyeen Finn,
 Her heart and her soul to be squeezed to me,
 Two breasts, bright like the blossom of the bushes,
 And her neck like the swan on a March day.

When she rose in the morning, the Paustyeen Finn,
 "O pulse of the friends, what wilt thou do with me?"
 "O sister," said I, "take your father on an occasion
 And if you choose tell him your story."

Why do you wish to hang me for the Paustyeen Finn?
 And sure against my will I was brought into it.
 It was not violence against their wish I did there
 But with the full consent of her father and mother.

If I were to be in an empty house without anyone in it,
 Great wind and rain blowing over our heads,
 Without anyone to be near me but the Paustyeen Finn
 It is certain that I would drink her health.

Without a boat or a cot I would make a rowing,
 Without a gun or a pistol I would make a shooting.
 There is no man would touch my one little sister*
 That I would not make powder of his bones.

It is the air and not the words which has made the fame of this song, as we see is the case with many more.

Here, now, is a conversation between a boy and a girl in which she doubts the reality of his protestations of eternal love. Songs of this kind are very common, and I put this one down as an example of many more—

* Sister is often used, not as a term of relationship. but, as here, of affection.

uē a ūna.

(Eirean).

uē a ūna an tinn no an dúbac leat
 mipe ag deunaim cúma am' donar,
 'S dā mbraideirinn do dúbacat ann mo éolac ná mo túbacat
 do deunaimm nún go h-eug ort.

Ir iongantaic liom-ra éu beic bonn-or-cionn liom
 'S mé beic lán de'n dúil beic réic leat,
 'S dā otiucrao* cúgamn a níuínín muirigín ná cúram
 Ir ádair mé níuínrao léigean do.
 (Ire).

A óganais níuínite na labairtá cúma
 Taitimigean do élu a' do méin liom,
 Níor b'áite leat rúgrao darrt m'fallaims 'ná liom-ra
 áet ar eagla éu beic breugac.

Mair Ir rígarairé éu tá meannnac rúgaic
 'Spalrao na mionn 'r na n-éiteac,
 'S go mb' eaglaic liom dā leanfairm-re éu
 Sur carao fá cúma do deunaimm.
 (Eirean ag freagairt).

A gíad 'sur a éuro go bráic ná tuig
 Go n-deunaimm do nálaire de éile,
 Go n-iompuirg' an níuín ar rao 'nna fuil,
 'S go ngabann na cuic fá éile.

Go b'árfair biolar trío lár na tmeao,
 'S go ois na b'ic dā éiliugao,
 'S go g-caillio na d'uir' ar rao a n-guib,
 'S go n-deunfairde lon de'n éiririg.

Ir ábrán connacac an Cúilín no an "Cúilfionn" agur beir O
 hargaoin dúinn é. Tá cóir níuínneac i gclo mar an g céanna.
 áet béarfair mé ann ro cóir eile do fuair mé i lán-ríuínín áet
 agam do bí ríuíníobta i g-connac an Chláir, áet eugraimil ar rao
 ó'n dā cóir eile. ríuínín amac dā nann de áet ar don focal, beag-
 nac, leir na béarfair i leabair uí Óláis, i b'píleacac na Cúige

* "dā oisig" 'ran MS. oíoc-fóirín nac b'píuínio go minic
 annra rean-ábánáib reo. D'áirais mé an líne reo beagán,

† "áir," ran MS.

UGH, O UNA.

[HE].

Ugh, O Una, do you think it a sickly or sorrowful thing
 Me to be making melancholy alone ?
 And if I were to observe your earnestness in my sleeping or my waking
 I would make a secret-love of you (or set my heart on you?) till death.

I think it wonderful, you to be upside down (*i.e.* fallen out) with me,
 And I full of desire to be reconciled to you ;
 And if there were to come to us, my dear, a family or a care,
 A father I who would teach them learning.

[SHE].

O learned youth of the quiet speeches
 Your fame and your mien please me,
 By my cloak ! sport were no more agreeable to you than to me,
 But for fear of you being false.

For you are a gallant, who is high-spirited, merry,
 Taking-rashly oaths and perjury ;
 And, sure, I would be afraid if I were to follow you,
 That it is a return under melancholy I would make.

[HE].

My love, and my portion, do not think for ever
 That I would ever exchange you for another consort ;
 Until the sea change entirely into blood,
 And until the hills go under each other.

Until watercress shall grow through the middle of the fire,
 And until the trout come to sue for it ;
 Until the starlings shall altogether lose their bills,
 And, until a blackbird is made of the thrush.

The Cooleen, or Coolun, literally the “Cúl Fhionn,” or fair-haired cool, *i.e.* back-hair, is a Connacht song, and Hardiman gives it to us, and there is a Munster version in print also ; but I shall here give another copy which I have, which I found in a manuscript of mine, written in the County Clare, which is altogether different from the other two copies. I omit two ranns of it which are almost on one word with

munhan, 'pan abran "a m'arie 'gur a euire," ag leatanae 224 ;
 agur ta da pan eile rtridite i pioet nae otiz liom a leigead, aet
 ag ro an eiro eile the. ni'l don abran i n-eirinn ir mo clu 'na an
 Cuirfionn agur ar an dobar rin ir ruo ffor-uraddeae na coipeanna
 eugraimla the vo bailiugad agur vo eir i g-clod. Deir O Dalais
 gur euireriz re an Munhan ar fao agur nae bfuair re aet na tri
 rionn vo euz re. Bi m're nior adamla.

an Chuirfionn.

Ceo meala la peaca, ar coilltib duba dapaige
 a'r gpad gan eile at a gam uir a bam-eir na ngeal-dioe,
 vo com peang, vo beul tana, a'r vo eulin bi car min,
 a'r a deao-pearic na treiz me, ar gur m'edouiz tu ar m'aireo.

a'r cia eirpead mo gpad-ra ar deart-lar an donais,
 'S gur marbad na milte oganae le porais a h-euodan.
 A gpadio mar an g-cocan, 'r i buo breagha ar dohan rgeime
 a'r gur ois le gae rrrioran gur ab aillean vo fein i.

An te eirpead an Chuirfionn 'r i ag riubal ar na bantais
 ar maroin lae ramraio 'r an rruet ar a brogais.
 'S a liaet oganae riul-glai bioir ag tuet le na porad
 aet ni b'agad riao mo rin-ra ar an g-cuntar ir ois leo.

A Neilid, mo gpad-ra, an otioera liom faoi fleibtib.
 Ag ol riona a'r bolcan* a'r bainne an gabair gle-gil.
 Ceol fao a'r mure vo tabarpann le o' rae uir,
 a'r ceooul a' coola i mbrollae mo leme.

Ag ro anoir an ceatramad coir de'n abran clutaimail ceuna,
 at a eugraimail ar fao o na tri cinn eile. Fagaim amae an dapa
 agur an triomad pan oir ta riao ann pan gcoir vo euz O
 harpoadan, ir e rin na rionn eorugear "Sibe eirpead an Cuir-
 fionn," agur "An cuinin leat an la uo."

* Cineal uirge-beata, cperoin. Tairbeanaio an focal ro go
 bfuil an coir reo de'n Chuirfionn pean go leor, oir ir fao o bi don
 tracet ar "bolcan." Croomio an focal ro pa do 'pan abran clutae
 rin "magad laioir."



the verses in O'Daly's book, "The Poetry of Munster" in the song "A Waurya gus a hushla" at p. 224, and there are two other verses torn in a way that I cannot read them, but here is the other part of it. There is no song in Erin more famous than the Cooleen, and for that reason, it is an exceedingly useful thing to collect and print the various copies of it. O'Daly says that after hunting through Munster he only found the three verses of this song which he has given. I was more fortunate.

THE COOLEEN, OR COOLUN.

A honey mist on a day of frost, in a dark oak wood,
And love for thee in my heart in me, thou bright, white, and good ;
Thy slender form, soft and warm, thy red lips apart,
Thou hast found me, and hast bound me, and put grief in my heart.

In fair-green and market, men mark thee, bright, young, and merry,
Though thou hurt them like foes with the rose of thy blush of the
berry ;

Her cheeks are a poppy,* her eye it is Cupid's helper,
But each foolish man dreams that its beams for himself are.

Whoe'er saw the Cooleen in a cool dewy meadow
On a morning in summer in sunshine and shadow ;
All the young men go wild for her, my childeen, my treasure,
But now let them go mope, they've no hope to possess her.

Let us roam, O my darling, afar through the mountains,
Drink milk of the goat, wine and bulcaun in fountains ;
With music and play every day from my lyre,
And leave to come rest on my breast when you tire.†

Here is now the fourth copy of the same renowned song, which is altogether different from the other three. I leave out the second and third stanzas of it, for they are in the version which Hardiman gave ; those are the stanzas beginning, " Whosoever would see the Coolin," and " Do you remember the day."

* This is the only song in which I remember meeting the word *cocoon*, which, I think, means " poppy," applied to a girl's cheeks.

† This translation is nearly in the metre of the original.

Literally. Mist of honey on day of frost over dark woods of oak, And love without concealment I have for thee, O fair skin of the white breasts. Thy form slender, thy mouth thin, and thy cooleen twisted, smooth, And O first love, forsake me not, and sure thou hast increased my disease.

And who would see my love upon the middle of the fair, And sure the thou-

AN CÚILFIONN. (CÓIP EILE).

A' éirigh do fúide a buacail a' gheir sham mo gheiríán
 So raicéir mé so luac* a' cur tuairiúg mo dhian-ghrád,
 A' t'á í t'á luac liom ó bí í íma leanaibán
 'S gur buí bhíne liom naoi n-uair f' n'á cuac a' n'á oirgáin,†

An cuíinn leat an oirde úo do b'iomar a' an b'fuirneóig
 Ann a' puig tu ar lánín oim 'r gur fáilg tu oim boirg (?)
 Do fín mé le do éaduib, 'r ann mo éiríde ní raib uiréio,
 A' do bí mé ann do éiríluadair no g-cuala mé an fúiréó.

'Sí mo fúir í, 'rí mo fúir í, 'rí mo gháid í, 'rí mo dhálda,
 'S í ghuaidín na b'fear óg í gac don lá 'ran treacóimáin.
 Tá a ghuaidín mar an ríor a' ríob mar an eala.
 Sé mo cúinná gan mé i gcoimníde mar a' g-cóirgáigean í a leabair.

níl a'irgeat níl ór a'gam, níl cóta, níl léine,
 níl rígin ann mo róca 'r so b'róirí mac dé oim,
 Do g'eall mé raor óó úit, rúil a' róg mé do b'eilín
 A' mairghe an cúil ómraig nac b'róiríann le m' raé cu.

A' mairínn a' a' annraet bí o'leat a' bí o'aingeann,
 A' n'á tréig-re fúir do éiríde-ríig mar g'eall ar [a] beir deailb†
 Do b'airíann an b'oblaí a' n'ó ar bí ar taláin
 So o'irínní mac dé cuir na h-oirde úínn le catad.

A' mairínn a' a' annraet do|| m'eall tu mé i o'úr m'óige
 le do éluairgáet nín m'ánla gur g'eall tu mé rórad,
 m'á eug mo éiríde gean uiré oar liom-rá gur leórí rín,
 A' gur fáig tu i leannuib mé ar teac an traicóina.

sands of youths were slain with the roses of her face, Her cheeks like the poppy,
 and she was the finest in beauty of the world, And sure every fopling thinks
 that she is his own darling.

He who would see the Cooleen and she walking on the meadows Of a morning
 on a day in summer, and the dew on her shoes. And all the grey-eyed youths
 who are envious to marry her. But they shall not get my darling as easily as
 they think. (*Literally*, on the account that is hope with them).

O Nelly, my love, wouldst thou come with me beneath the mountain, Drinking
 wine and bulcaun (a kind of spirits?) and the milk of the white goat. Long-
 drawn music and play I would give thee during thy life; And leave to go sleep
 in the bosom of my shirt.

* "So luac mo" 'ran MS, puo nac o'uirgim.

† "na nairgáin" 'ran MS. focal nac o'uirgim.

‡ deailb=faláin no bóit. § "an biobla reoc" 'ran MS. ní
 éirgim an "reoc" ro. || "le nar m'eall tu" 'ran MS.

THE COOLUN.

(ANOTHER VERSION).

And rise up lad, and get ready for me my nag,
 Until I go quickly to enquire for my desperately-loved,
 And she is betrothed to me since the time she was a little child,
 And, sure, I thought her nine times more melodious than cuckoo or
 organ.

Do you remember that night that we were at the window
 When you caught my hand and squeezed a pressure (?) on it ?
 I stretched myself at thy side, and in my heart there was no harm,
 And I was in thy company until I heard the lark.

She is my sister, she is my secret,* she is my love, she is my be-
 trothed (?)

She is the greeanawn (sunny chamber) of the young men every day
 in the week ;

Her countenance is like the rose, and her neck like the swan,
 'Tis my sorrow I am not always where she dresses her couch.

I have no silver, I have no gold, have no coat, have no shirt ;
 Have no penny in my pocket—and may the Son of God relieve me,
 I promised thee twice before I kissed thy little mouth,
 O maiden of the amber cool, that I would not marry thee during my
 life.

My sweetheart, my affection, be faithful, and be firm,
 And do not forsake the secret love of your inner heart on account of
 him to be poor ;
 I would take the Bible (as oath) or any (other) thing on earth,
 That the Son of God will give us our nights' portion to eat.

My sweetheart, my affection, you deceived me in the beginning of my
 youth,
 With your soft pleasant roguishness, sure, you promised to marry me,
 If my heart gave you love, I think myself that that is enough,
 And, sure, you left me in melancholy on the coming of evening.

* Rún which literally means "secret" is, in these songs, often used in the sense of sweetheart, as in "Eileen Aroon," i.e. "Eileen O secret (love)."

I leave it on (*i.e.*, swear by) my mantle that I think it long from me
 the Sunday is,
 Till I shall see the maiden rising out on the roads ;
 I shall journey to Mass where my treasure shall be—
 A sure tale it is, that she has left my mind troubled.

I shall give here part of another renowned song, of which Hardi-
 man gave three verses under the name of "The Twisting of the Rope."
 I found it under the name of the Soosheen Bawn, or White Coverlet.

THE SOOSHEEN BAWN.

If thou art mine, be mine, white love of my heart :
 If thou art mine, be mine by day and by night ;
 If thou art mine, be mine every inch in thy heart,
 And my misfortune and misery that thou art not with me in the
 evening for wife.

[The maiden answers :]

"Do you hear me, you gilly, who are seeking love ?
 Return home again, and remain another year as you are."

[The harper says :]

I came into a house where the bright love of my heart was,
 And the hag put me out a-twisting of the suggaun.

I would like a woman who would wait her year for her love ;
 I would like a woman who would wait a whole year and her day ;
 I would not like the woman who would be with you and again, on
 the spot, with me :

My love is the woman who would remain in the one state only.

And what was the dead cat which guided me into this country,
 And the numbers of pretty girls I left behind me ?
 I am not the heavier for that, and I was not beaten by it,
 And sure a woman often cut a rod would beat herself.

And down in Sligó I gained a knowledge of women,
 And back in Galway I drank with them my enough, etc.

'Tis the cause of this song—a bard who gave love to a young
 woman, and he came into the house where she herself was with her
 mother at the fall of night. The old woman was angry, him to come,
 and she thought to herself what would be the best way to put him
 out again, and she began twisting a suggaun, or straw rope. She

τοῖμαρ φαοὶ θεῖρε, ἀγυρ ἐ ἀξ ρίορ-ἐαρὰθ. Νυαῖρ ρυαῖρ ἀν τρεαν
 βεαν ἀμυῖξ ἐ, ὀ'είμξ ρί δε ῖρεαρ ἀγυρ βυαῖρ ρί ἀν τοῖμαρ ἀνν ἀ
 εὔσαν. Τεῖλξ ρί ἀμαδ ἀν ἐλδῖμρεαδ ἀνν ρῖμ εῖμξε ἐρσο ἀν βρῖμ-
 νεοῖξ ἀγυρ ουβαῖρτ λειρ βεῖτ 'ξ ἰμτρεαδτ. ἱρ ἐ "ἡαδ ἐ ἀν κατ μαῖρ
 ἐαρ ἀνν ἡ-ἀτε-ρῖ με" ceuo līne de'n abrān i leabdar uī hār-
 ḡadām, līne nār ēuig mē amān, aēt ἱρ'οῖξ ḡur loēt an foal
 "caē," ἀγυρ ḡur "caē" μαῖρ ρυαῖρ μῖρε ἐ βυθ ἐαρτ το βεῖτ ἀνν,
 ἀγυρ ḡur b'ionnon "caē maῖr" ἀγυρ ὀροδ-ἀθ, i ḡ-canaḡmān an
 bāro.

ἀξ ρο ἀνοῖρ ἀβρᾶν ἀνμμεαῖμαῖλ εἰλε ἐυαλαρ φέμ ὁ φεαν-ουῖνε.
 ρυαῖρ μέ κόρπ θε i ῖρῖβῖνν εἰζῖν ἀ ουβαῖρτ ḡur b'έ Ὀόμῖνᾶλλ
 φαῖρε (no φαῖρε?) Ὁ Ὑορῖμᾶν, εἰα βέ ἀρ βῖτ ἀν βάρπ ρῖμ, το ρῖννε ἐ.

ΒΥΣΙΞΙΟ Δ ΣΤΟΪΡ.

Δ Ὑῖξῖο Δ ρτόρῖ ἡά ρόρ ἀν φεαν ουῖνε
 ἀέτ ρόρ φεαρ ὅξ 'ρ ἐ ὀ'οἰλεαθ λεανθ ουῖτ,
 Ὁ ρῖνφεαθ ρφορ ḡο caom ar leabaiθ leat
 Ὁ βέαρφαθ ρόξ ἡο ὀό ἀρ μαῖοῖν ουῖτ.

ἱρ τρεαδ ἀ Ὑῖξῖο ἡαδ βάρ το ρυαῖρ
 sul ἀ εῖξ μέ ḡrāθ cōm buan ουῖτ,
 Ὁ'φᾶξ tu m' ἰnnon claoiθte buaiθriḡē
 μαῖρ ἀν cῖann cῖroēan 'r an ḡaoē ḡ'ἀ luarḡad.

Ὁἀ mbeῖθεαθ ἀν τῖρ φεο μαῖρ βυθ κόρῖ ρῖ
 i ḡ-caῖrleān doibon το βεῖτεαθ το cōmnuῖθε,
 Ὑεῖθ' ḡaill ἀ'r ḡadōaῖl ἀξ θεαḡm bῖoῖn τῖroē,
 's nī bēro mē φέμ* ἀξ plē nioῖr mō leat.

Ὁο ḡeall tu ὀam-ῖa, 'r do ρῖnn' tu bῖeug liom,
 ḡo mbeῖteā liom-ῖa ἀξ cῖro ἡa ḡ-caoῖaē,
 Ὁο leiḡ mē φeao ἀγυρ mīle ḡlaoθ opē
 's mī bῖuairēar an aēt uam ἀξ mēiθliḡ†

's το ḡab tu ēarm ḡο τοῖcā θεῖḡeannac
 's το ḡab tu ēarm, ἀ'ρ ρoῖar ἀν λαέ ἀνν,
 Ὁἀ otiucῖā [φέμ] arceāc το m'φeucāime
 θεaḡmān φiarān (?) το βeῖθεαθ‡ ἀḡam φέμ leat.

* " 's ḡo mibao liom φeim ἀ βeῖt plē " ἱαν mS., ἡαδ otiḡim.

† " mbēlro " — ἱαν mS.

‡ " Oῖn φiarān το baē aḡem " etc. ἱαν mS., ἡο μαῖρ ἐυαλαῖθ
 μῖρε ἐ " nūn (ῖ. θεaḡmān) βean i n-cῖrnn b' φeapῖ liom φέμ ἡācū."

held the straw, and she put the bard a-twisting it. The bard was going backwards according as the suggaun was a-lengthening, until at last he went out on the door and he ever-twisting. When the old woman found him outside she rose up of a leap and struck the door to in his face. She then flung his harp out to him through the window, and told him to be going. [The first line of this song in Hardiman's book runs, "Is it not the dead battle that twisted me into this place," a line which I never understood, but it is certain that the word *catb*, "battle," is a mistake, and that it is *cat*, "cat," as I found it, that should be in it; and, that dead cat in the language of the bard, is synonymous with bad luck].

Here now is another celebrated song which I heard myself from an old man. I also found a copy of it in a manuscript which said that it was Donal Faire, or Farire (of the watch ?) O'Gorman, whoever that bard may have been, who composed it.

BREED ASTORE.

O Breed, astore, do not marry the old man,
But marry a young man 'tis he who would rear thee a chi'd.
Who would stretch softly on a couch beside thee ;
Who would in the morning give thee a kiss or two.

'Tis a pity, O Breed, it was not death I found
Before I gave thee love so lasting.
Thou hast left my mind destroyed and troubled,
Like the aspen tree and the wind rocking it.

If this country were as it ought to be,
In a delightful castle thou wouldst be living ;
Gall and Gael would be grieving, through thee,
And I, myself, shall not be pleading any longer with thee.

You promised me—and told me a falsehood—
That you would be with me at the pen of the sheep.
I let a whistle and a thousand shouts for you,
And I found nothing in it but the lambs a-bleating.

And you passed me by dark and late,
And you passed me by, and the light of the day in it.
If you would come in yourself to see me,
The demon a misunderstanding (?) I would have with you.

Δῖ πο ἀβράν μιλίη ρυαίη μέ ἀμεαρῖ μορμιν τ' ἀβράναιβ κομμαέ-
ταέδ, ἀέτ νι πό ἐορμίνιῤ le h-ἀβράν κομμαέταέ é, τὰ ρέ πό βινν.
Ο' ἀέρμιαῖ μέ ἀν τὰ ἐευο líne, όιη βί ριατ μαρ πο “Σί ἀν Ὀμίζθεαέ
ταμ βυαίτ Ὀαρ μνιτα ρί ρυαίη” ποέλα νάη ἐνιγερ. Ὀί ἀν τ-
ἀβράν πο ρῖρμιοέτα ἀμαέ ῖο h-ἀν ολε, ἀγυρ νι βρυαίηερ ἀέτ ἀν
έόιη ρεο ἀνάνι θε.

ἀν Ὀμίζθεαέ.

’Σ í ἀν Ὀμίζθεαέ τὰ υαίη
ἀν ἐαοιμ-βαν ῖάνη ρυαίη
Reuíl eólaíη na tíηe í*
’Σ ἀρ μο ἐρμιοέ έυιη ρί cuan.
Οά έίέ έρμιννε έρμιαέ
[ῖεαλ-ρίοβ μαρ ἀν cúβηη]
ρoλτ βρεάῖ ραοα βυρθε
’Σ ἀρ μο ἐρμιοέ έυιη ρί cuan.

ní hí Ὀένυρ τὰ μέ ράέ
νά αον βαν οe na μνάνι
ἀέτ ἀν ρρέρμβαν ὀονν ῖλέεαλ
τὰ ο'έιη μο ἐρμιοέ (οο) έρμάέ.
ní ρευνραο ῖο βράέ
Δ h-αινν ρύο οο ράέ,
Σύη ραίημν í, ῖ' ní έείλμν í,
τὰρ Δ μαίηανν οe μνάνιβ.

τεανναιμ ῖο οτι ἀν ρλίαβ
Δῖ έίητεαέτ leíη ἀν βριαέ
ἀνν ρνα ῖλεαννταίβ ουβα ουαίβρεαέ
μαρ Δ λαβραινν ἀν ριαέ†
Ὀαρ ἀν leαβηρ πο ἀνν μο líηη
Δ Cúíl áλμινν na μβαέαλλ βάν
Ὀ'φανραινν leat í n-uaiγνερ‡
ῖο μύρῖλαιῖεαέ ἀν lá.

* Ούβαίητεαρ ἀν líne ρεο .ῖ. τεαρ líne ῖαέ ραινν, νυαίη ρεινν-
τεαρ é, ἀέτ νιοη ρῖρμιοβ μίηε ούβαίητα é. Ὀί ἀν τ-ἀβράν πο πό
έρυαίηῖῖέτε ἀγυρ ο'ἀέρμιαῖ μίηε κυο μναιέ ἀνν, ναέ οταίρβέαναιμ
ῖ' na νόταίβ, οίη βυθ πό ιομαοαίηαιλ na loέτα ρῖρμιοβνóίηρεαέτα
οο bí ἀνν.

† “ρεαραινν” MS. ‡ “ῖο nῖεαλέόιμ ραοι οο έλίύ ρεαλ” ραν
MS, ρυο ναέ οταίημν β'ρεαρη “ῖο μύρῖλόαέδ” ’νά “ῖο μύρῖλαι-
ῖεαέδ” ραν líne leαναρ.

Here is a sweet song I got in a manuscript among many Connacht songs, but it is not very like a Connacht song, it is too melodious. I changed the first two lines, for this is how they ran: "*Shee in Vreedyuch tom woot, Dor mutya shee sooarch*," words which I did not understand. This song was written out very badly, and I only got one copy of it.

THE BREEDYEEN.

'Tis the Breedyeen I love,
 All dear ones above,
 Like a star from the start*
 Round my heart she did move.
 Her breast like a dove,
 Or the foam in the cove,
 With her gold locks apart,
 In my heart she put love.

'Tis not Venus, I say,
 Who grieved me this day,
 But the white one, the bright one,
 Who slighted my stay.
 For her I shall pray—
 I confess it—for aye,
 She's my sister, I missed her,
 When all men were gay.

To the hills let us go,
 Where the raven and crow
 In the dark dismal valleys
 Croak death-like and low ;
 By this volume I swear,
 O bright cool of fair hair,
 That through solitude shrieked
 I should seek for thee there.

* In singing this, the third line and the seventh line of every verse are often repeated. This metrical version is in the exact metre of the original.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

It is the Breedyuch I want ; The mild woman, gentle, pleasant ; The knowledge star of the country, And in my heart she took harbour. Two breasts round and hard, Bright neck like the foam. Fine long yellow hair. And in my heart she took harbour.

It is not Venus of whom I am speaking, Or any other woman of women, But

Teannam go d'èi an r'liab
 a'g éirtead leir an b'riac,
 'S na gleann-taib veunain lionn'-tub
 mar ar éaillear mo éiall.
 ní bíonn rólár a'gaimn ann
 gan vólár ann a éann,
 ní bíonn maire gan a marla,
 ná an v'iréac* gan a cam.

'S b'réad a ríob mar an aél
 a'r a b'rágair géal† gan péin
 a'r a bán-éioé nár lámuiéad
 O g'all-éiréac‡ go h-éad.
 mo éara t'iom go h-eug
 mar r'gail vubg ar éun,
 'S gur b'í érad mé le lán-t'roillre—
 rác b'rig mo r'gél!

Ó'n trác eug me g'radó ùit
 Ó'n trác eug mé g'radó ùit
 [Ó'n trác eug mé g'radó ùit]
 a blác na r'úg-éiréab
 do f'áraig do m'ém||
 'S eug tu g'radó leat ó'n n'g'ém,
 'S gur v'oir do óá lánm-re
 do b' f'earr liom v'ul v'éug.

* "D'iréac" MS.

† "éí" 'ran MS, ruo uac d'v'igim. ‡ "O gal éiréac" 'ran MS
 ni éuigim é. § "r'gail v'ib a'ir can" 'ran MS. ni éuigim.

|| "do f'áraig tu an b'ém," MS.

the brown bright sky-lady, Who is after destroying my heart. I shall not refuse for ever To repeat her name; Sister, I call her, and I conceal it not Beyond all that live of women.

Let us go to the mountain, Listening to the raven, In the black sorrowful valleys, Where the deer speaks; By this book in my hand, O lovely cool of the fair tresses, I would remain with you in solitude, Until the day would waken.

Let us go to the mountain, Listening to the raven In the glens making melancholy, Where I lost my sense; There existeth no joy Without sorrow at its back; There is no beauty without its reproach. And no Straight without its Crooked.

Her throat is fine, like the lime, And her bright neck unpained, And her white breast that was never touched By foreign defeat (?) till death. My heavy

To the hills let us go,
 Where the raven and crow
 In the dark dismal valleys
 Wing silent and slow.
 There's no joy in men's fate,
 But grief grins in the gate ;
 There's no Fair without Foul,
 Without Crooked no Straight.

Her neck like the lime
 And her breath like the thyme.
 And her bosom untroubled
 By care or by time.
 Like a bird in the night,
 At a great blaze of light,
 Astounded and wounded
 I swoon at her sight.

Since I gave thee my love,
 I gave thee my love,
 I gave thee my love,
 O thou berry so bright ;
 The sun in her height
 Looked on with delight,
 And between thy two arms, may
 I die on the night.

grief till death, Like a dark shadow over a bird ; Sure it was she destroyed me with full light—The cause of the substance of my tale.

From the time I gave thee love ; From the time I gave thee love ; From the time I gave thee love, O Flower of the raspberries, Thy mien overcame, And thou tookest love with thee from the (very) sun, And sure it is between thy two arms I had rather go and die.

My disease (?) and my grief, Without me and thee, my treasure ; In dark so rowful glens, Or in a glen of a wood on a bog. It is honestly, gently, decently, I would coax from thee a kiss, O lovely learned star, 'Tis thou art the pick of the young women.

She is a Phoenix, my love, From Helen who took the palm, The gentle accomplished pearl, Of character the most generous of all. O first love of my middle, Do not leave me to death, And sure I would read your accomplishments, In Irish softly.

Δ'ῖρ μο ἔανταλ 'ῖρ μο βρόν
 Ξαν μέ 'ῖρ τυ α ῖρτόιν
 1 ηῖλεανταῖς οὐβα οὐαῖβρεαῖα
 no 1 ηῖλεανν κοῖλλε ἀρ μόνι,
 1ῖρ ενεαρτα εαοῖν κόιν
 Οο ἡεαλλῖραῖν ναιτ πόγ
 Α ῖεαλταῖν βρεάξ ἡῖνιτε
 'ῖς τυ τοῖα na ἡβαν ὄγ.

1ῖρ ῖρ φροέμερ μο ῖρμό
 Ο ἡέλεν ηῖγ βάιν,
 Αη ῖεαῖλα εῖνιμ τρεῖεαῖ
 1ῖρ ῖεῖλε ἀρ βιῖ εἰλ,
 Α ἔευο-ῖεῖρε μο λῖν
 ἡἰ λῖγ μέ εῖνιμ βάιν,
 'ῖς ῖο λῖγῖνιμ-ῖε οο ἔρεῖτε
 † ηῖεαῖεῖλῖς* ῖο ῖἡνι.

Δῖς ῖο ῖανν ἡῖνιρ εῖλε, ἀῖτ μαρ ἡν τ-αβῖῖἡν ῖῖαῖ, 1ῖρ μὶο ἀτά βλαρ
 ἡῖνιῖνεαῖ na βλαρ κοῖνῖεαῖε ἀῖν, εῖθ ῖῖρ 1 ῖῖρβῖνν κοῖνῖεαῖε
 ῖῖαῖρεαῖ ῖ. Δῖῖρ εῖοῖ λῖρ ῖν, ἡῖ ῖοαλ κοῖνῖεαῖε ἡν ῖοαλ ῖν
 “ἔῖνλῖγ”=λαῖγε, ἀῖῖρ 1ῖρ 1αο na ἡῖνιῖνῖς ῖο μὶοῖ-ῖῖοῖ οο ἔλεαῖεαῖ
 ἡῖνιτ le ῖοαλ, μαρ εῖθῖνῖο ἡνν ῖο. βῖεῖῖνν ἡν ῖἡνν ἡνν ῖο le
 εῖοῖῖαῖ na οῖεῖρε ἀτά ῖοῖν na ῖεαν-αβῖῖἡνῖν ῖῖνῖῖῖε οο εῖγ
 μέ ἔεαῖα, ἀῖῖρ αβῖῖἡνῖν ῖῖαῖα na ἡῖνιῖνεαῖ.

Α ἡἡῖρε 1ς τυ μο ῖῖἡῖ.

Α ἡἡῖρε 1ῖρ τυ μο ῖῖἡῖ, Δ'ῖρ ῖῖἡῖ μο εῖοῖε οο ῖῖἡῖ
 ῖῖἡῖ ῖν ῖἡν οοῖαρ ῖἡν εῖνλῖγ,
 ῖῖἡῖ ὀ αοῖρ ῖο βῖρ, ῖῖἡῖ ὀ βῖοῖρ ἀῖ ῖἡρ,
 ῖῖἡῖ εῖνῖῖῖ ῖο οἡῖτ ῖοῖ εῖρε μέ,
 ῖῖἡῖ ῖἡν ῖῖῖ le ῖαοῖαῖ, ῖῖἡῖ ῖἡν τῖῖῖ le ῖῖῖῖ,
 ῖῖἡῖ ο'ῖἡῖ μέ εῖἡῖῖτε 1 ῖοαῖν-βῖῖῖ,
 ῖῖἡῖ μο εῖοῖε ταῖ ἡῖἡῖ, 'ῖρ Α ῖἡῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ οο ῖῖἡῖ
 1ῖρ ἡῖῖῖῖ ῖ le ῖἡῖῖῖ ἀῖ ἡεῖ-ῖεαῖ.

* “Δῖρ ῖαοῖαῖ,” MS. † “ἡῖῖῖῖ,” ῖἡν MS.

And I would that I were
 In the glens of the air,
 Or in dark dismal valleys
 Where the wildwood is bare ;
 - What a kiss from her there
 I should coax without care,
 From my star of the morning,
 My fairer than fair !

Like a Phoenix of flame,
 Or like Helen of fame,
 Is the pearl of all pearls
 Of girls who came,
 And who kindled a flame
 In my bosom. Thy name
 I shall rhyme thee in Irish,
 And heighten thy fame.

Here is a sweet rann I found in another manuscript of mine, but like this song, there is more of a Munster flavour than of a Connacht flavour about it. And besides that, the word *aishling* ("weakness") is not a Connacht term, and it is the Munstermen, too, who used especially to practise playing upon a word, as we see done here. I give the verse to show the difference there is between the old simple songs I have given already, and the newer ones of the Munstermen.

O MAURYA, TAKE MY LOVE.

O Maurya, take my love, love of my heart, thy love,
 Love without fear or failing ;
 Love that *knows* not death, love that *grows* with breath,
 Love that must shortly slay me ;
 Love that *heeds* not wealth, love that *breeds* in stealth,
 Love that leaves me sorrowing daily ;
 Love from my heart is *thine*, and such a love as *mine*
 Is found not *twice*—but found, is unfailing.*

* *Literally.* "O Maurya, thou art my love, and the love of my heart thy love, A love that without pettiness, without weakness, Love from age till death, love from folly growing, Love that shall send me close beneath the clay. Love without a hope of the world, Love without envy of fortune, Love that left me withered in captivity, Love of my heart beyond women, and such a love as that, It is seldom to be got from any man.

Τά αν ιμιρε ρεό λειρ αν βροαλ "ζηάδ" κορηύιλ λε ιμιρε ι νοάν
 το ρζηροβ αν "Μαηζαίρε Σύζαέ" (Δινορηαρ Μαε Ορηαίε) ο έονοαέ
 λυιμινίξ. Οειρ ρειρεαν ι νοάν άλυινη το ρινηε ρέ αρ ροηη "Έαίλιν
 οεαρ ρηύιότε ηα ηηό."

Α έυμαινιη ηα ζ-ευναιηη ηά τρηέιξ ηέ
 'Σ ζο βρηνιηη ι η-έαζ-έρηε άο' όεόίξ,
 Α'ρ ζυρ ευναιηη ηο έυναιηη ηαέ οτρηέιξρεαο
 Α έυναιηηη ζο τέιόηηη ραοι αν βρόο,
 Ο έυζαρ οηιτ ευναιηη αρ ζέιλλεαό
 ηο έυναιηη-ρα α ρέυηαό ηι κόρη,
 Α'ρ ηο έυναιηη α έυναιηη ηά έρηέιζρη
 Ζαν ευναιηη αζ αέν-βεαν ζο οεό.

Αζ ρο άβρηάν ειλε το έυαλαίό ηέ ο ρεαν ηιηαοι ι ζΟηη-ηα-ηαρηα,
 αζυρ ό έαοιηηβ ειλε. ιρ άβρηάν εοιτέοιηηη ζο λεόρη έ αηεαρηζ ηα
 ηοαοιηε, αζυρ έυρη ηέ λειρ ανη ρο ραηηη ηο οό το ρυαρη ηέ ι λάιηη-
 ρζηρβιηη. Οο έυαλαίό ηηρε αν τρεαν-βεαν 'ζά ζαβαίλ αζυρ ι αζ
 βλίζ ηα ηηό, αζυρ το βί τυλλεαό αιαι ηαέ ζ-ευνιηηίζιη, αζυρ ηαέ
 βρυναιρεαρ ό αοη οηιηε ό ροηη.

ρευηλα οεαο αν τςλέιβε βάιη.

Οειρε λά οευζ ζαν βρηέιξ
 Οο έαίε ηηρε 'ραν τρηνιβ
 Αζ ριορ-ηηηρεαέτ ηο ρζέιλ
 Οο βέιλιν αηηηρη ηα ζ-οιαβ,
 ηο έαεβ λε η-α ταεβ
 Α'ρ ηο όά λάιηη ταρηρηι αηαρη,
 ηο βεул αρ α βεул
 Ζυρ ευλαίξ ριη έορηαιηηη αν ζρηαν.

Ολυιηηη ο'ά λυαό
 Αζυρ ιρ ααιηι ι έυιγεαρ α λάη,
 Ζο οευζ ηο έρηοιβε ζεαν
 Οο ρευηλα οεαρ αν τςλέιβε βάιη,
 Ζαέ α οευζ ηε ο' αηηηρεαέτ
 Α'ρ αρ ραηηηευίξ ηε ριαηη οε ηα ηηηάιβ
 ιρ ι βειτιό ηι η-αηηε
 η'αηηηρεαέτ αζυρ ηο ζρηάό.

This play upon the word love is like that which the Mong-ir-yah Soogugh—Andrew MacGrath, from the County Limerick—made. He says, in a beautiful poem which he composed to the air of the “Colleen D’yas Crootyee na Mo :”

Oh, love of my love, do not *hate* me,
 For love, I am *aching* for thee ;
 And my love for my love I'll *forsake* not,
 O love, till I *fade* like a tree.
 Since I gave thee my love I am *failing*,
 My love, wilt thou *aid* me to flee ?
 And my love, O my love, if thou *take* not
 --No love for a *maiden* from me.**

Here is another song I heard from an old woman in Connemara, and from others also ; it is a rather common song among the people, and I put with it, here, a stanza or two, which I found in a manuscript. I heard the old woman singing it, and she milking the cows, and she had more of it that I do not remember and that I never got from anyone since.

THE PRETTY PEARL OF THE WHITE MOUNTAIN.

Fourteen days, without lie
 I spent on the mountain's side,
 Ever crying my cry
 In the ear of my maiden's pride ;
 Pleading bitterly,
 My side set by her side,
 On her mouth my mouth,
 Till the sun set southward and died.

I hear it spoken
 By many a friendly mouth
 How my heart is broken
 By her of the White Hill south.
 All my affection true
 And my hope and my longing at flood,
 Are concentred on you,
 Maid of O'Hanly's blood.

** Literally, “ Affection of the affections, forsake me not, And sure I am in a death-condition after thee, And sure the affection of my affection shall I not forsake, O affection, until I go under the soil. Since I gave thee affection and submission, My affection, to deny it is not right, And my affection, O affection,

'S é mo éireac a' r mo ùic
 nac bfuil mé mo laca liz báin
 So rináinfaínn go h-áirne
 1 n-eudán na tuile 'r na tairé,
 as fuil le mac úe
 So réitheadáir seirfean mo éar
 'S go rinfaínn mo éadé
 le peupla deas an tsleibhe úáin.

Deir rias liom féin
 Sur nio beas ruarac an xrist,
 acét ir maris air a mbíonn ré
 mí no reáctínam no lé,
 1 'nna luide air a taoib
 (faoi bhuilleabair asur) bláit
 asur mé le n-a taoib
 asur cnaob beas glar ann mo láin.

mo éireac a' r mo ùic
 nac bfuil eudac oim ná bláit
 ná gearráimín aéirac
 do beupfad mipe don áit.
 So b' l'acúac na steupma
 má éiríom m' fillfead go b'ráit
 acét bíob a roga féin
 as peupla deas an tsleibhe úáin.

cao é an níait éam féin
 dá nbeunfaínn capall se bó?
 a' r cao é an níait éam é
 dá nbeunfaínn cairleán air ró?
 cao é an níait éam é
 dá nbeunfaínn muilíonn air níóm?
 o éall mipe an gleur
 le a mbreusfaínn beiríob mo róg.

if thou forsakest—No affection for any woman for ever (for me).

These verses are constructed on different words, one *grau*, the other *cumman*, which sounds better in Irish than any such word-play can in English, since the latter word, for instance, can assume three forms—*cumman*, *humman*, and *gumman*, which keeps up the play without palling on the ear.

This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally*. Fourteen days without lie, I spent in the mountain. Ever-telling my tale To the little mouth of

'Tis my grief and my pine
 That I'm no white duck on the bay,
 On the billows to rise,
 And to dive in the teeth of the spray.
 That God may decide on my side,
 And me far away,
 And set me beside
 The side of my pearl some day.

They tell me that love
 Is little, "t is nothing" they say,
 But, oh, it's woe for who has it
 A month, a week, or a day.
 There she lies on her side
 Gently by light winds fanned,
 I sit close to her now
 With a leafy bough in my hand.

Oft I wish I were
 Clothed bright in state like a king,
 Or had a winged mare
 To bear me afar on her wing.
 To term-keeping Dublin
 If I go I shall fare but ill,
 Leaving thee free my girl,
 Thou pearl of the fair White Hill.

What should it profit me
 To make a steed of a cow?
 What should it profit me
 To build a castle here now?
 What should it profit me
 To build on the meadow a mill,
 Since I lost the way
 To bend my fay to my will?

the maid of the tresses. My side by her side, And my two hands back across
 her, My mouth on her mouth Until the sun stole away past us.

I hear it being said, And a talk it is which numbers understand, That my heart
 gave affection To the Pretty Pearl of the White Mountain, All that I ever gave
 of affection, Or that I ever coveted of women, She is Betty Nee Hanli, My delight
 and my love.

'Tis my destruction and my loss That I am not a little white duck Until I
 should swim airily In the face of the flood and the shore, Hoping for the Son of
 God That He shall settle my case, And that I might stretch my side By the
 pretty girl of the white mountain.



Here is a curious poem, a dialogue or discourse—*Carmen Amœbæum*—between a man and a woman, as we find it in the poetry of every country from the time of Horace to that of Tumaus O'Moore, and as it will be while men and women exist. I found it in a letter which some one wrote to the old *Nation* at the time when Thomas Davis and Gavan O'Duffy were steering it, hoping, as is likely, that they would put it in print for him. It is worth mentioning here that about half of the Irish, at the least, at this time spoke Gaelic, and that a good deal of Irish songs and different things were sent to the *Nation* by "Iresians" throughout the country. No doubt they would have been printed had there been anyone on the staff of the paper able to do so, for Thomas Davis was very friendly to the language; but it is likely they had no person to correct the proofs, and, besides that, had probably no Irish type at this time.

The man who sent them this poem said that it was composed in this way. Teig O'Dornin, he says—but I do not know what O'Dornin—was travelling through Erin, and came to the house O'Luneen or Lindon. Lindon was a Beetagh or hospitaller; that is, one who kept open house, giving food and shelter gratis to those who went that way. O'Dornin went in, and after the repast or supper, a harp was placed in his hand, as was customary in the country at that time, to see if he wished to make music. Nobody in the house knew O'Dornin, and there was great wonderment on them when he began to draw from the harp the sweetest music at all. That made Lindon's sister jealous, for she was herself a queen harpist. She said that there was no man went by that way for a long time was able to make music like that, and after a long conversation with him she challenged him to play the harp against herself, and the people of the house listening to them as judges. Teig O'Dornin began, and on the moment composed and played this half stanza extempore, and she answered him in the same way, and the same metre.

TEIG AND MARY.

TEIG :	Bright was the air, the hills were fair, When first I saw thee, Mary.
MAURYA :	Not brighter they than thou, the day Thou tookest Teig the "bairy."*

*The Anglo-Irish for a "goal" in hurling, from the Irish *báire*.

This translation is exactly in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

T.—Calm was the time, hills were in blossom, when I beheld thee, Mary.
M.—Not finer was the day than thou wert, the time thou tookest Teig the

- Τὰς : Ὅ πορεα, ἀ γρέιρ, ἀν ὅατ ἀν αείρ,
 'S μά 'r φέροιρ ὁ νίορ ἀίλλε,
 ἠάριε : ἠί'λ ἀέρ ἡά (ῥ)λεανν ἡρ πορ ὅαμ ἀνν
 ἠίορ γῥομιάζε 'ηά ὅο ἐάιλ-ρε.
- Τὰς : Βυὸ βυίβε βί ἀν ῥῥιαν ἀῖ λυίβε
 τιοά ὅο ῥῥύρ ἀ ἠάριε,
 ἠάριε : ἀν ρεulte no 'n ῥῥιαν ἡι ἐαίῶβηῖδεανν τῥιαν
 Οἡρεαο ρολυρ λε ὅο γῥάιλ-ρε.
- Τὰς : ἀρ ἀν τῥιυαῖς ἐαν-ρῖβε βυὸ ἡιαιτ 'r βυὸ ῥῥιαοί
 Ὅο ῥῥύρ ῥεαλ-ἐαοῖν ἀ ἠάριε,
 ἠάριε : ἡρ ρεαρρ ἡ ἡῖνέ ρῥιυαῖς ρῖβε 'ηά μέ,
 ἀέτ β'ρεαρρ ὅο ῥῥέ-ρε ἀν τῥά ρῖν.
- Τὰς : βάρρ-γῥέῖν ἀν ῥῥάδ ἡ ὀ'εααῖαν βῥεάῖ*
 Ὅο ἐοῖναιρ με οῖτ ἀ ἠάριε,
 ἠάριε : ἡρ τυρα ὀ'φῖῖ ἀν εααῖαν ἡῖν
 λε ἡῖνεῖ ἐαοῖν ὅο ῥάριε.
- Τὰς : Ὅο πορεα εαοῖν† ὅο ὀεαλβυῖς ἀν φῖῖ
 Ὅο ῥαῖ ἡο ἐρῖοῦε-ρε ἀ ἠάριε,
 ἠάριε : ἡρ οῖτ-ρα τά ἀν βαλλ-ρεῖρ ὅο ῥῥάτ
 ἀ λαραρ ῥῥάδ ῥαῖ ρῥάιρβεαν.
- Τὰς : ἡά 'r ἀίλ λεατ μέ ἀ ῥῥάδ ἡο ἐλέιβ
 ἡρ λεατ ῥο ἡ-ευῖ μέ ἀ ἠάριε,
 ἠάριε : τῥάο λαρραῖ' ελυαιν 'ῥαμ' ἐῥάδ ῥο εῖνν,
 υῖ! ὑῖνλῡῖῃν οῖτ, εῖῶ ἡάριεαῖ.

ἡ ρεαρ ὅῃνν εαο ἐ ἡρ οειρεαδ ὅο'ἡ γῥεул-ρο, ἡο ἀρ ὑῖνλῡῖς ἀν
 ὀῖῖβεαν ὅο ὀά ρῖνβ, ἡο ἀν ἀῖ μαῖαδ ραοῖ ὅο βί ρῖ.

* “βάρρ-γῥέῖν ἀν ῥῥαῖῖῃ μαρ εααῖαν βῥαῖῖῃ†’ ραν ἡS.

† ἡι λέρ ὅαμ εαο ἐ ἀν ροαλ ρο ἀνν ραν ἡS. ἡρ εοῖνῡῖλ λε
 “ἡῖνῖεαῖτ” ἐ. ‡ “εαοῖ” ραν ἡS.

goal. *T.*—Thy eyes, O sky-lady, of the colour of the air, and, if possible, more lovely. *M.*—There is no air or valley (?) that I know of, more beautiful than thy reputation. *T.*—Blacker is the sun when setting than thy features, Mary. *M.*—Neither star nor sun exhibit one-third as much light as thy shadow. *T.*—It were a good and a comeliness for the host of the fairy women (To have) thy bright gentle countenance, Mary. *M.*—Better is the fairy host in appearance than I, but better thy appearance at that time (than theirs). *T.*—Top-beauty of love in thy fine curls I beheld upon thee, Mary. *M.*—It is thou who wovest the smooth curl? with the gentle softness of thy laugh. *T.*—Thy gentle eyes have shaped the web which took my heart, O Mary. *M.*—It is on thee is ever the love-spot which kindles the love of every stately woman. *T.*—If I am pleasing to

- TEIG : Thy eyes are bright as stars of night,
Each one God's candle-bearer.
- MAURYA : There is no star of all that are,
But thou by far art fairer.
- TEIG : The setting sun shows black and dun,
And cold, beside thee, Mary.
- MAURYA : There is no sun of all that run
To which I could compare thee.
- TEIG : The fairy host might make their boast
Of thy sweet features, Mary.
- MAURYA : More fair they are than I, by far,
But thou more fair than fairy.
- TEIG : Top-knots of love all else above,
Lurk in thy tresses, Mary.
- MAURYA : Thou hast a smile which must beguile,
So gay it is, so airy.
- TEIG : Thy bright eyes spin a net so thin,
Thou took'st me in it, Mary.
- MAURYA : A love-spot thou hast on thy brow,
Of charms it is not chary.
- TEIG : Thy slave I'll be ; thou sees't in me
Thy thrall and lover, Mary.
- MAURYA : No longer free, I yield to thee,
All shamefaced, all unwary."

We do not know what is the end of this story, and whether the lady submitted to him in reality, or whether it was jesting at him she was.*

thee, O love of my bosom, I am thine till death, Mary. *M.*—There are treacherous flames silently destroying me. Alas, I submit to thee, although shamefaced.

*There was a celebrated poet O'Dornin, born near Cashel in 1682, who lived most of his life in Armagh. But his name was Peadar (Padder), not Teig, and his wife's name Rose, not Mary. The gentleman who sent this piece to the *Nation*, accompanied it with a poetic version by a "talented friend" of his own, each half verse of which—regardless of any reminiscence of Cowper—ended in "My Mary," to which the second half of the verse as invariably responded with the delightful assonance of "My Thady." Of course, this is not in the Irish, where the lady's difficulty was to find a fitting extempore rhyme for her own name, Maurya.

Déapfaió mé anoir píora atá le fáigail ann r gac áit ar fuo na
 tíre, bean an fíri Ruaid. ní'l fíor agham cao fáé ar éirí na daoine
 an oiread rín ípéir ann ran abhán ro munab é an fonn atá air.
 ní feicim féin mórán ceóil ná filíócaéca 'ma foclaib, áé t á an
 gíota ro éoin deag-aíéuigíte rín, éar agur éuaid, nac oisg liom a
 fáigbáil amuis. fuair caia éam féin na bhiaépa leannar o beul
 feanouine i g-conradé na Gaillíne, agur fuair mire uaid-jean iad.
 fáigaim amac rann no oó nac bfuil ro foiléir.

bean an fíri Ruaid.

Tá ríao o'á ráó
 Sur tu ráilín focair i mbóisg
 Tá ríao o'á ráó
 Sur tu béilín tana na bpósg.
 Tá ríao o'á ráó
 A míle gíao go oisg tu éam cúl,
 Cíó go bfuil fear le fáigail
 'S leir an táillíur bean an fíri Ruaid.

Oo éugar naoi mí
 i bphíorún, ceangailte cruaid,
 Volcaio ar mo éolaid
 Agur míle glar ar rúo ruar,
 Éabharfainn-re ríde
 Mar éabharfao eala coir cuain,
 Le fonn oo beic rínte
 Síor le bean an fíri Ruaid.

Saoil mire a éuo-fearie
 Go mbeir' don tígear roir mé 'r éu
 Saoil mé 'nna déig-rín
 Go mbheugrá mo leand ar oo glám.
 Mallaé Ríg neime
 Ar an té rín ban éom-ra mo élu,
 Sin, agur uile go léir
 Lué bphéige éirí roir mé 'r éu.

I shall now give a piece which is to be found in every place throughout the country—the Red Man's Wife. I do not know why the people took such pleasure in this song, unless it is the air which is on it. I do not see myself much music or poetry in the words, but this piece is so well known North and South that I cannot omit it. A friend of mine got the words which follow from an old man in the County Galway, and I got them from him. I leave out a verse or two which are not very clear.

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

'Tis what they say,
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue ;
 That the tailor went the way
 That the wife of the Red man knew.

Nine months did I spend
 In a prison closed tightly and bound ;
 Bolts on my smalls*
 And a thousand locks frowning around ;
 But o'er the tide
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,
 Could I once set my side
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.

I thought, O my life,
 That one house between us love would be ;
 And I thought I would find
 You once coaxing my child on your knee ;
 But now the curse of the High One
 On him let it be,
 And on all of the band of the liars
 Who put silence between you and me.

* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet with mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

Tá crann ann san ngeiríoin
 A dhá bhrann tuilleadh a' b' bláé buíde,
 An uair leagaim mo lámh air
 I' láríon naé mbuiceann mo éiríde;
 'S é rólár go b'ár
 A' b' é o'fáigil o' flaitéar anuas
 Don róigín a' h'áin,
 A' b' é o'fáigil o' b'ean an f'ir Ruaid.

A' b' go' o'ig lá an traoigil
 'Nna meubfar cuic agur cuain,
 Tiocfaid' r'úit ar an ngeirín
 'S b'íod na neullta éom' t'ub leir an ngeual
 B'íod an f'airge t'ínn
 A' b' tiocfaid' na b'íodta 'r na truaig'
 'S b'íod an t'áilíúr ag r'neadac
 An lá r'ín faoi b'ean an f'ir Ruaid.

Do éirí éiríonnac éirín beagán m'í ó' foin, cóir eile de'n áb'án
 ro i' gclóó, do' b'í r'gíob'á, deirí re, n'íor mó' n'á cuic bliadain ó
 foin i' gcon'ac na m'íde. Clóbuail ré i' b'ráipéar Albannac é, "na
 himpíodé ó'ban." ag ro cuic de.

bean an f'ir Ruaid. cóir eile.

'Sé do' beacá ann san tír-re
 A' f'aoilinn i' r' deirí faoi g'ruaid
 'Ná an bean do' b'í f'iar
 Ag naorí mac uirneac 'ran g-cuan.
 S'gíorfaid' mé an tír
 Aníor go h-imeall r'op-cuan,
 'S an uair ca'f'ao ar'í
 B'íod'ao claoíod'ao ag bean an f'ir Ruaid.

There grows a tree in the garden
 With blossoms that tremble and shake,
 I lay my hand on its bark
 And I feel that my heart must break.
 On one wish alone
 My soul through the long months ran,
 One little kiss
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.

But the Day of Doom shall come,
 And hills and harbours be rent ;
 A mist shall fall on the sun
 From the dark clouds heavily sent ;
 The sea shall be dry,
 And earth under mourning and ban ;
 Then loud shall he cry
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.*

Some Irishman, a few months since, printed another copy of this song, which he says was written down more than a hundred years ago in the County Meath. He printed it in a Scotch paper, the *Oban Times*.† Here is some of it :

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

(Another copy).

Salutation to thee into this country
 O seagull more lovely in countenance
 Than the woman in the West whom
 Naesi, son of Usneach, had in the harbour.
 I shall destroy the country
 Down to the border of Roscuain,
 And when I turn back again
 I shall (myself) be overthrown by the Red man's wife.

*This translation is in the curious broken metre of the original. *Literally*: They are saying it, That thou art the quiet little heel in a shoe. They are saying it, That thou art the thin little mouth of the kisses. They are saying it, Thou and loves, that thou hast turned thy back on me, Though a man may be had. The tailor's is the wife of the Red man, etc. The other verses offer no difficulty. There is no mention of a tailor in the older copy. It may have been altered to suit local circumstances.

† Or rather, the well-known and humorous Gaelic *littérateur* who writes under the name of Fionn (Mr. Henry Whyte) published it, but some Irishman, I think, gave it to him.

17 gile do bhrágo
 A míle ghráó ná eala ar tuinn,
 17 veirge do ghráó
 'Ná an ríor do éig ar na crainn,
 17 binne do beól
 'Ná 'n éuac 'r í reinn go binn
 'S gur míne 'ná 'n ríoda
 Gac olaoi o'á otiq ar do éann.

A bhranniolll gan rmal
 A bfuil an deaíraó deap ar do ghráó,
 Cia bé an t-óigíac bán
 Do b'áil liom leat-ra do luao ;
 Cia céilim ar aon
 An t-áobap rá bfuilim faoi ghráim (?)
 Uá mbeidinn gonnra ag an éag
 'S í mo cheuo ghráó bean an fíir Ruao.

A bláó-bean na rgeime
 Cuirim ceuo mife beannaéc leat uaim,
 Tá mé gonnra ag an éug
 1 n-éugmaip do éáéaigé gac uair,
 Uá mb'eól dam bean breugaó
 Cuirpinn 1 g-céill ouit m' anacra cruait
 'S má fillim go h-eug
 'Sí mo ceuo fearc bean an fíir Ruao.

Uá mbeidinn 'ran tír fíor
 1 bhríorún ceangailte cruait
 Boltaó ar mo éuim
 A'r míle glar ar rúo ruar.
 Éabarpainn-re ríuib
 Mar do éabarpáó eala coir cuain
 O'fonn a beic rínte
 Seal oíóce le bean an fíir Ruao.

Whiter is thy neck
 Thousand loves, than the swan on the waves,
 Redder is thy cheek
 Than the rose which comes on the trees.
 Sweeter is thy mouth
 Than the cuckoo, and she singing sweetly,
 And sure smoother than the silk
 Is each lock which grows upon thy head.

O damsel without spot,
 Who hast the pretty gloss upon thy cheek,
 Whoever the fair-haired youth is
 I would like to betroth to thee,*
 Why (?) conceal I it on anyone
 The reason why I am under gloom?
 Though I were wounded by the death
 My first love is the Red man's wife.

O blossom-woman of the beauty,
 I send with thee a hundred thousand blessings from me,
 I am wounded by the death
 In lack of thy society every hour.
 If I knew how to coax a woman,
 I would explain to thee my hard calamity.
 And if I return for ever
 My first-love is the Red man's wife.

If I were in the Down country
 In prison bound hard,
 Bolts on my waist,
 And a thousand locks from that up;
 I would give a flight
 As a swan would beside a harbour,
 With pleasure to be stretched
 For the while of a night by the wife of the Red-haired man.

* I do not well understand the third, fourth, and fifth lines; perhaps c:Δ is meant for chΔ which is used instead of nī "not" in parts of Meath.

Այլ օր ձերան մալ՝ բարս մե զոն մօ լեան-լիցնիմն քեմ ճարս մ
բաճարծ մե և ուն ձիւ Եւլ Է.

ԵՐԻՇԻՍ ՕՏ ՆԱ Ծ-ՈՒԱԽ.

Եւրսմ ԵՍ Եւրսմիջիծ*
Ար ՕՒԱ [՛ջարսմիծմ]
Քեւծից ծամ ան Եւլաճ ճարս նա քաւանց մե և Երա և
ՕՒԱ յԵւլաճ-քա քա ան Երլաճ
՛՛՛ ձիւ Ե ԾՅՈՒՄՆԱՅԵԱՆՆ ան քաճ
[ճ] յԵԱՆԱՄ ԼՈՆՈՒՄԻՆ քա նա ԾԼԵԱՆՆԵԱՆ և ՛ջարս ԼԵԱԾ ԵԱՆԼ մե մօ
ԵԱՆԼ.

ԵՒ ԾՅԱԾ ԵՃԱՄ ԱՐ իմնաճ
ԵՃԱՐ ԵՐԱԾ ի մօ ԵրօրԵ,
ԽԵԾ Եւմն ԼՈՄ Ի ՆԱՅՈՒ Ն-ՍԱՐԵ ՛՛՛ ան Եւաճ ԱՐ ան Ծ-Երաճ,
՛՛՛ ՛՛՛ ԼՈՆ-ՍՈՒԲ ան ԵՅԼ ԵւրԵ
՛՛՛ ան Եւրքաճ ԼԵ Ն-Ե ԵԱՅԻՆ
՛՛՛ Ի Դ ան ԻմօլԼԻՆ Եւմն Երքաճ ԵՍ ԾԵԱՐ-ԼՈՐԾ մօ ԵրօրԵ.

ԱՆ Ծ-ԵԱԼԱՅՈՒ ՔԻԲ-ՔԵ Երաճ
ԱՐ ԵԼՍԱՆԱՅԵԱԾ ՆԱ ՄՆԱ?
ԻՐ ԱՐ քաճար ԵՍ ԾՅՈՒԵրաճ ի մօ ԼԵ ԵԱՅԼ-քաճմն ԱՐ ԵԼՅՐ,
Ո՛՛՛ ԼԵ ԼԵ քաճալ
ԱՆՆ ՛՛՛ ԻՆ Երքաճմն ՆԱ ՛՛՛ ԻՆ Տրաճմ
ՆԱԾ Երլաճ ՕԼՅՐ քաճ ԵԼԵ իմն, քաճաճ ան ԵԱՆ ԵԱՆ.

ԾԵՅԱՆՆ-ՔԵ ԾՈ ԼԵՅՐ
ԼԵԾ քաճաճ ՛՛՛ արս քաճալ,
ՆԱԾԱՅՈՒ իմն ԵԱԾ, ճարս քաճաճ ԵւրԵ ՕՐ,
Ո՛՛՛ քաճաճ միք ԼԵՃ
ԼԵԾ քաճ-քա, Ե իմն քաճալ,
Ե քաճաճ-ԵԱՐ ԼԱՐԼԱ Եւմնսմն ՛՛՛ արս ԵԱ քաճաճ Ե՛՛՛ քաճ իմն.

* = Եւրսմ, "Եւրսմ ԵՍ քաճ Եւրսմ . Դ. քաճ, ՕԷ," Ե՛՛՛.

† "ԻՐ Ե ԵԱՐքաճ" ՛՛՛ իմն.

‡ "ՏՆԱ," իմն.

§ "Ո՛՛՛ ԼԵՃ քաճաճ" ՛՛՛ իմն. "քաճ-քա" ՛՛՛ իմն ԼԵԱՆԻ = ԼԵԱԾ-քա.

Here is a good song I found in my own old manuscript, one which I have never met anywhere else—

YOUNG BREED OF THE TRESSES.

Unto God I pray
Every night and day
Not to leave me pining, but to speed me on my way ;
Oh, come my love to-day
Where the ravens seek their prey,
We shall sorrow in the valley where you set my heart astray.

For gone it is and strayed,
My love is on a maid,
I think her nine times sweeter than the cuckoo in the glade,
Or, thrush, within the shade,
Or blackbird when he played
His sweetest notes to cheer us, and my soul is dismayed.

Oh, have you heard them say
How arch and bright and gay
Is my lady, how she writes with a pen in her p'ay ?
There is not, so they say,
In France or Spain to-day,
A man who would not leap to take the hand of my may.

Girls I'd get, I swear,
Who silk and satins wear,
Hats both dark and glossy, and rings rich and rare ;
But see, I leave them there,
Thou only art my care,
Sister of Antrim's Earldom, so fragrant and so fair.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

I put to his guardianship Upon God, and I request, Smooth for me the way and do not suffer me (to be) in pain. If thou wert to come with me under the mountains, Where the raven dwells, Making melancholy through the valleys, and with you I have lost my senses.

I have love for a woman, And she ruined my heart. I thought her nine times sweeter than the cuckoo on the branch Or the blackbird of the yellow mouth, And the song-finch (?) at his side, She is the melodious coaxing little thrush that bitter-burned my heart, etc.

The next verses offer no difficulty and need not be translated. “*Օժոխ քի*” in the third verse, means “a sufficiency for any husband;” that is, one good enough to satisfy the most exacting.

Here is another good song which I got in America. In the first verse the girl is saying that she will not let the boy deceive her, and in the three stanzas that follow, the boy is explaining his case to her and persuading her.

GREAT OR SMALL:

Great or small, no word was ever spoken
 Betrothing me to another.
 My fame has been fair, and my life without care,
 I have no blush of shame I must smother.
 If my friends being few, prompts an ill thought in you,
 Or in any man else who has seen us,
 And who hopes he may lead me to shame and to need,
 I put Christ and His cross between us.

[HE ANSWERS].

I call on thee, my love ; I call on thee my dove ;
 I call on thee nine times over ;
 I call on thy cool, so tressy and so full,
 And I call on thy form as a lover.
 I call thee through the land, my soul is on thy hand,
 Then leave me not banned and in trouble ;
 Save me from the death, O maiden with the breath
 And the limbs of a freeborn noble.
 Upon the mountain side my kine are running wide,
 They have not a guide to herd them.
 I left them there, God knows, to seek for my wild rose ;
 My thoughts like waves arose since you stirred them.
 Alone, why must I be, with none to go with me ?
 I shall draw from my youth as a fountain :
 For every bird, you know, who sings alone, sings slow
 On the side of the grove or mountain.

This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

Great or small was I never betrothed In trouble of husband or consort, And sure I found my life ever without reproach, And more (than that), no blush was ever struck from my face. If it was the loss of my friends gave you a way to betray me, Or any other man alive in Erin, And if you are intending to put me from prosperity, I set Christ who is in Heaven to avenge it on you (*literally*, "after it upon you")

I call thee, O sister. I call thee O secret-love, I call thee nine times, I call thy cool that is clustering and close, And I call thy form slender, noble. I call thee O love, My soul is on thy hand, Come thou for awhile and relieve me. Keep me from the death, and let me be thy own, O damsel of the limbs clean (shaped) and noble, etc.

Τά λαράδ' ανη ραν ηγρηίν αζυρ λοηραδ'α τ'ά ρέηρ
 Τιμείολλ' δο βέιλιν ηιόθ'ηαιρ,
 Δ'ρ ζυρ πολλυρ' δο'η τραέζαλ ζυρ ημεραιζ' τυ λε céill
 Τιυλλεαδ' αζυρ τ'ά céυτ' όιζ-φεαρ.
 Α ανήρ ηρεάξ' ζεαλ ρέηη ηα η'ραο-φολε ευαέ[αέ] ελαον
 Λαρ'αν μαρ' αν η'τυαδ' (?) όμ'ηα
 'S ζυρ β'έ τ'αηρ'ηαιρ'η-ηε δε η'ηαοηη ηο δε ραδ'β'ηεαρ' αν τραοζ'αλ
 Cεαο ρ'ηητε λεατ ζαέ αον οηδ'έ Δόηηηαζ'.

Τά ρανν εηλε ανη ραν αβ'ράη ρο έορ'αζεαρ, "Α εύηλ άλυηηη' όεαρ"
 μαρ' τ'ά ρέ ι η- "έαμον' αν' όηηηε," αζυρ ηρ' πολλυραέ' έ ζο ραηβ' τ'ά
 αβ'ράη μεαρ'ζεα' λε' céηλε ανη ρο, μαρ' έονηεαμαρ' έ' δευηηα' ζο
 ηηηηε. Τά αν' τ'ά ρανν' έορ'αζεαρ' "Ζοη'ηηη' έη' α' η'ύρ' ανη ραν'
 "μαλλ' ουβ' αν' ζ'λεαηηα" μαρ' αν' ζ-εευηηα.

Ανη ραν' αβ'ράη ρο' λεαηαρ' τ'ά αν' εαηλίν' αζ' εαοηηεαδ' τ'αρ' έηρ' ι' το
 βεη' τ'ρ'έηζε' λε' η-α' ζ'ράδ'. ηρ' ρημπληδ'εαζυρ' ηρ' βηηηη' αν' έεαρ'αέτ' ατ'ά
 ηρ' αζ' δευηηηη. Σαηηλ'ηεαηη η' α' η'ύρ'ηηηη' λε' "ηευλε' τ'ρ'ο' αν' ζ-
 εεό," η'άδ' έηηηεαρ' ανη' άρ' ζ-εηηηηηε' αν' τ'άηη' η'ρεάξ' η'ηη ι' λεαβ'αρ' ηη
 η-αρ'ζεαδ'ηη, αν' τ'άηη' ηρ' η'ρεάξ'α' δε' ηα' τ'άηηηηβ', β'έηηηη, ατ'ά' ραν'
 η'ηε-λεαβ'αρ' η'ηη

"Όηηηηηε' ηέ' αζ' τ'εαέτ' έεζαηη' ι' η'ρε' λ'άρ' αν' τ'ρ'έηηε
 μαρ' ηευλεαηη' τ'ρ'ο' αν' ζ-εεό."

εαηλιν' βεαζ' αν' ζ'λεαηηα.

Α όζ'άηηαζ' όιζ' μαρ' ηευλεαηη' τ'ρ'ο' αν' ζ-εεό
 Δο' έεζαρ' ρα' ηηο' ζεαηη' ζο' λ'έηη* τ'ηηε,
 Δ'ρ' το' ζεαλλ' τυ' βεη' ρόηηαηη' αζ' εοιλλ' ζ'λαρ' ηα' ζ-εηό
 Ζο' ζ-εηηηηηηη' άρ' ζ-εόηηαηηε' ι' η-έηηηεαέτ'.
 Τηηε' α' η'ηε' η'εόρ' ηαέ' η'ρ'ηη' ηεαεαδ' αρ' βηέ' έοηη' ηόρ'
 ηρ' μεαρ'α' αζυρ' ηρ' ηό' λε' δευηηηηη
 η'ά' ηαη'ζεαηη' όεαρ' όζ' το' η'ηεαλλ'αδ' λε' (το) ρόηη
 αζυρ' ηεαλλ'αδ' ηηηηη' ζο' δεό' η'ηηα' όέηε' η'ηη.

This "I call thee" is a word often used when things or people display any unaccountable restlessness; the full form is, "I call and consecrate you to myself," and it is used against fairy agency. Cηαρ'αδ' in the following verse means "torturing," and μεαρ'αζ' means to "set astray." "Every bird who sings by himself sings slow" is, I think, a proverb.

* "ηόρ'" ραν' ηηε.

A flame comes from the sun when day is almost done,
 I see it on thy small mouth staying ;
 For you have set in play—as all men know to-day—
 Hundreds of young men straying ;
 O maiden of the hair so fair beyond compare,
 On the air like an amber shower,
 This world has, I swear, no wealth that can compare
 With but one kiss there in thy bower.

There is another verse in this song which begins *A Hool awlin yass*, as it is in the song of "Ned of the Hill," and it is evident that there are two songs mixed up here, as we have seen done frequently. The two verses which begin *Guryim hoo a h'yewr*, "I call thee, O Sister," are also in the song of "Dark Moll of the Valley."

In the song which follows, the girl is lamenting after her being for saken by her love. The complaint which she makes is simple and melodious. She likens her sweetheart to a "star in a mist," a saying which calls to our recollection that fine poem in Hardiman's book, perhaps, the finest of all the poems that are in that king-book—

"I saw her come towards me through the middle of the mountain
 As a star shines through the mist."

OH, YOUTH WHOM I HAVE KISSED.

Oh, youth whom I have kissed, like a star through the mist,
 I have given thee this heart altogether,
 And you promised me to be at the greenwood for me
 Until we took counsel together ;
 But know, my love, though late, that no sin is so great
 For which the angels hate the deceiver,
 As first to steal the bliss of a maiden with a kiss,
 To deceive her after this and to leave her.

Δ ΡΑΘΑΙΓΕ (?) Ο Δ ΠÚΜ ΔΝ ΔΙΤΡΕΑΔ ΛΕΑΤ ΖΟ ΒΥΑΝ
 ΜΑΡ ΕΥΡ ΤΥ ΛΕ ΒΥΑΙΘΡΕΑΘ ΔΝ ΤΡΑΟΖΑΙΛ ΜΕ (?)
 'S ΖΥΡ ΕΥΡ ΤΥ ΤΟ ΘÚΙΛ Ι Ν-ΔΙΡΓΙΟΘ 'Ρ Ι ΜΒΥΑΙΒ
 ΑΖΥΡ Ι ΡΕΑΡΑΙΘΕΑΘ ΑΙΒ ΤΟΥΒΑ ΔΝ ΤΡΛΕΙΒΕ.
 Β'ΦΕΑΡΡΥ ΛΙΟΜ ΖΟ ΜÓΡ ΒΕΙΤ ΑΡ ΤΑΟΙΒ ΒΥΑΕΑΙΛΛ ÓΓ*
 'ΝΑ ΡΕΑΛΒΑΝ ΒÓ ΑΡ ΤΑΕΒ ΕΝΥΙΤ
 'S É Π'ΜΕΘΡΑΘ (ΛΙΟΜ) ΔΙΡ ΠΕΑΝ (?) ΑΖΥΡ ΕΛΥΙΤΕΕ ΕΡΥΑΙΘ ΝΑ ΝΓΕΑΛΛ
 ΑΖΥΡ ΡÚΒΑΛΡΑΘ ΔΝ ΡΑΟΖΑΛ ΖΟ ΡΕΙΘ ΛΙΟΜ.

ΔS ΤΟΥΛ ΗΝΑ ΛΥΘΕ ΔΟ'Ν ΝΓΡΕΙΝ, ΜΟ ΕΡΕΑΘ, ΜΟ ΘΙΕ ΖΟ ΖΕΥΡ!
 ΙΡ ΜΥΡΕ ΒΙΟΡ Ι ΒΡΕΙΝ ΔΝ ΥΑΙΡ ΡΙΝ,
 ΔS ΜΒΥΘ'ΡΑΙΜΙΛ ΤΟ Μ'ΓΝΕ ΔΝ ΤΕ ΡΙΝΕΑΘ ΑΝΝ ΡΑΝ ΖΕΡΕ,
 'S Δ ΜΙC ΜΥΡΕ ΝΑΘ ΜÓΡ ΔΝ ΤΡΥΑΖΤ ΡΙΝ!
 ΜΟ ΕΑΙΡΟΕ ΥΙΛΕ ΖΟ ΛΕΙΡ, ΔΝ ΕΥΤΟ ΑCΑ ΝΑΡ ΕΥS
 ΖΥΡ ΕΥSΑΘΑΡ ΖΕΥΡ-ΡΥΑΘ ΤΑΜ,
 ΖΑΝ Ο'ΦΟCΑΛ ΑΝΝ Δ ΜΒΕΥΛ, ΔΕΤ "Ó ΜΙΛΛ ΤΥ ΕΥ ΡΕΙΝ
 ΡΥΛΑΙΝS ΤΟ ΡΕΙΡ ΡΙΝ ΒΥΑΙΘΡΕΑΘ."

Ι Ν-ΔΒΡΑΝ ΕΙΛΕ ΑΤΑ ΑΓΑΜ "ΕΥΑΙΕΙΝ ΒΕΙΜΝΕ ΕΙΟΙΡ" ΝΑΘ ΟΥCΑΙΜ
 ΑΝΝ ΡΟ, ΑΤΑ ΡΕΑΡ ΔS ΤΕΥΝΑΙΗ ΝΑ ΕΑΡΑΟΙΤΕ ΕΥΘΟΝΑ Ι ΤCΑΟΙΒ ΗΝΑ,
 ΑΖΥΡ ΜΑΡ ΤΟΥΒΑΙΡΤ ΔΝ ΕΑΙΛΙΝ ΖΟ ΜΒ'ΦΕΑΡΡΥ ΛΕΙΤΕ ΒΥΑΕΑΙΛΛ ÓΓ 'ΝΑ
 "ΡΕΑΛΒ ΒÓ ΑΡ ΕΑΟΙΒ ΕΝΥΙΤ," ΤΕΙΡ ΡΕΙΡΕΑΝ

Β'ΦΕΑΡΡΥ ΛΙΟΜ ΕΑΙΛΙΝ ÓΓ
 ΔS ΕÓΡΥCΑΘ ΜΟ ΛΕΑΡΕΑΝ
 'ΝΑ ΡΑΙΘΒΡΕΑΡ ΜΥS ΝΑ ΡÓΘΛΑ
 'S ΜΟ ΡÓΡΑΘ ΛΕ ΕΑΙΛΙC.

Η'Λ ΜÓΡΑΝ ΡΙΛΙΘΕΑΕΤΑ ΑΝΝ ΡΑΝ ΔΒΡΑΝ ΡΟ ΑΖΥΡ Μ ΔΒΡΑΝ CΟΝΝΑΕ.
 ΤΑΘ Ε ΑΖΥΡ ΡΙΝ Ε ΔΝ Τ-ΑΘΒΑΡ ΡΑΟΙ Δ ΒΡΑΓΑΙΜ ΑΜΑΘ Ε, ΔΕΤ ΙΡ ΡÚ Δ
 ΕΔΒΑΙΡΤ ΡΑ ΤΕΑΡΑ ΖΟ ΝΤΕΑΡΥΑΘ Ε 'ΡΑΝ ΑΜ ΑΝΝ Δ ΡΑΙΒ ΖΑΕΘΕΙΛS ΔS
 ΝΑ ΤΑΟΙΜΙΒ Ι Μ ΒΕΙΜΝ-ΕΙΟΙΡ, ΡΕΑΘ: ΜΙΛΕ Ο Θ'Λ'ΑΕCΙΛΙΘ.

* "ΡΕΑΡΑΙΗ ΒΥΑΘ ΛΑ ÓΓ" ΡΑΝ ΜS. ΡΥΘ ΝΑΘ ΟΥCΑΙΜ.

† "ΡΕΥΛ" 'ΡΑΝ ΜS.

This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally.* O young youth,
 like a star through the mist I have given thee my love completely, And you pro-
 mised to be before me at the greenwood of the nuts Until we would put our
 counsels together. Understand, O thousand treasures, that there is no sin so
 great, Worse and greater to do, Than to deceive a pretty young maiden with your
 kiss And betray her for ever afterwards.

O Rody (?), O secret love, dost thou constantly repent How thou hast sent me
 on the world's trouble, And how thou hast set thy affection on money and on kine
 And on black heifers of the mountain? I should greatly sooner be at the side of

And do you now repent for leaving me down bent
 With the trouble of the world going through me,
 Preferring sheep and kine and silver of the mine
 And the black mountain heifers to me?
 I would sooner win a youth to love me in his truth
 Than the riches that you, love, have chosen,
 Who would come to me and play by my side every day
 With a young heart gay and unfrozen.

But when the sun goes round I sink upon the ground
 I feel my bitter wound at that hour;
 All pallid, full of gloom, like one from out a tomb,
 O Mary's Son, without power.
 And all my friends not dead are casting at my head
 Reproaches at my own sad undoing,
 And this is what they say, "since yourself went astray,
 Go and suffer so to-day in your ruin."



In another song which I have, called "The Cuckoo of Bin-édar," which I do not give here, there is a man making the same complaint about a woman, and just as the girl said that she preferred a young boy to the "possession of cows on a hill side," so he says—

I had sooner a young girl
 Preparing my couch
 Than the wealth of the King of Fola (Ireland),
 And my marriage with a hag.

There is not much poetry in the song, and it is not a Connacht one, hence I omit it, but it is worth observing that it was made at a time when the people of Binédar (the Hill of Howth), six miles from Dublin, spoke Irish.

a young bohal Than (have) possession of cows on the side of a hill. It is he who would play with me on *pan* (?) and (play) the hard game of the pledges, And who would freely walk the world with me.

On the sun's going to lie down—my destruction, my loss, grievously—It is I was in pain at that hour, And the likeness of my countenance was that of him who was stretched in the clay, And O Son of Mary, is not that the great pity! My friends, all of them entirely, as many of them as did not die, Ah, they have given me bitter-hatred, Without a word in their mouths but, "Since you have ruined yourself, Now suffer trouble according."

So abhán eile ann a tseáctar ar bheinn éirir.

neillib na scoóán.

'S a óia gan mé am' iargairie
 Sóir i mbheinn éirir,
 Agus neillib na scoóán
 Beir i g-ceapc-lár locha éinne
 Rasáinn-re or írill
 Sóir ar fas o'á feucham,
 'S ní éubhaimn bprob luáera
 Ar mháib uairle na h-éireann.

'S a neillib, óia dílis!
 Ni cubaid* dúit beir am' éirígean,
 'S gur a n-áice do mhín-éir
 Duó mian liom beir do' bpeugan.
 Mo láin ar an mbíobla
 'S mé ísle ar mo glúnaib,
 Nac rígarfaimn leat coitche
 So rínirde 'ran úir mé.

Tá cóirín deas buirde agam
 'S é líonta le cuoiréal,
 'S tá glar geur go ruigim air
 'S é go ríreannac cupéa.
 Aécúingim ar íora
 A' ar níg éolam cille
 A mairgean gan m-éireann
 Deas-éiríod ort ó lílúie.

Agus b'éirir go mbéirínn-re
 Agus mairgean an éirí ómpa
 Ar mairínn ag éirteáct
 Le h-áiríonn ar bpríta;
 Munab cúir a mairínn,
 Ar a h-áiríod í, beirdeas bpríonac
 Mar na lon-suib' ar na coilltib
 Le foillíre an tairíóna.

*=ni cóir é, ni oiríreannac é. Labairtear an focal go mar
 "cúir" no "cúirde." Tá re an coitcheíonn i n-áiríonac i g-Cúige
 Múin.

Here is another song in which mention is made of Binédar.

NELLY OF THE TOP KNOTS.

Dear God ! were I fisher and
 Back in Binédar,
 And Nelly a fish who
 Would swim in the bay there,
 I would privately set there
 My net there to catch her,
 In Erin no maiden
 Is able to match her.

And Nelly, dear God !
 Why ! you should not thus flee me,
 I'd long to be near thee
 And hear thee and see thee.
 My hand on the Bible
 And I swearing and kneeling
 And giving thee part
 Of the heart you are stealing.

I've a fair yellow casket
 And it fastened with crystal,
 And the lock opens not
 To the shot of a pistol.
 To Jesus I pray
 And to Colomkill's Master,
 That Mary may guide thee
 Aside from disaster.

We may be, O maiden,
 Whom none may disparage ;
 Some morning a-hearing
 The sweet mass of marriage,
 But if fate be against us,
 To rend us and push us,
 I shall mourn as the blackbird
 At eve in the bushes.

Oh, God, were she with me
 Where the gull flits and tern,
 Or in Paris the smiling,
 Or an isle in Loch Erne,
 I would coax her so well,
 I would tell her my story,
 And talk till I won her
 My sunshine of glory.

Here is another song, which, according to my manuscript, Carolan composed, but I do not think myself that it was he. Probably there were a number of songs written to the same old air, and I have no doubt that both air and song are older than Carolan's time. Shawn O'Daly—a man who never received sufficient praise for all he did for the Munster songs—gives us a piece which he calls "Ban Dhuv in Glanna," *i.e.*, "The Dark Woman of the Valley," and part of it is very like this poem. He says that it was Éamon, or Ned of the Hill, O'Ryan, who composed the song which is in his book about the year 1730-40. The air is simple and very sweet. (Here is how I found it:—

DARK MOLL OF THE VALLEY.

My heart loves to dally
 With Dark Moll of the valley,
 No blame nor shame she had ever;
 How gently, not scorning,
 She bade me in the morning
 To go, and return to her never.
 There is no handsome youth
 From the lands of the south
 Unto Galway's old city of story,
 But on hunters sleek they rally
 In hundreds to the valley,
 To see the Dark Girl in her glory.

And O Nelly, Oh, dear God, It is not proper for thee to be forsaking me, And sure it was beside thy white skin I had desired to be coaxing thee. My hand on the Bible And I down on my knees, That I would never part with thee Until I should be stretched in clay.

I have a nice little yellow casket And it filled with crystal, And I have a sharp lock toughly on it And it truly placed; I implore Jesus And the king of Colum-kille, O maiden without ill favour. A good end on thee from Mary.

The remaining verses offer no difficulty, and do not need translation

Ὡά βράζανν-ρε λεαν ὀν βρπιοννρεά,
 Ἀ'ρ bean ὀν λυννρεά,

Ἀγυρ bean εἰλε ὀ ριγ Σεόρρα,
 ἰγγεαν Ὀρινέλλ βινγαν
 Ἀ'ρ ἰ το βεῖτ λε ρονν λιον,
 ἡο bean εἰλε ἀγυρ μίλε βό λέιτ,
 ἰγγεαν ὀγ αν ἱαῖλα
 Ἀ'ρ ἰ το βεῖτ γο ρινάελα

Ὡά μ'ιαρρατὸ ρέιν λε πόρατὸ,
 ἡνᾶ θεαρ' αν τοῖμαιν
 Ὡά βραζανν ορρα μο ἡογαν
 ἱρ μᾶλλ ουβ αν ὄλεαννα ἐόγραινν.

Ἰαῖρυν ἐν ἁ ῖνῖρ,
 Ἰαῖρυν τε ἁ ῖνῖν,

Ἀγυρ Ἰαῖρυν ἐν ναοι η-υαῖρε,
 Ἰαῖρυν-ρε το ἐνῖλ
 Τά ρεανμιννεάτ βρεάγ ὀλῖτ,
 Ἀ'ρ Ἰαῖρυν-ρε το ἐομ θεαρ' υαῖρε.
 Ἰαῖρυν-ρε ἀρῖρ ἐν ἁ ῖνᾶτ,
 Τά μ'αναν ἀρ το λᾶνῖν,

ἡννα οτιγῖτ τυρα, τῖράτ, ἀγυρ ρυαῖργαῖτε,
 Κοραιν μῖρε ὀν ἑάγ
 ρεαῖτα ἁ ἐοῖτ' οὔτε ρέιν,
 ἁ ἀμνῖρ ἐαοιν να γ-εέαοφα ῖν-θεαρ.

Τά βραννῖδαῖγ ἀγυρ βεόρῖ
 ἀρ ἐεαῖτε-λᾶρ αν ῖνῖο,

Ἀγυρ ἐλᾶρῖεαο ἀρ αν νόρ ἐέυονα,
 βαντῖρεάτ βαν ὀγ
 λε ῖνῖβαλ λεατ ανν ραν ῖνῖο,
 Σιν ἀ'ρ ουλ ἱ γ-εόρτε ρέ η-εάτ.

Ἰεοβδῖρ ῖ'οοα ἀγυρ ῖνῖλ
 (Ἀγ) ῖνῖεατ λεατ γο ρεόρ,
 Ὀάεδοῖρ ἀγυρ βόρρο-ευοεῖν,
 Ἀ'ρ ναε ρεαῖρ ῖν ἁ ῖνῖοῖρ,
 ἀγυρ ευλόγᾶτ λιον ἁ ῖνῖοῖρ,
 ἡᾶ κόμννῖτθε ραοι βῖνῖν ἱ η-εῖρυνν.

* This translation is in the exact metre of the original. *Literally* :—
 It is with Dark Moll of the valley My heart is laid up in keeping. It is she got
 neither blame nor shame, It is courteously, mannerly, beautifully, She said to
 me in the morning, Go and see me not for ever, There is no handsome youth

Were a maid of the Frenches,
 A maid of the Lynches
 Or of George's maidens to take us ;
 Or Colonel Bingham's daughter
 To love me as I taught her,
 Or one with thousands of acres.
 Or could I get the girl
 The daughter of the Earl
 In her robes of pearl to marry,
 Of all the women fair
 To take my choice of there,
 I would choose the Dark Girl of the Valley.

I call thee a-roon
 I call thee right soon,
 And I call on thee nine times over,
 I call on thy cool,
 Like sea-weed fine and full,
 And thy noble shape, as a lover ;
 I call thee through the land
 My soul is on thy hand,
 Then leave me not banned and forsaken,
 Save me from the death
 And keep me for thyself
 Most beautiful, most tender maiden.

There's brandy amply stowed
 On the middle of the road
 And the claret is not put into hiding,
 And maidens bright as day
 To take thee on thy way,
 And a carriage and six to ride in.
 Satin you will get
 And silk, and golden fret,
 And a throne and a royal faring ;
 And were it not, my dear,
 Far better than be here,
 Under grief, under fear, in Érin.*

From Munster to Tuam and Galway Or from that to Leyny of the O'Hara But is
 journeying and drawing On sleek smooth steeds Attending upon the most beau-
 tiful Dark Woman.

If I were to get a wife from the French, And a wife from the Lynch, And another

nī ēig liom don ruo do b'fearr uéanaim ann ro 'nā an tó b'éarra
 i n-abrán uī 'Dálais atá corúil le tó b'éarra i m'abrán-ra do
 éur ríor ann ro, aḡ cairbéant na caoi ann a n-áepuigeann na rean-
 abrán reó ó éúige go cúige. Tó an tó abrán éagrainnail ar fao
 ó ééile, aet ainnim 'ran tó b'éarra ro. aḡ ro mar fuaip O Dálais
 iao; nī áepuigim-re a móó-rgríobéa-ran.

nī'l ógánac cailce
 O b'l'achiaé go ḡaillinn,
 ná ar rin go tuama uī m'easra,
 nac b'fuit aḡ triall 'r aḡ cairraing
 ar eacáib donna deara,
 aḡ tnuít leir an mbean Dub álainn.
 ḡeabaimn-re bean 'ra' máimán,
 triúr bean i laigean,
 aḡur bean o ruḡ ḡeal seórra,
 bean na lúbat buíde
 O'fáirgíoc mé le na cpoitde,
 bean aḡur tó mīle bó léi,
 inḡion óḡ an iarlao
 atá go tem tuidac diaclac
 aḡ iarlao mīre o'fáḡail le pórao,
 's tó b'ráḡaimn-re féim mo roḡa
 De mīnā deara an doimain
 Ir i an ūean Dub ó'n nḡleann do b'fearr liom.

Ir rompla maic é reó ar áobair na n-áepuḡao éigear ann rna
 rean-abránail. Óiomro mar o'áepuḡ an muiinneac é do réir
 inntinne a cúige féim aḡ cur ainn' na n-áit rin ar a .raib eólar
 aige féim, ann ran abrán; aḡur mar do pinne an Connaéac an
 ruo ceonna aḡ tréat ar mīnáb uairle do bain le muinntirib do
 bī cliúac ar reao Connaéca go léir, mar atá na p'monnpaió aḡur
 na luinnriḡ, no na p'monnpaió aḡur loingriḡ mar rgríobéar iao
 mar an ḡ-céanna. Ar an áobair ro mī mearaim go raib lán ar
 bit aḡ an ḡ-Cearbailánac ann ran abrán ro muna b'é ḡur éur ré
 b'éarra no tó eile leir, aḡ tóḡbáil reompa nuaió ar an t'rean
 éloc-bonn.

wife from King George, The daughter of Colonel Bingham And she to be with
 gladness with me, Or another wife and a thousand cows with her. The young
 daughter of the Earl, And she to be eager Seeking for myself to marry, The fair
 women of the world If I were to get of them my choice It is Dark Moll of the
 Valley I would take, etc.

I cannot do anything better than put down here the two verses in O'Daly's song, which are like two verses in my one ; thus showing the way in which these old songs change from province to province. The two songs are altogether different from one another, except in these two verses. Here is how O'Daly found them. I do not change his orthography. Mangan has translated these lines thus :—

Not a youth from Dublin town
 Unto Galway of renown,
 Or thence to Toomevara, but is laden,
 On steeds bounding free
 With love-gifts to thee,
 My loveliest, my dark own maiden.
 In Momonia I could find
 Many damsels to my mind,
 And in Leinster—nay, England, a many ;
 One from Georgy, without art
 Who would clasp me to her heart
 And a beauty is the lass among many.
 The daughter of the earl,
 Who walks in silks and pearl,
 Would fain have me netted in her thrall yet.
 But could I have my choice,
 How much could I rejoice
 To wed thee, my dark maiden of all yet.

This is a good example of the cause of the changes which come in these old songs. We see how the Mweenugh (Munster man) changed it according to the spirit of his own province, putting in the song the names of those places which he knew himself, and how the Connacht man did the same thing, speaking of ladies who belonged to families renowned through all Connacht like the Frenches and Lynches. For this reason, I do not think that Carolan had any hand in this song, unless it were that he added a verse or two to it, raising a new chamber on the old foundation.

"*Feamunneach*" in the third verse means "clustering like sea-weed," a word often applied to hair, and *bord-eudainn* in the last verse means, I think, a "side-board," or some piece of furniture. Carolan uses the word. *Gairim* in the third verse is also spelled *goirim* as in the song "Great or Small," where the verse has been already translated.

Δέτ ατά εόιρ-είλε αζαμ ρζνίobεα le θóínnall mac Conraíom aρ
 éomnaé an Chláir, ατά cormúil le cóir uí θάλαιζ, αέτ ní' l pí éom
 cormúil léite naé pú a tabairt aon po, óir buó éoir an méao
 cóir αζυρ ιρ πέτοιν oe na ppiom-abpánaiθ ammineamla po to
 épuumngáo αζυρ to éuyi 5-cló. ní' l an oán po ρζνίobεα aon pna
 lintib ζεapna aon a bpuil oán uí θάλαιζ, αέτ étoipó an léiζééoir
 aρ an móimto ζυρ aon pan miorúρ céuona iao.

pol oubh an zhleanna.

Ατά bó αζαμ aρ pliab, ιρ παoa mé 'nna oiaiz á'ρ to éail le mé mo
 éiall le nóéaiρ.

Θ'á peólaó poip (a'ρ) piaiρ, a'ρ ζαé áit a ηζabann an ζpian, no 5o
 b'pilleann pí amaiρ ('pan) tpaénoa.

ηuaiρ pécáam-pe anúnn* 'pan mbaile a bpuil mo pún tuiteann ó
 mo púil ζlaiρ oeópa

α θia móip na ηζpáρ tabaiρ puaρζaiρ aρ mo éár a'ρ ζυρ bean
 oub a o'páz pá bpión mé.

Cia bé énpéao mo éeao 'ρ ζan oe úon aip αέτ peapζ, 'ρ é oeáanta
 aρ éauib an bóéaiρ,

5o otaζann an beao, a'ρ 5o moéanann an neao le ζpian αζυρ le
 teap an póζmiaiρ,

ηuaiρ epionann an tpiat ni pánann uipui meap, maiρ bíonn aρ an
 mbuime ιρ óige,

'5 a éúil áluiun oeap a oeyζ mo épioé oeit ζean, cuipum plán
 αζυρ céao 5o oeó leat.

Θo ζeabann bean muiúneao, to ζeabann bean laiζneao, to
 ζeabann bean αζυρ oá mίle bó léi.'

'5 í bean na bpámuíoe buíoe an bean to épáo mo épioé, no bean
 eile aρ an tpi-pe éeóipye.

ατά mζean αζ an iapiá a'ρ tá pí 5o oiaepáo αζ iapiaió mipe
 o'pázail le pópaó,

á'ρ oá bpázaim-pe mo pioζa oe múnib oeapa an oomam ιρ í pol
 oub an ζleanna b'papaiρ liom.

*="anonn," poipum muiúneao.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally:*—

I have a cow upon a mountain and I am a long time after her, And I have
 lost my sense through a consort. Driving her (the cow) east and west, and
 wherever the sun goes Until she returns back in the evening. When I look over
 there to the village where my sweetheart (roon) is, Tears fall from my grey eye,

But I have another copy of this song, written by Donal Considine, of the county Clare, which is like O'Daly's copy, but not so like it that it is not worth while to give it here, for it were well to collect and print as many copies as possible of these renowned prime songs. This poem is not written in the short lines in which O'Daly's poem is, but the reader will see on the spot they are in the same measure.

THE DARK GIRL OF THE VALLEY.

Upon the mountain brow I herd a lowing cow,
 (And my sense is gone now through a maiden) ;
 I drive her east and west, and where'er the sun shines best,
 To return with her white milk laden.
 But when I look above, to the village of my love,
 My grey eyes fill in their dreaming ;
 O mighty God of grace, take pity in my case,
 'Tis the Dark Girl left them streaming.

Whoever saw my house, with no roof but the rush,
 Where the road bends out to the far west,
 The bee loves to roam and to build there his home
 In the sun and the heat of harvest.
 When withered is the root, the bough will bear no fruit
 'Tis the young twigs shoot by the river,
 O lovely golden fay, who stole my heart away,
 Farewell to thee to-day, and for ever.

I would get in Leinster a wife, or in Munster,
 Whose thousand-cow dowry all paid is
 (The maiden of fair hair has left me in despair),
 Or a lady of King George's ladies.
 The Earl has a daughter, excess of love has brought her
 With me to trifle and to dally,
 My choice if I could find of the women of mankind
 I should choose the Dark Girl of the Valley.

O great God of grace, give a relief for my case, And sure it is the Dark Woman has left me under grief.

Whoever would see my house with no roof on it but sedge, And it made upon the side of the road, Sure the bee comes and makes the nest With the sun and heat of harvest. When the rod withers there remains on it no fruit As there be's upon the youngest sprout, And O beautiful, handsome cool, to which my heart has given love, I send with thee forever a farewell and a hundred.

The third verse presents no difficulty.

She is the Dark Poll of the valley, she is the Dark Poll, the best, She is the Dark Poll the brightest and finest, Her throat like the swan, her face like the

SÍ POL DUB AN GILEANNA, 'RÍ POL DUB DO B'FEARRA, 'RÍ POL DUB
 BUÓ GILE BNEÁGTA Í,
 A PIB MAÍ AN EALA, A H-ÉADAN MAÍ FNEACÉTA, 'R A COM FEANG FINGIL
 ÁLUINN.
 A DÁ LÁMÍN MÍUIPE, NA G-CÚIG MÉARA FUINTÉ, DO FÍOLPAIG Ó'N MAIGPE
 MÍÁNLÁ,
 NUAIR GÁBANN AN EALA AMAÉ CAILLEANN AN GRIAN A TEAP, AGUR
 MÍLUIGEANN AN GÉALAC LE GRIÓ ÓÍ.

CÍOMH MAÍ DO GLACAÓ AN T-ABRÁN FO LE FEAP BOÉT AGUR LE FEAP
 PAÍÓBIR LE FEINN D'Á MÍUINNIB, FEAP ACA AG IAPPAÍÓ AN MÍAGHOCAN
 DO BHEUGAÓ LEIR AP ÉIRIUNN GO DTÍ AN FPAINE NO AN SPÁIN, AGUR
 GÁ GEALLAÓ BAINNIR ANN A MBEIDÉAC AN BPAINNPAIG AGUR AN FION
 ÉOIN H-IOMAPAMHAIL FION GO MBEIDÉAC PAIO LE N-ÓL AP ÉCAPT-LÁIR AN
 BÓÉAIR, AGUR AG GEALLAÓ CÓIRTE RÉ GCAPALL DO'N MÍMAOI LE CUIPEACÉ
 BAN-ÓG. ACÉ NÍ'L AG AN TONÁN EILE ACÉ AON BÓ AP FÍLÁB AGUR BO-
 ÉÁMINN GAN AON ÉMÍPAC AIR ACÉ FEAPG NO LUACÉPA. IR FOLLUPAC MAÍ
 FION DO RÉIR MO BAPAMHAIL-PA GO PAIB AN FIONN FION AGUR CUIO DE NA
 BPAÉPAIB FEAN GO LEÓIR, AGUR SUP AÉPAIGÉAC IAO RÉIR MAÍ DO'OM-
 CAIPEAC IAO O ÁIT GO H-ÁIT AGUR Ó ÉUIGE GO CÚIGE LE DAOINIB DO ÉUIR
 BÉAPPAÍÓ NUADA LEÓ—BÉAPPAÍÓ DO BAIN LE N-A G-CÁIR NÓ LE N-A G-
 CINEAMHAIN FÉIN.

AG FO ABRÁN EILE AN TPIMPLÍOC, OBAIR SUINE TUAICÉ GAN AMHAP,
 ANN A G-CUIPEANN AN SUINE BOÉT A BPIÓN I N-ÚNHAL LE FÍOP-ÉUINHA.
 IR FOLLUPAC Ó'N ABRÁN GO NDEACAIÓ FE GO B'L'ACLIAC AG IAPPAÍÓ A
 LEAPA, AGUR SUP MÍAIRB AN T-AÉPAIGÉAC É. BHÍ RÉ AG FÁGAIL BÁIR,
 MAÍ IR CORMÚIL, NUAIR FIONNE RÉ AN FÍOPA FO. B'ÉOIR SUP B'É COM-
 PPAÍO DÓ, DO PAIG A-BÁILE LEIR É GO CÚIGE CONNACÉ. NO B'ÉOIR SUP
 FÍLL RÉ FÉIN TAP ÉIR A ÉIMNIR. CIA MNEÓRAP DÚINN ANOIR É !

GRÁD MO ÉROICÉ TU.

GRÁD MO ÉROICÉ TU A ÚPAIGHIN MÍACIÓD,
 IR MÍMIC 'FAN OIÓCÉ A FIMUÁINNN FÉIN OIT,
 TÁ MÍPE TIONN, NÍ'L MO LÉIGÉAP AG AON NEAC
 A'IR BPIÓN AP AN NGAOIC NAC DTUGANN DÚINN FGEULA.

snow, And her waist slender single(?) handsome. Her two Mary's little hands (I
 do not understand this) of the five kneaded fingers, Which were propagated from
 the gracious maiden, When the swan goes out the sun loses her heat, And the
 moon submits with love to her.

Observe the curious and typically Gaelic "anacolouthon" in the beginning of the
 second verse, where the antecedent clause "whoever would see my house" is left un-

Dark Girl of the Valley, Dark Girl that is lovely,
 Dark Girl that is radiant and tender,
 Her throat and her brow like the swan on the snow
 And her shapely form so slender.
 Her hands shaped aright, with fingers soft white
 That Mary gave from above to her,
 When my swan leaves her seat the sun loses his heat,
 And the moon does obeisance with love to her.*

We see how this song was taken both by a poor man and a wealthy one to sing to their sweethearts, a man of them seeking to coax the maiden with him out of Erin to France or Spain, and promising her a wedding at which brandy and wine would be so plenty that they would be to be drunk on the middle of the road, and promising the lady a coach with six horses and a company of young women. But the other poor wretch has nothing but one cow upon a mountain, and a little hut with no thatch on it but sedge or rushes. It is evident then, in my opinion, that the air and some of the words are old enough, and that they were altered according as they were carried from place to place, or from province to province, by people who added new verses to them—verses which concerned their own case or their own fate.

Here is another very simple song, the work, no doubt, of some peasant, in which the poor man expresses his grief with real melancholy. It is evident from the song that he went to Dublin to seek his luck, and that the change killed him. He was dying, apparently, when he composed this piece. Perhaps it was a comrade of his who brought it home with him to Connacht; or, perhaps, he returned himself in spite of his illness. Who can tell us?

STAR OF MY SIGHT.

Star of my sight, you gentle Breedyeen,
 Often at night I am sick and grieving;
 I am ill, I know it, and no deceiving,
 And grief on the wind blows no relieving.

finished without any relative. The idea in the poet's mind appears to have been that his love should marry while yet young, as the bee makes its nest in the sunshine and as the twig blossoms in its youth. Instances of these elliptical half-expressed thoughts are very common in these songs.

Twelve hundred years before this, St. Columcille also had written of the Súil ghlas, or "grey eye," looking with regret at vanishing Erin. It is curious to find his very words repeated here.

má gábhann tu an bealaic ro riar, no an bóicéin,
 beir mo beannacét mar a bfuil mo ríóirín,
 dá mbeiríonn 'nna h-aice beirfaimh rós d'í
 acét nuair naic bfuilim rílim doóira.

Óuir mé licir ann ran bporra
 mar a bfuil mo fearc, go raib me tuirreac,
 'sé dubairt rí liom go mbuó beag an doóar
 's an té bíor i ngráó go mbionn a innitinn coirruigé.

beir mo beannacét go bonn sléib beacla
 mar éirigeann grian 'r mar luirgeann an gaealaic,
 tá ceó laic ar ó'laic na mallacét
 s ní léar óam an t-aer or mo céann ná an talain.

bíon ar an mbár ir grianna an nio é,
 saoil mé raib go meallraó bpsob é,
 beirfaimh do éire lán faoi éarraig
 acét mé leigean do loic-riabaic ag feucáin mo gaeolta.

ir faoa liom uaim na bóicéir móira
 's gan rú na mbonn faoi mo brógaib
 ció go tceiríom cum an airíonn ní le doéótion,
 acét le rúil, O, go bfeicfimm mo nísle ríóir ann.

a óaile-cait-riabaic, mo éúina, ceo rlan leat
 's iomóla lá breag aibinn do éaic mé lán leat,
 ag ríor-ól ríona 'r mo inian ar lán liom
 bíonn gan rígin 'r bídeó m'innitinn ríarta.

Tá na beirraic rí nioir rímplíóe 'nā na cinn eile reó. 112
 éugaim acét dá ríann de'n abrián ro.

* This translation is in the simple metre of the original. In most of the verses, but not all, there are one or two interlineal vowel rhymes.

Literally. Love of my heart thou art, courteous Breedyeen. It is often in the night myself thinks of you; I am ill, and no one has my cure, And grief on the wind that brings us no tidings.

If you go that way, westwards (O wind) or by the boreen, Bring my blessing to where my storeen is; If I were near her I should give to her a kiss, But since I am not I shed tears.

I put a letter into the post (to) Where my darling is (saying) that I was tired; 'Twas what she said to me that the loss was small, And that he who is in love his mind be's moved.

O wind, if passing by that far boreen,
 Blow my blessing unto my storeen ;
 Were I on the spot I should hear her calling,
 But I am not, and my tears are falling.

Into the post I put a letter,
 Telling my love that I was no better ;
 Small the loss, was her answer to me,
 A lover's mind should be always gloomy.

Wind, greet that mountain where she I prize is
 When the gold moon sets and the white sun rises ;
 A grey fog hangs over cursèd Dublin,
 It fills my lungs and my heart it's troubling.

Ochone for the Death, when the breath is going !
 I thought to bribe it with bumpers flowing ;
 I'd give what men see from yonder steeple
 To be in Loughrea and amongst my people.

Och, the long high-roads I shall never travel !
 Worn my brogues are, with stones and gravel ;
 Though I went to mass, there was no devotion
 But to see her pass with her swan-like motion.

Farewell Loughrea, and a long farewell to you ;
 Many's the pleasant day I spent in you,
 Drinking with friends, and my love beside me,
 I little dreamt then of what should betide me.*

Those verses are simpler than these others. I only give two verses of this song.

Bring my blessing (wind?) to the foot of Slieve Beachla, Where the sun rises and the moon sets ; There is a grey fog over Dublin of the curses, And the air over my head is not visible to me nor is the ground.

Grief on the Death ! it is an ugly thing, I always thought that a bribe would deceive it. I would give to it Erin full up of sheep But only it to let me (go) to Loughrea to behold my kindred.

I think it long from me the high-roads are, Without as much as the soles under my brogues. Though I go to Mass 'tis not with devotion, But hoping, Oh, that I might see there my thousand treasures.

O Bally-ca-reawugh, my grief, a hundred farewells to you, Many's the fine pleasant day I spent beside you ! Ever drinking wine and my desire at my hand (*i.e.*, my dear beside me). I used to be without a penny, and my mind used to be satisfied.

an m'ódaíuul maisead.

'Sé mo éiríod a' r' mo m'illead gan mo éiríod a' gur mire

'S éin Spáin no a b'rao ó ár n'gaolcailb,

1 n-áruir coille coir éiríod' no toinne

'S gan nead 'ran g-cuimne 'n' ár n'gaolcailb,

1 r' olúe do éiríod' le plúir na g-cuimne

'S 1 r' ceannra pógfaim na b'éilín,

Óiríod' éiríod' of leabair a' r' luíod' 'nna h-áic

a' r' éabairfaim-ré tamall o'á b'neugad.

An an m'ódaíuul maisead 1 r' meabair liom labairt

'S an a tréidib bí meabairda m'inte,

S'g'fob'rao go f'airíng de b'irí g'ur caillead

na m'inte peairra bí a' g'ur l'é,

Tá ceo fear aca-ran beo o'á maiseann oíob

1 b'éin 1 n'glairib a' g'ur Cúro,

'S m' f'air t'á mire a'c mo m'io' 1 n'gaolcailb oí

'S 1 r' baogal go g-cuimne r' 'm'ú' mé.

1 n'oeir an éiríod' réo deir an file, no b'éiríod' file eile a' g'ur
deunadh m'gaolcailb f'air 1 n-a b'óctanar f'éin a' g'ur é a' g'ur 1 r' f'air cailín
mair í.

Súo an r'p'ré do g'airíod' am f'éin leir an a'iríod'

Oúicé' eile trairra, 'r' Cionn-tráile

(a) b'fuir o'á a' g'ur go g'ionnann 'r' o'á o'airíod' o'á g'airíod'

'S a b'fuir r'air o'á o'air go g'airíod'.

1 m'ian leat r'airíod', Oúiríod' do g'airíod' oúicé,

a' g'ur Cionn-tráile-meala cum áiríod',

'S beir' do o'airíod' an l'airíod' le h-óir b'iríod' o'airíod'

'S r'ir ó'á a' g'ur f'airíod' go l'airíod'.

1 r' cuimne liom o'á eile de'n tróiríod' do do m'inte file 1 g'connoadé
an Chláir a' g'ur m'inte amad an éiríod' r'ir an a' l'airíod' m'inte-rairíod'
m'inte a' g'ur o'á m'inte m'inte do bí ré a' g'ur deunadh, a' g'ur an oúicé
beo' gan tróiríod' talíod' a' g'ur f'éin, a'c a' g'ur deunadh m'gaolcailb f'air 1
eairíod' maome.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

It is my destruction and spoiling, without my love, and me (to be) In Spain
or far away from our kin, In the dwelling of a wood beside shore or wave, And
without a person in the world in our vicinity. It is closely I would approach to
the flower of the affections, And it is mildly I would kiss her little mouth. I
would arrange for her a couch and would repose near her. And I would give a
while to coaxing her.

THE MANNERLY HANDSOME ONE.

'Tis my pain, I'm not going through waves overflowing,
 To Spain with my love to take service,
 Or seeking a home by the sea and the foam,
 Or in woods where none could disturb us;
 It's close I would come to my beautiful one,
 I would teach her that true love a bliss is,
 I would build her a couch that would face to the south
 And steal from her mouth its kisses.

Of my beautiful fair, with whom none can compare,
 I would speak till I fairly tired,
 And long would I write of her beauty so bright
 By which youths were mightily fired;
 Of how many have died for her fairness and pride,
 And all have been tied by Cupid,
 And I am a slave on the brink of the grave,
 And my heart is hopeless and stupid.*

At the end of this song the poet says—or, perhaps, some other poet mocking at his own poverty, and him to be seeking a girl like her—

This is the fortune which I would cut out for myself with the girl,
 The estate of Eile (the O'Carroll's territory?) across, and Kinsale,
 All that is from Slieve to Shannon and two-thirds of Dungannon,
 And all that is south-west to Waterford;
 I would go into Munster with you, I would cut out Thurles for you,
 And bright Clonmel for a habitation,
 And your couches should be shining with yellow-red gold
 And young men attending on thee till day.

I remember another song of this sort which a poet in the County Clare composed, dividing out that county to his friends as though he were making a will, and the poor man without a foot of ground to himself, but mocking at his own lack of wealth.

Of the Mannerly Handsome one I desire(?) to speak And of her accomplishments that were moderate, I shall write widely (of them), because there have been lost The thousands of persons who hoped for her. There are of these a hundred men (yet) alive who still survive of them (put) in pain, and in locks (fettters) by Cupid, And I am not free (either) but a bondsman in unfree bondage, And there is a danger that she shall put me astray.

So dá panna eile ar ainéir óig. Níl fíor agham cao é ir ciall
oe'n pád sup buadaig rí (.7. mug buaid) ar Rígh Seumair. B'éirir
go raib rí agh an g-cúirt, agus "Go tóaimis an rgeul éar trídís
aníor" go raib an Rígh féin i ngrád léite.

Una peucac.

A una peucac mug buaid ar b'énur
A' 'ofuadaiḡ an rgeim ó mánab an traoḡail
A rtaid na féile ar fhuad na ghréme
Do ḡluair gan b'éis o Párrícar naom.
A ainéir múnice beupac do buadaig * ar Rígh Seumair
Ir luaidte an rgeul éar trídís aníor,
Nac truaḡ leat mé gan ruan i o' déig-re
A ḡruaid mar éar i' an bainne trío.

ḡac olaoiḡ mar an t-ór léite ríor go bróig
Leir an b'aoileán mótómar mánla mím
maoḡ-érob mó-ḡlan, mar cum Cúirt, ear noóig †
'S ḡac ríolla o'á ḡlór mar élarreac éarim.
A éall na póula, a mian na n-óig-fear
ḡaoil an brón tá i lár mo éroide,
mo rian tá móir muna b'áḡaimm aḡ pḡḡ
Ó n-a ḡuir-beul móir beidim rlan arír.

Tar éir an abráim-ḡrád do "Una peucac" tigead ceann eile
oe'n éineál ceanna do "Ömḡro Beupac," tarraimḡim é ar mo fcan
láim-rḡrímim féin, aḡ connaire mé, ni éimimḡim cia an áit, dá
éir eile óé.

bríḡro beusaḡ.

pórraim-re b'mḡro Beupac
ḡan cóta bróig ná léme,
A rúir mo éroide dá mb'éirir
liom, do éroirḡim duit naoi tḡrác,

* "A buad" 'r'an mS.

† "ar noóite" mS.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. There is double vowel rhyme in most of the uneven lines, running over into the even ones.

Literally. O Showy Una, who carried off victory from Venus, And plundered their beauty from (all) the women of the world, O arch (?) of generosity of the appearance of the sun, Who voyaged without lie from holy Paradise; O maiden, learned, mannerly, who overcame King James, The story is repeated down across

Here are two other rauns to a young maiden. I do not know what is the meaning of saying that she overcame King James. Perhaps she was at court and "the story came down across the strand" that the King himself was in love with her.

SHOWY UNA.

My Una, a queen is, more true than Venus,
 For who that seen is, can thus entice,
 You brightest arch in the white sun's march,
 You lighten hearts out of Paradise;
 You overcame King Shamus, your name it was so famous,
 The story came to us down the stream.
 You stole my rest and my soul from my breast
 O cheek like the berry when mixed with cream.

Each curl like the gold in a furling fold,
 On my girlish soaring sea-bird flung,
 Her palm so white, that Christ shaped aright,
 And the tone of her voice is a harp well strung
 O daughter of fame, is it all in vain?
 Call this flame from my deep heart's core,
 My hope is this—if I win one kiss
 From her rose-flame lip I shall sigh no more.*

After the love song to "Showy Una" another of the same sort to "Courteous Breed" may come. I extract this song from my own manuscript, but I have seen, though I do not remember where, two other copies of it.

COURTEOUS BREED.

Though shoeless, shirtless, grieving,
 Foodless, too, my Breedyeen,
 Surely I'll not leave you,
 Nine meals I'll fast for you.

shore, Do you not think it a pity me (to be) without rest after you, O countenance like the berry and the milk through it.

Every curl like the gold with her, down to her shoe, With the sea-mew courteous, gentle, smooth, Soft palm very clean, as Christ shaped it certainly, And every syllable of her voice like a gentle harp. O sense (?) of Fola (Erin), O desire of the young men, Loose this pain which is in the midst of my heart. My pain is great; If I did not get but a kiss From her ember-mouth of rose I should be whole again.

Ξαν βιαὸ ξαν θεοὸ ξαν δον εἶπο
 ἀρ οἰλεάν ἰ λοὸ εἴρη,
 Ὑ'φονν μέ ἀ'ρ τυ βεῖτ ἰ ν-έμφεαὲτ
 Ξο πείξφιμίρ ἀρ ζ-αίρ.
 Δ ξρυαὶὸ ἀρ ὁαὲ να ζαορι-έον
 Δ εἰαίειν βάιρι ἀν εἰλίβε,
 Ὅο ζεαλλὰὸ νά θευν βρευζαὲ
 Δὲτ εἰριζ (πονι ἀν λά)
 'S ἰ ν-αιμήθεόιν * οἰζε να εἰλίβε
 ζε οἰζεφαιιν ἐν μαρ εἰλίβε,
 'S Δ Ὀέ, νάρι θεαρ ἀν ἱγεὺλ ριν
 Θυμε αἷ εὐλόζ' λε ν-α ξράὸ.

Ξετ μο ἐποῖθε λε βυαὶὸρεαὸ
 Δξυρ ἱξαιιριαιζ μέ νασι ν-υαίρε
 ἀν ἡαῖοιν ὕο ὁο εἰαλαὶὸ μέ
 Ναὲ παῖβ τυ πόνιαν λε ράξαιλ,
 'S Δ λιαὲτ λά παοι ἱυαίρεαρ
 Ἐαίτ μίρε 'ρ τυ ἰ ν-υαίζνεαρ
 'S ξαν νεαὲ ἀρ βιὲ ὁ'ἀρ ζ-εἰμήθαὲ
 Δὲτ ἀν "ιυζ" ἀ'ρ ἑ ἀρ ἀν ζελόρ.
 Ὅά βράξαιιν ἀμαὲ ὁο ἐυαίριζ
 Ὅά ὕεῖὸρεά ζο βονν εἰυαίθε
 Ναὲραὸ ἀν ἱγεὺλ πο ἐρυαὶὸ οἰρ
 Νο λανφαιιν ὁο μο ξράὸ,
 'S ζο μβ'φεαρρ (λιον) ρίντε ἱυαρ λεατ
 'S ξαν φύινν ἀὲτ φραιοὲ ἀ'ρ λυαὲαίρ
 να (βεῖτ) 'ζ εἰρτεαὲτ λειρ να εἰαεαίβ
 Ὀιὸρ ἀρ ριύβαλ αἷ εἰριζε λά (i.e. λαέ).

'S ἑ ἀύβαρ μ'οἰνα 'ρ μ'έαζεαοιν
 ζαὲ μαῖοιν ἡοὲ ὁ'ἀ ν-εἰριζιιν
 Δ εἰλ να λύβ 'ρ να βρευρλα
 Ναὲ τυ βί ὁαν ἰ ἡόάν,
 'S μἰ ιαριφαιιν-ρε δε φέιρην
 ἀὲτ μέ ἀ'ρ τυ βεῖτ ἰ ν-έμφεαὲτ
 ἰ ν-αίτ ιεῖντ† 'νν ἀρ ν-αοναρ
 Ξο λεαξραιιν οἰτ μο λάιν.

* "ἰνζθεόιν" ραν μS. Ἰαβαίρτεαρ μαρ ριν εἰ μεαὸον Ἐονμαέτα,
 † Ἰαβαίρτεαρ "εἰζιν" μαρ "ιεῖντ" ἰ ζονμαέταίβ Δξυρ μαρ
 "εἰζιντ" ἰ μυνἡαν.

Upon Loch Erne's islands,
 No food, no drink beside me,
 Still hoping I may find you,
 My childeen, to be true.

O cheek, so blush-abounding,
 O berry of the mountain,
 Your promise, love, is sounding
 For ever in my ear.

And spite of cleric's frowning
 I'd take you as I found you ;
 It's I who would go bounding,
 Eloping with my dear.

I frightened in my heart, for
 It leapt nine times and started,
 That morning that you parted
 And were not to be found.
 And all the happy evenings
 I spent beside my dearest,
 And no one came between us,
 And the jug was on the ground.

I'll travel through the island
 Still seeking for your tidings,
 And hard it will betide me
 If I find not my love.
 I'd sooner sit beside you
 On rushes through the night time,
 Than listen to the finest
 Of the birds of the grove.

The reason of my sighing
 Each morning of my rising,
 Is you to be a-hiding
 And lost from sight of men.
 Sure, I would ask beside you
 No other wealth in life,
 But only you and I to be
 Together in the glen.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—
 I would wed Courteous Breedyeen, Without coat, shoe, or shirt, Treasure of
 my heart ! If it were possible, for me, I would fast for you nine meals
 Without food, without drink, without any share (of anything), On an island in

Šeinnfynn ceól ar teudaið
 Duit, le bágru mo meura,
 Ėrétzfynninn mná na h-Éireann oir,
 A'r leanfaínn tú 'ran tinnáin
 'S dá mbeirínn am' iug na Špéige
 No am' þriouuira ar na ceudaið
 Do beirfaínn iudar an méao iun
 Do þeupila an brollaiž bái.

Dá breicpeá ieuile an eólar
 'S í teact i mbeul an bóðair
 Dáirpá go mbut þeóu uair
 Do éógrað ceó a'r oraoižeadt,
 A žruat deariž mar ióraið
 'S a iúil mar orúct an fóžinair
 A beilín tana ió dear
 'S a braidgar ar óat an doil.
 Ói a dá éic corpa cóin-čruinn
 Illol mé i[ao] 'r ni móru liom,
 'Inn a iearaín aš veunain lóčram
 'S iao ceapča or cóinairi a cporče,
 Tá mé i mbióin 'r i noóžramiž *
 O ižioru tu uaim tair teóraminn,
 Cio ir fada ó fudair mé cóinairle
 Go nžđairpá-ra ar mo iáožal.

Torócao iřor i mbeuic-buitc
 A'r iacpao go loč éirne
 O Šligeac go bonn céire
 Beirfaio mé mo iřiřob,
 Siúbalfaio mé móin-éile
 Corcaiz a'r beinn-éirir
 'S ni iearfaio me i oTom-Špéine
 Go oteio mé go Traidližc.

* "Dorann" 'ran ms.

I och Erne, with desire for me and you to be together Till we should settle our
 case. O cheek of the colour of the dog-berries, O little cuckoo of the top of the
 mountain, Do not falsify your promise, But rise up before day, And' in spite of
 the law of the clergy Sure I would choose you for my consort, And, Oh, God, were
 not that a nice story, A man eloping with his love.

My heart started with trouble, and I frightened nine times, That morning
 that I heard That you were not to be found, And all the days with merriment I

I'd sing to you and harp you,
 I'd know to touch your heart ;
 And sure I would not part you
 For Erin's very best.
 And were I King of Grecece, or
 Any king at peace,
 I'd give it all to thee, love,
 My pearl of white breast.

O had you seen her moving,
 My love who was so cruel !
 She was a star-bright jewel
 For dispersing fog and mist,
 Her cheeks, the rose shone through them,
 Her eyes like harvest dew-drops,
 Her neck like lime, and truly
 Her mouth was to be kissed.
 Her breasts so round, two diamonds,
 I praised them for their brightness,
 Raised up like lamps and shining
 Before her burning heart.
 And I am, night and morning,
 In grievous blight and mourning,
 Though often men foretold me
 That I should feel their smart.

At Brakewee I'll arise
 And walk Loch Erne's islands,
 From Kesh I'll search to Sligo
 And hunt it all for thee ;
 And I shall try Monailly,
 And Cork and high Ben-Édir,
 And stand not in Tomgraney
 Until I reach Tralee.

and you spent in solitude, Without any one at all guarding us, but the jug and it on the table. If I would find out your tidings The story (*i.e.* case) would go very hard on me (even) if you were to go to the foot of the Reek, or I would cling to my love. And I would sooner be stretched up by you, with nothing under us but heather and rushes, Than be listening to the cuckoos that are stirring at the break of day, *etc.* The literal translation of the fourth verse is as follows :—

If you were to see the star of knowledge And she coming in the mouth of the road, You would say that it was a jewel (at a distance) from you, Who would raise (*i.e.* disperse) fog and enchantment, Her countenance red like the roses, And her eye like the dew of the harvest, Her thin little mouth very pretty, And her

m'l gleann t'án choic ná pléibe
 ná baile-cuam 'ran méas rín
 nac tóirneódaíó mé m'á' fétóir liom,
 'S nac n-eulódaíó mé le m' mian,
 muna b'fág' mé b'pígto 'ran méas rín
 m'l agam le r'áó léite
 áct teannaáct r'lán a'r ceuo do éur
 le bláé na r'ug-énaob.

Tá an oireas eile ann ran b'píora ro, áct ir cinnce mé nac leir
 an b'fear ceutna é. Tá ré lán r'uar de ainmneadaíob ar na h-úg-
 oadaíob g'reugaáa agur r'ómánaáa, agur ir tóig' gur ag tairbéant
 a múnaró 7 a eólar r'eim acá an r'ile. Ueir r'e gur capáó m'ercupí
 leir agur gur dubaíre gur tóig' gur b'é Pluto do r'giob an calín
 leir, agur cuiréann an r'ile r'omhe uul go tairtarur le n-a tabaíre
 aimaá ar. áct ueir r'é leir r'eim ann rín, m'á éiréann r'é ann nac
 mbéiró don congnam m'óir aige ag t'píora ar r'on a g'ráó-ran, óir
 nac b'fuir m'óirán' eúmaáa ag na spánaigib 'n' ag luét an r'ápa
 ann rín r'fóir, áct ra mberéas óranmep calbín hannraoi no
 m'árcam beó go b'píg'fearó r'é l'itir uáta éum a g-cáirceasó ann rín
 do deunfáó an g'nó óó.

ní m'óir óam * congnam l'áirí
 ní b'fuir mé m'óir marí Chapíon
 b'éiríor tó mé bátaó
 Dá t'píg'fínn ann a líon,
 tá a báó 'r a m'áiríde-ráma
 go r'fóirpuidé ann r'úo ar g'áíra
 ní éiríneáann r'píeam an r'ápa leir
 ní g'éiríleann r'é d'á n'olige.

Ueir r'é ann rín go r'acéparó r'e 1 g-comne na r'eínné éiréann, go
 t'píurparó r'íonn goíí Orgarí Cuéulainn agur Clann Uirneac leir
 agur go m'píurpíó r'e r'píuonn le n-a g-congnam-ran agur go n-
 íoméóparó r'é a g'ráó ar aír' aír' leir r'aoi buaíó. Ir corínúil gur
 fear éigin eile do éur na beuparó rín 1 g-cíonn an m'éro do éug
 mé, agur nac mbaineann r'íao ó éapir leir an g-ceuo-éuro dé.

*—"ní r'uláir óam," marí ueirpí 1 g'úige m'umian .7. "ir r'íac-
 eamac óam."

/eck of the colour of the lime. Her two breasts were pointed and equal round,
 I praised them, and thought it not much (to do so) They standing making a lamp
 And shapen over against her heart, I am in grief and in tribulation Since you
 slipped from me across the mearing, Though it was long since I was advised
 That you would shorten my life.

There's never hill nor mountain,
Nor glen nor sheltered fountain,
Nor inch nor harbour's mouth,

But I'll search it all for thee.

And if I cannot find her
My love remains behind her,
I can but blow her blindly

A blessing from me.

There is as much more in this piece, but I am certain that it is not by the same man. It is full up of names taken out of the Greek and Roman authors, and no doubt it is only showing his own learning and knowledge that the poet is. He says that Mercury met him and told him that he was certain that it was Pluto who whipped off the girl with him, and the poet sets before himself to go to Tartarus to take her back out of it. But then he says to himself that if he goes there he will have no great assistance in fighting for his love, for the Spaniards have no great power down there, nor the people of the Pope, but that if Cranmer, Calvin, Henry, or Martin were alive he would get a letter from them to their friends there, which would do the business for him.

I want a strong help ;
I am not large like Charon ;
He would be able to drown me
If I were to come into his net ;
His boat and his oars are
Everlastingly there on guard ;
The people of the Pope do not please him,
He does not submit to their law.

He says, then, that he will go for the Fenians of Ireland, until Finn, Goll, Oscar, Cuchulain and the children of Uisneach come with him, and that he will break hell with their help, and carry his love back again with him victoriously. It is likely that it was some other man who added those verses to what I gave before, and that they do not belong by right to the first part of it.

The remainder is easy and need not be translated. *Féirtín*, in the third verse means "a present," perhaps from English "fairing." *Indán dam* means "fated for me." *Ceaptha*, in the fourth verse, means "shapen." *Dorann* is probably written for *Dóghraing*, which means anguish or misery. *Gearr air* = shorten it. *Gearr é* = cut it. I do not know where Moin-Eile, in the fifth verse is. Breuchbhuidhe, a corruption of Breuch-mhuigh, or Breuch-mhagh "the Wolf's Plain," is a townland in Sligo. Céis is also in Sligo and Tomgréine a little village in Clare.

I must give here a couple more short songs, although I am not at all sure that it was Connacht men who made them. They are not the work of peasants, but of educated people. Here is the first :

UCH ! O MARY.

Oh, Mary, but mine is the pitiful case,
In sorrow's embrace I am left this day,
The little deceiver of roguish face
Has stolen each trace of my heart away.

She swore with words of bewitching grace —
How honest her face did appear alway —
That she would not forsake me through time nor space,
And now she has hastened to shun my way.

Let no man yield to a lovely face,
But his energy brace as best he may ;
She filled me first with her love—'twas base—
Then laughs in my face and turns away.*

This poem is in the great Ranneeught metre lengthened out. Here is another poem a good deal more like true Ranneeught. I found no name but "William Ruadh" to this song, but it is probable that he is a Munster man, for "pween" in the first rann is a Munster word, meaning "a good many."

HAPPY IT IS.*

Happy 'tis, thou blind, for thee
That thou seest not our star ;
Could'st thou see as we now see
Thou would'st be as we now are.

God! why was I not made blind
Ere my mind was set upon her ?
Oh, when I behold her eye,
How can I weigh life or honour ?

charge (?) to her a knowledge of his intentions, as I did who was filled with love for her, and now she is loath to (even) salute me.

For this unlawful extension of the Ranneeught metre see the preface. The true Ranneeught has only seven lines in each syllable, while these lines have eight, nine, or ten.

* This is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

"It is happy for thee, O blind man, who dost not see much of women. Uch, if you were to see what we see, thou would'st be sick even as I am. It is a pity, O God, that it was not blind I was before I saw her twisted cool. Her snowy body (of) race bright and free, Uch, I think my life a misery. I always thought the blind pitiable until my calamity waxed beyond the grief of all, Then, though it

Daime dallá buó éruas liom

Suir fóir mo shuir car púdar éadé,
 Éugor mo éruas, ció éruas, ar éadé,
 A lúib na lúib ag lúib atáim.

Ir mairg suibh do éonairic í

'S ir mairg nac bfeiceann í gac lá,
 Ir mairg air a bfuil rnaidm o'á reairc,
 'S ir mairg rgaolte ar atá.

Ir mairg do éirí o'á fíor

'S ir mairg nac bfuil o'á fíor de shúit,
 Ir mairg oume bfoó 'nna h-áice
 'S ir mairg nac 'nna h-áice atá.

Do éug mé anoir go leóir de fomp-laóib ar an abráin-ghrád mar
 do cumad ó leir na daoinib-tuaithe, fir agus mná, agus meapaim suir
 an-beag de na dántaib do éug mé ann ro do bí déanta le daoinib
 a raib eólar aca ar bárouigeasct, no le daoinib do rgríob iao mar
 éadad-annrpe agus le feúcaint créas o'feuparó riao do óéanaíh
 ag filíbeasct. Adt, sul rguirim, caitéiró mé trí no ceatar de dón-
 taib eile de na rean-dántaib éabairt ann ro, mar fomp-la ar na
 h-abránaib ghrád mar bíodar amearg na n-gaeóal na ceurta
 bliadain ó foin. Ní éis liom a ráó cia h-iao na h-úgair do cum
 na dánta ro leanar, no cia an t-am do mair riao, adt meapaim
 suir tamall mair ó foin do bí riao, agus ir pollurac go raib riao
 níor mínte agus níor eólaige 'ná na daime do cum an méao ab-
 rán éug mé éana. Fuair me iao i láim-rgríbinmib Connacáca
 agus beirim ann ro mar abráin Connacáca iao, adt leir an
 fíunne o'innrinc o'feuparadair beir cumta i n-aon éúige de na
 éúigib, óir ní bfuil oitéir ar bí oir an éanaíhain do bí cleac-
 taige leir na bároaib o'á ceur bliadain no trí ceur bliadain ó
 foin i n-aon éúige de na éúigib. Do bainríof na h-abráin leanar,
 ó éairt, do éruinnuagad na brioífa rin d'fás na fíor-báir 'nna

is a pity, my pity I turned into envy, In a loop of the loops in a loop am I.
 It is woe for whoever saw her, And it is woe for him who sees her not each day.
 It is woe for him on whom the knot of her love is (tied), And it is woe for him
 who is loosed out of it. It is woe for him who goes to her, and it is woe for him
 who is not with her constantly. It is woe for a person to be near her, And it is
 a woe for him that is not near her.

There is a sixth verse which I do not give above as I do not understand it. It
 runs thus—

A hainm bhios ag sgolta srotha
 San ruadh mhuir ó sloingtear ise,
 O na searc níl saor acht dallá
 Gerb'faith aiti liom a feicsin.

Once I pitied sightless men,
 I was then unhurt by sight,
 Now I envy those who see not,
 They can be not hurt by light.

Woe who once has seen her please,
 And then sees her not each hour,
 Woe for him her love-mesh traps,
 Woe for whom it snaps its power.

Woe for him who visits not,
 Woe his lot who does, I wis,
 Woe for him is not beside her,
 Woe besides for him who is.

I have now given enough of examples of the love song as it was composed by the peasantry, both men and women, and I think that it is very few of the love songs given here which were composed by people who had a knowledge of bardism, or by people who wrote them for pastime, and only to try what they could do in the way of poetry. But before I leave off I must give three or four more poems, of the older ones, for examples of the love songs as they were amongst the Gael some hundreds of years ago. I cannot say who are the authors who composed the following poems, or what was the time at which they lived, but I think it was a good while ago that they existed, and it is evident that they were more learned and more educated than the people who wrote the songs I have given already. I found them in Connacht MSS., and give them here as Connacht songs, but to tell the truth, they might be composed in any of the provinces, for there is no difference at all between the dialects used by the bards two or three hundred years ago in any of the five provinces. The songs which follow would by right belong to a

This verse appears to contain a cryptic allusion to the girl's name, a thing which is not unusual with the older poets. My friend Tomás O Flannaoile has suggested to me that the girl's name was probably "Muireann Ruadh," for the translation of the first line appears to be this, "Her name is (found) by dividing the waters in the Red Sea, whence she is called." Hence it is a pun upon *muir* "sea," and *rann* or *roinn*, "a division." The last two *ranns* seem to be a Gaelic extension of the Latin pentameter,

"Non possum tecum vivere nec sine te."

The meaning of the last line of the third versé is not very clear; it seems to contain a kind of pun or paronomasia on *láb*, a "curl" and *láb* a "noose." I do not well understand the force of the preposition "ag," in *ag láb*. The phrase seems to mean "snared," Perhaps a better translation would be "in the snare of all snares (i.e. woman's love) ensnared am I." Literally, a snare has me."

Although the word *puinn* is often used in Munster for "many," it seems to be here used in the sense of "jot" or "tittle," and is probably borrowed from the

noiaig, ašur ni o'abránaib na noaoime-tuaithe atá mé ag tabairt
ann san leabhar fo. áct ir corinúil nac bfuil na ríoraibí reo
ró sean, ció go bfuil ríao i moirúr mašalta, no má tá ríao
rean, féin, o'acurigeaó iad ruo beaš-ó cumaó iao, leir na
oaoimib do šab ašur do ršríos iao, óir níl mórián rocal i
n-aon éeann aca nac bfuil éoini roilleirí ro-éuighe anoir ašur bí
riao ariain. ašur rin é an t-ábhar beirim ann fo iao, óir ir oóig
liom šur curimurigeaó leir na oaoimib iao, ašur šur ršríosbaó ríoir
go oéigeannac iao, óir ni bfuair me áct ceann aca i n-aon rean-
ršríosinn. ašur mar ir i ršríosinnib Connacetača fuair mé iao ni
mí-éašur ar fao é, áit do tabairt oóib amašur na n-abrán šriáo fo.
breaónócaó an léigheóir leir an š-euo ariair an oíerir an-
iáor atá ioir na h-oibreaóib reo na mibáir rošlamta rmuáinteáó,
ašur na noaoime tíre. Ag fo an éuo éeann beirfar mé.

an searc 'šá óiuítušaó.

mo šriáo, ón 'rí mo šriáo

an bean ir mó bíoir 'š am' ériáo,

ir annra i ó m' óéannaí tinn

ná an bean do m' óéannaí rlán.

'Sí mo ríoir, ón 'rí mo ríoir,

bean an ríoirš uaithe mar an ríoir,

bean nac š-cuirfeao lání pá m' éeann

bean nac luirfeao liom ar óir.

ší mo feairc, ón 'rí mo feairc

an bean náí páš ionnam neairc,

bean nac leigfeao mo óiaig oó

bean nac š-cuirfeao liaš am' leáct.

'Sí mo rún, ón 'rí mo rún

bean nac n-inneann don mó óúinn,

bean nac leigfeao am' óiaig oó,

bean nac noeunfaó ríle ríl.

Norman point, in imitation of the French idiom, *qui ne voit point de femme*, to which it is here exactly equivalent.

An attempt is made to retain for the first verse of the translation the inwoven vowel rhyme of the original.

Could'st THOU SEE as WE NOW SEE

THOU *would'st* BE as WE NOW are.

* This translation is in the metre of the original, only more regular. *Literally.*
My love, oh! she is my love, The woman who is most for destroying me;
Dearer is she from making me ill Than the woman who would be for making
me well. She is my treasure, Oh, she is my treasure, The woman of the grey

collection of those pieces which the true bards left after them, and not to the songs of the peasantry which I am giving in this collection. But it is likely that these pieces are not very old, though they are in a regular metre, or, if they are old, itself, they were somewhat changed since they were composed, by the people who sang them and wrote them down, for there are not many words in any of them which are not as clear and intelligible now as they ever were. And for this reason I give them here, for I am sure they were remembered by the people and lately written down by them, for I have not found any of them except one, the "Roman Earl," in an old manuscript. And as it was in Connacht manuscripts I found them, it is not altogether wrong to give a place to them here amongst these love songs. The reader will observe at the first glance the very great difference that there is between these works of the educated, thinking bards, and those of the country people. This is the first one I shall give :

MY LOVE, OH, SHE IS MY LOVE.*

She casts a spell, oh, casts a spell,
Which haunts me more than I can tell.
Dearer, because she makes me ill,
Than who would will to make me well.

She is my store, oh, she my store,
Whose grey eye wounded me so sore,
Who will not place in mine her palm,
Who will not calm me any more.

She is my pet, oh, she my pet,
Whom I can never more forget ;
Who would not lose by me one moan,
Nor stone upon my cairn set.

She is my roon, oh, she my roon,
Who tells me nothing, leaves me soon ;
Who would not lose by me one sigh,
Were death and I within one room.

(?) eye (she) like the rose, A woman who would not place a hand beneath my head, A woman who would not be with me for gold. She is my affection, Oh ! she is my affection, The woman who left no strength in me ; A woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not raise a stone at my tomb. She is my secret love, Oh ! she is my secret love, A woman who tells us (i. e., me) nothing ; A woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not (for me) shed tears.* She is my shape, Oh ! she is my shape. A woman who does not remember me to be cut, A woman who would not

'Sí mo épué, ón 'rí mo épué,
 bean nac g-cuimnuigean mé beiré amuig,
 bean nac ngeilpead uair mo báir*
 'Sí éiríodais mo éiríodé go láir.†

móir mo éár, ón móir mo éár
 ir iongnad fad go brádam báir,
 bean nac otiúbnad taobh liom
 Oair mo iníonn ir í mo éiríodé.

'S í mo rogan, ón 'rí mo rogan
 bean nac nvearpead riar oim,
 an bean nac nvearpead liom-ra riré
 (á'r) tá ve fíor lán ve éiríodé.

ir móir mo bhrón, ón 'r móir mo bhrón
 fá an oiméar móir
 ag an mnaoi do mo éiríodé
 ir í fíad mé ó mo beó.

'S í mo iníon, ón 'rí mo iníon,
 bean ir annra liom fáoi 'n ngeim,
 an bean nac g-cuimpead oim binn
 Oá ríodóim le na caéib,

'Sí do éiríodais mo éiríodé
 á'r o'fágbaig oim am' láir,‡
 muna o'ógéar an o-olc ro óm' éiríodé
 ní beiré mé go veó fíad.

* "air mo báir" 'ran ms. † "gan láir" 'ran ms.

‡ "ionnam éiríodé" 'ran ms.

cry at the hour of my death, It is she ruined my heart to its middle. Great my case, Oh! great my case, It is a wonder how long it is till I find death. A woman who would not give me trust, By my oath she is my love! She is my choice, Oh! she is my choice, The woman who would not look back at me, The woman who would not make peace with me. And who is ever full of hate. Great my grief, Oh! great my grief, At the great disrespect The woman has (working) for my destroying. 'Tis she spoiled me of my life. She is my desire, Oh! she is my desire; A woman dearest to me under the sun, The woman who would not pay me heed, If I were to sit by her side. It is she ruined my heart, And left a sigh for ever in me. Unless this evil be raised off my heart, I shall not be well for ever.

She is my dear, oh, she my dear,
 Who cares not whether I be here.
 Who would not weep when I am dead,
 Who makes me shed the silent tear.

Hard my case, oh, hard my case,
 How have I lived so long a space,
 She does not trust me any more,
 But I adore her silent face.

She is my choice, oh, she my choice,
 Who never made me to rejoice ;
 Who caused my heart to ache so oft,
 Who put no softness in her voice.

Great my grief, oh, great my grief,
 Neglected, scorned beyond belief,
 By her who looks at me askance,
 By her who grants me no relief.

She's my desire, oh, my desire,
 More glorious than the bright sun's fire ;
 Who were than wind-blown ice more cold,
 Had I the boldness to sit by her.

She it is who stole my heart,
 But left a void and aching smart,
 And if she soften not her eye
 Then life and I shall shortly part.

* Literally, "Who would not make a pouring of eyes."

+ Perhaps *cpuṭ* is for *cpoṭ* = riches or cattle. But an old meaning of *cpuṭ* is destruction, which would make best sense if it were not too obsolete. He may have meant to say "she is my riches." The word generally means "shape" which seems to make no sense here, unless, perhaps, like the Latin "forma" and "formosus," it is used in the sense of "beauty." Compare a *chrothach mar cholum* in the old Litany of Mary in the *Leabhar Breac* = *formosa ut Columba*, beautiful as a dove.

Is iomá eapráio aghur cuirleasó i mionú na linteasó reó, aghur
is comárta é im naó bfuil rias aghann ann ro mar éáinís riasó o
láin an file. Ag ro an taria siota.

ni bhráḡ mise bás tuit.

ni bhráḡ mire bár tuit

A bean úo an cúirp mar ḡéir,

Daoiné leainia do mairbhair maíh

ni ionnann iao a' r mé péin.

Cpéao fáé pacfann o'eus

Do'n ḡob deairḡ, do'n deuo mar bláé (?)

An crué mionla, an t-uéet mar ḡéir,

An dóib rúó ḡeabainn péin bár?

na cíóa corpa, an cneap úr,

na ḡruasó corpa, an cúil rias,

ḡo deimh ni bfuigheao-ra bár

Dóib rúo, ḡo mbuó áill le Dia.

Do málaió * caola, o'folt man ór,

Do rún ḡeanmaíde, do ḡlóir leirḡ,

Do fál éruinn, do éolpa péir,

ni mairbhair rias aét ouine leain.

Do mheín doib, o'aigne rior,

Do bor tana, do éaoib mar cúirp,

Do riorḡ ḡorim, do bhráḡao bán,

ni bhráḡ mire bár tuit.

A bean úo, an cúirp mar ḡéir,

Do h-oileasó mé ag ouine ḡlic,

A bor éana, a bhráḡe bán

ni bhráḡ mire bár tuit.

Ag ro anoir an t'íomáó siota. níl pé coim rian leir an t'á
éann fuar, cperom. níl an file coim fuair-ḡlic leir an mbáir
deirḡeannas, aghur ni épordeann pé anasáir an ḡráó atá 'ḡá
éapao.

* "maíḡe" 'ran ms.

This translation is exactly in the metre of the original, *Literally.*

I shall not die for thee, O woman yonder, of body like a swan. Silly people
(were they) thou hast ever slain. They and myself are not the same. Why
should I go to die For the red lip, for the teeth like blossoms; The gentle

There is many a mistake and error in the metre of these lines, in the Irish, and that is a proof that we have not got them here just as they came from the hands of the poet. Here is the second piece :—

I SHALL NOT DIE FOR THEE.

For thee I shall not die,
Woman high of fame and name ;
Foolish men thou mayest slay
I and they are not the same.

Why should I expire
For the fire of any eye,
Slender waist or swan-like limb,
Is't for them that I should die ?

The round breasts, the fresh skin,
Cheeks crimson, hair so long and rich ;
Indeed, indeed, I shall not die,
Please God, not I, for any such.

The golden hair, the forehead thin,
The chaste mien, the gracious case,
The rounded heel, the languid tone,
Fools alone find death from these.

Thy sharp wit, thy perfect calm,
Thy thin palm like foam of sea ;
Thy white neck, thy blue eye,
I shall not die for thee.

Woman, graceful as the swan,
A wise man did nurture me,
Little palm, white neck, bright eye,
I shall not die for ye.

Here now is the third piece. It is not as old, I think, as the two given above. The poet is not so coldly-wise as the last bard, and does not fight against the love that is torturing him.

figure, the breast like a swan, Is it for them I myself should die. The pointed (?) breasts, the fresh skin ; The scarlet cheeks, the undulating cool ; Indeed, then, I shall not die For them, may it please God. Thy narrow brows, thy tresses like gold, Thy chaste secret, thy languid voice, Thy heel round, thy calf smooth. They shall slay none but a silly person. Thy delightful mien, thy free spirit, Thy thin palm, thy side like foam, Thy blue eye, thy white throat!—I shall not die for thee. O woman of body like a swan, I was nurtured by a cunning man, O thin palm, O white bosom—I shall not die for thee.

AN NAOIÚ BEAZ SIAN.

Soirim éú, a naoiú big fíar
 Na bfolc fíar, aí óac an óir,
 'S gac oual oíob go fada fann
 Naé gann do fín go bárr an féoir.

Na porc liaé, na bfeucain mall,
 Na malaió* ngann mar ríab pinn,
 Na ngruab mbán acé corcair tríoča
 Oéon ! ír tríoča táim tinn.

An beul blaíra, aí fíuab caoir,
 'S an deuo cáilce,† fáor aí mío,
 An tgrón óear, an ríuig naé móir,
 'S an ríob bán, fíuab de'n ngrí.

Na méur n-úir, na ngeal-láim nglan,
 Na ngeuz lag dá n-iaóann (?) tíim
 Uo gac ceól ríe-binn fáor-bláic
 Uo rgríob an fáoileann bán oúinn ‡

An t-uéc mar aol na g-cíoc g-cuinn
 Aíuáim fóir náir óóir aon, §
 An corp réimí reang, an taob bláic,
 Ní fennim oaoib óáil mo géir'.

Ír truaé gan mé airtíe fáor glar
 Ag mnaoi na mbair méar-glac-maoic,
 Ír porcláirge na rlior nglan
 Ní ír lioíraíuail na rreab g-caom.

Ag ro fáor óeireab, cómairle—ír oíe le rean oume gíuama
 éirín—anaóat na mban, aon ríora beaz aínín le caéab, mar
 mēadéan ruarac, ann fan taob eile de'n ríála, aíníuag an mío
 rin molca. Ír fíu a éabairc mar géall aí an íaríacé do rinne
 an báro rgeul o'muinn. Ír rompla maic aí mío na rean-báro

* "mairíge" 'ran ms. † "Cáilce bán" 'ran ms.

‡ "ríonn" 'ran ms. agur labairtear é í n-áiteacáib í gCúige
 múnán mar "ríinn" acé í gConnacáib mar "rínn." Ní focal
 coitíeonn amearg na g-Connacáe anoir é. § "rear" 'ran ms.

LITTLE CHILD, I CALL THEE.

Little child, I call thee fair,
 Clad in hair of golden hue,
 Every lock in ringlets falling
 Down, to almost kiss the dew.

Slow grey eye and languid mien,
 Brows as thin as stroke of quill,
 Checks of white with scarlet through them,
 Och ! it's through them I am ill.

Luscious mouth, delicious breath,
 Chalk-white teeth, and very small,
 Lovely nose and little chin,
 White neck, thin, she is swan-like all.

Pure white hand and shapely finger,
 Limbs that linger like a song ;
 Music speaks in every motion
 Of my sea-mew warm and young.

Rounded breasts and lime-white bosom,
 Like a blossom, touched of none,
 Stately form and slender waist,
 Far more graceful than the swan.

Alas for me ! I would I were
 With her of the soft-fingered palm,
 In Waterford to steal a kiss,
 Or by the Liss whose airs are balm.

* This translation is in the exact metre of the original. *Literally* :—
 I call on thee, O little baby over there,* Of the undulating tresses of the colour
 of gold ; And every lock of them long and languid, That almost stretch to the
 top of the grass ; Of the greyeyes of the slow looks, Of the brows thin like the
 stroke of a pen, Of the white cheeks, but scarlet through them, Ochone, it is
 through them I am ill. The tasteful mouth of the hue of a berry, And the chalk-
 white teeth free from size (?) The pretty nose, the chin not large, And the white
 throat, appearance of the swan. Of the fresh fingers of white hands clean (cut),
 Of the languid limbs round which close tunes (?) Of every fairy-sweet free-blos-
 somed music Which (she) the white fair seagull wrote. The bosom like lime,
 of the rounded breasts, That never yet any touched ; The gentle tender body,
 the blossom-like side—I sing ye not (half) an account of my swan. 'Tis pity I am
 not in under lock With the woman of the palms of the soft-finger touch, In
 Portlarigy (Waterford) of the clean benches (?) Or in Lisgowal of the gentle streams.

* *Literally*, "little infant, west."

é, aḡur tḁ an pīora ro coitḁionn ḡo leóir, ḁarruainḡ mīre é ar
rḡuḡbinn aḡa aḡam do ḡunne Doḁtḁir O Donabáin an ḡoláire
móir ḡaeḁeilḡe. O'ḁḁairḡ mīre līrḡuḡaḁ na bḡocal.

an t-iarla bhi 'san róim.

mairḡ do ḡuḁ cumann leir na mḡaib
ni mar ḡin aḡaḁ na rīr,
do buḁ ḁóir a ḡ-cuḡ i ḡ-cḡé
i n-ḁaḡmair na mban ro arḡiḡ.

iarla ḡlic do bí 'ran róim
aḡ a mḡḁeaḁ coirḡn óir fá fion,
ar iḡnaoi an iarla iḡóir iḡaḁ
do ḁualaḁ rḡeul aḁ, má b'fḡoir.

lá o'ḁ mabḁar arson
taob le taob ar leaḁaḁ clúin
do leis [ré] air ḡo mair aḡ éaḡ
do ḁum rḡeul, do bḡaḁ a rḡm.

“Oḁ! oḁ! o'ḁ bḡuḡḡeá-ḡa báḡ
buḁ beaḡ mo ḁár ionnam réim,
ar boḁtaib Oé leaḁ ar leaḁ
do mḡmḡinn fá reáḁ mo rḡpḡé.

do ḁuḡḡinn rīosa aḡur rḡól
i ḡ-coḡ-mḡoinn fḁirḡinḡ o'óir oḁarḡ
i oḁimḁioll do ḁuḡḡ 'ran uairḡ,”
ar an bean do rḡmuain* an ḁealḡ.

Doḁairḡḁar leirean an báḡ
do bḡaḁ mḡa no mala reanḡ,
o'ḁ oḁóin níoir ḁúmaill rī ḡin
an oḁóir a rḡr, mḁ o'ar' ḡeall.

* Labhairḁar an rḡocal ro mar “rḡmaoin” anoir, ann ḡaḁ aḁ
r-ḁuḡmḡ cḡeom, aḁt ir ḡollaḡaḁ ó'n rḡann ro ḡur labairḁaḁ é an
t-am ḡin “rḡmuain” mar rḡoḁḁar é, aḡ oḁunain coḡm-fuaine le uairḡ.

This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally.*

Pity of him who enters on affection with women, Not so are the men. They
ought to be put in clay, Without (the co-operation) of these women inside. A
wise Earl there was in Rome. Who used to have golden goblets under wine,
About the wife of the great good Earl There was heard a pleasant (or queer)
story, if true.

Here, at last, is a counsel against women, given by some morose old man, no doubt; only one little piece to throw in as a petty make-weight on the other side of the balance, after all that praise. It is worth giving on account of the attempt the bard has made to tell a story. It is a good example of the manner of the old bards, and this piece is common enough. I took it out of a manuscript which I have, made by Doctor O'Donovan, the greatest of Irish scholars. I have somewhat changed the orthography:

THE ROMAN EARL.

No man's trust let woman claim,
Not the same as men are they;
Let the wife withdraw her face
When ye place the man in clay.

Once there was in Rome an earl
Cups of pearl did hold his ale,
Of this wealthiest earl's mate
Men relate a famous tale.

So it chanced that of a day
As they lay at ease reclined,
He in jest pretends to die,
Thus to try her secret mind.

"Och! Ochone, if you should die,
Never I would be myself;
To the poor of God I'd give
All my living, lands and pelf.

"Then in satin stiff with gold,
I would fold thy fair limbs still,
Laying thee in gorgeous tomb,"
Said the woman bent on ill.

Soon the earl, as if in death,
Yielded up his breath to try her;
Not one promise kept his spouse
Of the vows made glibly by her.

On a day that they were together, Side by side on a bed of down, He let on that he was dying. He shaped a story to spy out her secret mind. "Och! Och! if thou wert to die Little would be my regard for my own life (*literally*, small were my case in myself). On the poor of God, round about, I would divide severally my fortune. I would put silk and satin. In an equal-broad division of red gold, Round about thy body in the tomb,"—

Fuarh o'á mhalairt ar an rriáio
 an tpiáé rin—ció 'i beag an ríóir,
 Oá hainn-láimh no tpi de fac
 nac páimig ar fad a tóim.

Do géal rípe bpiéio a cinn
 ar noul do'n éill leir an g-copp,
 ni éug piáim o' eaglaip dé
 'S ni éug déiric do éime boét.

Tugad leiréan éipúge ppiap
 nuair bí a bean ag toul uairé,
 O'fiappaig créao fá paib a copp
 O'á éup noét ann ran uairé.

Éug rípe leirégeul gar,
 ar nóp na mbán bíop le h-óle,
 O'á paopaó ar a fear péim,
 bean nac ngeobáó géill i loét.*

"bpiatlin fá coraib gac ríu
 ni béio anoir mar do bí piáim,
 go ppiup t go níg na noéil,
 buó leat túp ó a tóirio 'ran cpiab.

Do éomh-ling le túp na rpiuig
 ar rpiab Síonn—cpiuio an cáp,
 Do éumap ouic aipléime gearpi
 nac páimig meall do oá mór."

Ar na mnaib ció móp bup nóbúg
 fada oóib ag toul le gaoit,
 Teapc ouime nac meallaio piab,
 Maipg leigear a pín le mnaoi.

* "bean nápi gabáó géill a loét" 'ran ms. † go ppiup=go
 piúio tu, go ois tu go.

Said the woman who thought the deceit. Death is pretended † by him, To spy
 the woman of the slender brow, Of her will she did not fulfil—After her husband
 —one thing of all she promised. He got in exchange of it on the street, That
 time—though it was small its worth—Two cubits or three of sackcloth That did
 not completely reach even his hips. She brightened the kerchief of her head On

Jerked into a coffin hard,
 With a yard of canvas coarse ;
 (To his hips it did not come) ;
 To the tomb they drove the corse.

Bravely dressed was she that day,
 On her way to Mass and grave ;
 To God's Church and needy men,
 Not one penny piece she gave.

Up he starts, the confined man,
 Calls upon his wife aloud,
 " Why am I thus thrust away,
 Almost naked, with no shroud ?"

Then as women do when caught
 In a fault, with ready wit
 Answered she upon the wing—
 Not one thing would she admit :

" Winding-sheets are out of date,
 All men state it. Clad like this,
 When the judgment trump shall sound,
 You shall bound to God and bliss.

" When in shrouds they trip and stumble
 You'll be nimble then as erst,
 Hence I shaped thee this short vest,
 You'll run best and come in first."

Trust not to a woman's faith,
 'Tis a breath, a broken stem ;
 Few whom they do not deceive,
 Let him grieve that trusts to them.

going to the grave-yard with the body, She gave not a penny to the Church of God, And she gave no alms to any poor person. A quick leap up was given by him, When his wife was going away from him. He asked her why his body was A-burying naked in the grave. She gave a ready excuse, After the manner of women (caught) in evil, Clearing herself to her own husband. A woman who would not make submission (?) in fault. "A (winding) sheet round the feet of every man, There shall not be now, as ever before, That thou mayest reach to the king of the elements, Thou shalt have the first place of all that go on the mountain.* To (let thee) race in the front of the multitudes, On the mountain of Sion—

ԸԻԾ 'Ր Ե'ԻՈՄԾԱ ԸԱՆՏԲԱՐ ՄԻՆ
 ԱՅՍՐ ԵՐԱԻՇԼԻՆ ԸՏՈԼ ԱՆՆ Ա ԵԻՇ,
 ՈՍԾ ԼԵ Ա ԵՐՈԼՈՇՇԱԻԾԵ Ա ՈՇԵ
 ՈՒՅՐ ԸՍՐ ՐԻ ՔԱ ԸՕՐՔ Ա ՔԻՒ.

ԱՅ ՐԻՆ ԸՄԱՆՆ ՈՒ ՄԻՆԱ,
 [ԱՐ] ՐԱՆ ԻԱՐԼԱ ՇԼԻԸ ԵՍԾ ՇԼԱՆ ՇՈՒՈԻ,
 “ՔԵԱՇԱԾ ՇԱԸ ՈԵԱԸ ԸԼԱՐ ՈՍ ՔԵՆ
 ՏՆԼ ՔԱՇՏՔԱՐ Ա ՐՔՐԵ ԱՅ Ա ՄԻՆԱՈԻ.”

ԱՅ ՔԱՇԱԼ ԵԱՐ ՈՒ ՄԵԻԾԵԱԾ ՔԵԱՐ
 ՈՒԱ ԸԼՈՒՄԵԱԾ Ա ԵԱՆ Է ՕՐ ԱՐԾ,
 ՈՒԱ ԾԵՈՒՆ ՈՒ ԼԵԻՇԵԱԾ ԱՄԱԸ
 ՕԸ ՈՒԱ ԱԸ, ԸԻԾ ՈՒՐ Ա ՄԱՐԻՇ.

ԵԱ ՄԵ ՔԵԻԾ ԱՈՒՐ ԼԵՐ ՈՒ Լ-ԱԵՐԱՆԱԻՆ ՇՐԱԾ. ՈՒ ԸՆԴԵՐԱԻԾ ՄԵ ԱՈՆ
 ԸԵԱՆՆ ԵԻԼԵ ԱՆՆ ՐՕ. ՈՒ՛Լ ԱՈՆ ԸՄԵԱԼ ԱԵՐԱՆ ԱՄԵԱՐՇ ՈՒ ՈՒԱՈՒՄԵ-
 ԵՄԱԻԾԵ ՐԻ ԻՈՄԱԾՈՒՄԼԱ ՈՒԱ ԻԱԾ ՐՕ. ԱՆ ՈԵԻԸ-ՔԻՇԵԱԾ ՈՒ ՈՒԱ-ՔԻՇԵԱԾ ԱԸԱ
 ՈՒ ԸՆՇ ՄԵ ԱՆՆ ՐՕ, ՈՒ ԸՕՇ ՄԵ ԱՄԱԸ ԻԱԾ ԱՄԵԱՐՇ ՈՒ Շ-ԸԵՄՍԵՄԱ, ՐԱՍ
 ՈԱԸ ՐԱԻՆ ՈՒ ՔՕՐԱՐ ԼԵ ՈԵՄԱՄ, ՕՐԻ ԱԸԱ ԱՆ ԸՍՐ ՐԻ ՄՕ ԱԸ ԸՈՒՆ
 ԵՐԱՍԼԼԻՇԵ ԱՅՍՐ ԸՈՒՆ ՄԵԱՐՇԸԱ ԵՐՈՒ Ա ԸՇԻԼԵ ՇՐԻ ՈԵԱԸԱՐ Է ԱՈՆ
 ՕՐՍՈՂԱԾ ԸԵԱՐԵ ՈՒ ԸՐԻ ՕՐՐԱ. ԱՆ ՄԵԱԾ ՈՒ ԸՆՇ ՄԵ ՇՕ ՍԵԻ ՔԵԾ,
 ՈԸԱՆԱԾՈՒՐ ՄԱՐ ՔՕՄՔԼԱԾԱԻՆ ԱՐ ԱՆ Շ-ԸԱՈԻ ԱՆՆ Ա Շ-ԸՍՐԵԱՆՆ ԱՆ
 ԵՄԱԵԱԸ ԸՈՒՄԱԸԵԱԸ Ա ՐՄԱՍԻՆԵ ՇՐԱԾ Ի ՈՒ-ԱԵՐԱՆԱԻՆ ԱՅՍՐ Ի ՐԱՆՆԵԱԻՆ,
 ՄԱ՛Ր ՈՇԸՇԱՐ ՈՒ ԵՍԾՈՇՇԱՐ, ՄԱ՛Ր ԵՐՈՒՆ ՈՒ ԼՈՇՇԱՐԵ ԵՐՐՐ 'ՇԱ ԸՕՐ-
 ՐԱՇԱԾ.

hard the case—I shaped for thee a short shroud That did not reach thy two
 hips.” In women though great is your confidence, It is long known that they
 go with the wind. Few are the people they do not deceive. Woe is he who lets
 his secret with a woman. Though many was the piece of smooth canvas, And
 narrow sheet in her house, A thing by which his nakedness would be covered,
 She did not put round the body of her husband. There is the affection of the
 woman! Says the prudent earl of clear countenance—“Let each man look for a
 coffin for himself, Before he leaves his fortune to his wife.” At point of death
 though a man should be, Let not his wife hear him (sigh) aloud, If he can help
 it let him not let out, Either Och or Ach, though great be his woe.

Though full her house of linen web,
 And sheets of thread spun full and fair
 (A warning let it be to us)
 She left her husband naked there.

Spake the prudent earl—"In sooth
 Woman's truth ye here behold;
 Now let each his coffin buy,
 Ere his wife shall get his gold.

"When death wrestles for his life
 Let his wife not hear him moan;
 Great though be his pain and fear,
 Let her hear not sigh nor groan."

I have now done with the love songs. I shall give no other of them here. There is no sort of song amongst the peasantry more plentiful than they. The thirty or forty of them which I have given here, I chose out from amongst hundreds, a thing that was not very easy to do, for the most of them are so corrupt and so mixed through each other that it is difficult to get them into any right order. All that I have given up to this let them serve as examples of the way in which the Connacht peasant puts his love-thoughts into song and verse, whether it be hope or despair, grief or joy, that affect him.

† *Deónaí* means to grant or consent, but here it must mean pretend, or something equivalent.

‡ The "Day of the Mountain" is a common phrase for "Judgment Day." She means that not being entangled in a winding-sheet he shall have first place in the running on that day.

§ Literally, "long for them going with wind."
 || Literally, "of his will."

NOTES.

Page 2, line 2. The reader will observe throughout the first half of this book some confusion between $\Delta\mu$ and $\Delta\mu$. This must be attributed to the way in which these songs made their appearance. On the death of the *Nation* the *Weekly Freeman* patriotically seconded my efforts to preserve and popularise these songs by placing every two or three weeks a column or two at my disposal. Consequently the publication of these pieces, few as they are, necessarily extended over a long period, during which I changed my views upon the orthography of $\Delta\mu$, and insensibly fell into the way of writing, with Keating and our older authors, the simple preposition " $\Delta\mu$," "on," reserving the spelling $\Delta\mu$ for the compound preposition "on him." In speaking, however, I may observe that both are pronounced in the same way, like *errh*, or like the first syllable in the English word "error." Line 14, for $\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu$, read $\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu$.

Page 4, line 14, for $\Delta\mu$ read $\mu\mu$. Line 22, $\mu\mu$ is here confounded with $\mu\mu$. In Connacht the best speakers and writers use $\mu\mu$ after a negative and $\mu\mu$ on other occasions, as $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$, but $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$. In Ulster $\mu\mu$ seems to be often used in both cases. Mr. O'Faherty, in his capital book, " $\mu\mu\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu\mu\mu$," has printed the second verse of this song at p. 50, as belonging to a poem which he entitles $\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu$, one of the sweetest in the whole book. This is the only verse in it which bears any resemblance to mine.

Page 8. The beautiful third verse of this song has found its way into different pieces recited by the people, as into the song " $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$ " not given here, and others, so that it is hard now to tell to which it properly belongs.

Page 12, line 23 for $\mu\mu$ read $\mu\mu$.

Page 14, line 1. $\mu\mu$ is a dialectic form of $\mu\mu$, the Connacht $\mu\mu$, which is also sometimes found as $\mu\mu$. In the last line but one, read $\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu$ for $\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu\mu$.

Page 16, line 12. $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$ has been mistranslated in the text as though it were $\mu\mu$. The real translation is, "in one another's protection (or society)." Line 18, $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$ $\mu\mu$, i.e. my shoe-black hair. Line 21, $\mu\mu\mu\mu$ means a "whiff" of wind here; in the tale of *Osgar na Sáiste*, which I printed in the *Revue Celtique*, it

means a "gliat" of a sunbeam, hence it seems to be applied to anything short or small. Its usual meaning, however, is "syllable," as in the song of tina péucaé, at p. 122, but it seems doubtful whether it is derived from the Latin *syllaba* or not. If it is, the use of the English word "jot," and, possibly, the Irish *giota*, to signify something small, from the Greek *iota*, is a close parallel. Line 32. By right the *o* of *oualaid* should be aspirated, but aspiration in the case of *o* and *u* is not always rigorously observed. Cf. *bean dub an gleanna* not *bean ùb*, etc.

Page 18, line 7, for *óá* read *óá*. Line 9, this line is mistranslated in the text as a correspondent has pointed out to me. It should be "like snow a-winnowing on mountains." This word *cait* has in modern Connacht usage a great many meanings, as "throw," "winnow," "smoke (tobacco)," "eat," "shoot," "wear (rings, etc.)," "spend (money)," "wear out (clothes, etc.);" in fact, it is a good Gaelic rival to Mark Twain's *Zug*, of which that humorist observes that the thing which this Teutonic monosyllable does *not* mean, when all its legitimate pendants are hung on, has not yet been discovered. By the way, when the verbal participle has a passive sense, as here, it is better to write *ó'á* before it, not *'gá*, which should be used, as Dr. Atkinson has shown, only when the participle has an active meaning; then *tá ré 'gá* (i.e. *ag a*) *buailaó*, *'gá caílaó*, etc., means "he is a-beating it, a-winnowing it," etc., but *tá ré ó'á* (i.e. *eo a*) *buailaó*, *ó'á caílaó*, etc. means, "it is a-beating, a-winnowing," i.e., is being beaten, being winnowed.

Page 20, line 21. This line should be translated "not long was my lying." It is translated as if *níor b'fada* was *mór fada*. Line 25. I think this *fánaé* should be translated "sorrowfully."

Page 22, line 30. *slán beó leat* is wrongly translated in the text. It means "may you be well while alive," or, "farewell as long as you live."

Page 24. My friend, *Seagán O Ruairdín* (John Rogers), a Mayo man himself, and an authority on Mayo songs, says that the first two verses of this song, *1r fada mé ag iméacat*, belong by right to the song at p. 34, the right name of which is *Máire an chúil bháin*, and that this Maurya was an O'Neill who lived at the foot of Knocknashee, (*cnoc na ríoe*) below Tubbercurry, in the County Sligo. The man who made the song is said to have actually left the country taking Maurya with him. He also thinks that the third and last two verses of this song are an addition to *Máire an chúil bháin*. The re-

maining four verses are to the measure and air of "πέριλα θεῶν ἀν
τιλέϊβ βάν." The fourth verse of the song at p. 70 of ΣΙΔΡΑ ΔΝ
ξενιπύο is nearly identical with the first verse of mine, but that
song appears to be made up of verses from four different ones.

Page 28, line 19. Κορμυδιό is generally Anglicized "Morrisroe." I do not know why she was called Crummey in English.

Page 30. Some say that this most celebrated song had its origin near Buninadden, in Sligo. Seáðan O Ruairíug thinks it came from Ballinlough, in West Roscommon. The third line often runs rneácta ríopað 'r é o'á féroeað éap jlíab uí jlíomn. When the snow is driven low and hard, it is said to á' ríopað or sweeping.

Page 32, line 17, for τίς (the vocative masculine) read τίς (the voc. fem.) There is, however, no appreciable difference in pronunciation. Line 5, aspirate the ρ of ρεαρ. Line 6, λέιγεαρφασοιρ is pronounced either *lice-a-deesh* or *lace-a-deesh*, indifferently. The surname Green mentioned in the last line is, I believe, properly O h-u-a-ine, and should be anglicized O'Hooney.

Page 34, three lines from bottom, line ought to be feminine, not masculine, as here.

Page 36. The last verse of the song called the *Ciomać* at p. 41, of Mr. O'Faherty's excellent "*Σιμας αν ξεμιρτο*" is very like the opening verse of my *Τάλλυρίν*, but there is no other resemblance between the two pieces. He afterwards recovered a verse nearly identical with my second verse, and prints it on the last page of his book as belonging to the *Ciomać*. If this is so, my song is a fragment of it, but I think it more likely that they are different pieces altogether, for I have recovered from a Roscommon man another version of his called the *Σιοβαć*, which I do not give here. Both *Ciomać* and *Σιοβαć* mean the "untidy" or "slatternly" person.

Page 38, line 4. *Read* ré rin for rérin. Line 10. *Read* ri-re for ri-re, for when pronouns are emphasized by a suffix the tendency is for the long vowel to become short, as mipe (mish-a) from mé; eipean (esh-in) from é, τυρς (thussa or thissa) from tú, etc. Line 25 would be better translated "with desire to marry you."

Page 40, line 29. This beautiful song is also printed by Mr. O'Faherty at p. 42 of the ΣΑΜΡΑ. According to him it was generally sung in Connemara as an addition to the song of the "Ciomac," but it is evidently, as he has observed, a completely different piece.

Page 42, line 18, this καλλαρὶε is, I take it, the syllable "caul" of the word High-caul cap, or High-cauled cap (a species of headdress

once much worn) Gaelicized. The term High-caul cap itself, occurs in the song of Youghal Harbour, or, *Oul go h-Éoáil*, a most popular one in Connacht, and there is a celebrated air of the same name. This headdress was in vogue during the latter end of the last century and the beginning of this, but I have been unable to discover the origin of the name. The bards disliked the cap, and, as in the case of that contemporaneous article of female attire, the Cardinel, they satirized severely those who wore it.

Page 48, line 19, for *buo read buó*. Line 38, for *ḟáḟḟáó read ḟáḟḟáó*.

Page 50, line 4, for *ḟeḟ read ḟeḟ*.

Page 56, line 6. *Seáḟḟan O Ruáḟḟḟḟḟḟ* has since explained this word to me. He says it is the Mayo "vernacular for answer in reply to a call or shout, as distinct from an answer to a question, which is *ḟḟeáḟḟa*, or, as we called it, *ḟḟeáḟḟaḟḟ*." "I remember," he adds, "the episode of the ford of the river, but I never could learn where it was, and did not hear the name Donogue till seeing it in your song." I got the verse below, in which the ford of the Donogue is mentioned, from a man named *ḟáḟḟaḟḟ ḟe ḟláca*, since emigrated to America, but whom I met in the island of Achill. I suppose that *ḟáḟḟ* must be a participle with *áḟ* understood, but I have also heard the line run *muna ḟeáḟáó cu áḟḟḟ ḟáḟḟ oḟḟ*. The form *ḟeáḟḟḟ* for *ḟeḟeáḟḟ* is very common everywhere. Line 8, for *ámáin read amáin*.

Page 58, line 12, for *ceile read céile*. Line 25. A northern correspondent has informed me that *cupáicín* means, in parts of Ulster, a comb for the hair, and that this must be the meaning of *cupáicín* here. This would make good sense, but I have never heard the word. The co-operation of everyone is obviously needed, not only to preserve, but also to explain our folk literature. Line 31, *ceileáḟaḟḟ* must be meant for *ceileáḟḟáó* "warbling;" however, I give the word as I heard it.

Page 60, line 8. The real form of this play on words is as follows, according to my friend *O Ruáḟḟḟḟḟḟ*'s account; "Tumaus was said to have married after Una's death into the O'Rorke family, but was given to the reprehensible habit of stealing off from Castlemore (query, Edmondstown) to visit poor Una's grave in Loch Cé, and was finally found dead upon it one morning—which looks like a bardic touch. It was on the occasion of his marriage, when his father-in-law showed him the fortune in sheep, etc., he said, *b'ḟeáḟḟ ḟom-ra caoḟa áḟḟ*

ΔΟΝ ΨΑΝ ΑΝΙΔΑΝ (= ΔΟΝ ΨΝΑ ΪΔΑΝ) 'ΝΑ ΔΗ ΜΕΔΟ ΠΗ.* "The Shanachies" adds Ο ΡΥΔΙΩΡΙΣ, "used to lay stress on the fact that O'Rorke, by giving Tumaus a certain amount of sheep and cattle, they, when added to his own stock, would entitle him (Tumaus) to a certain rank of chieftaincy, for which they had an Irish name which I forget; it wasn't *ridire*. There was an ordinance in the Brehon code of this nature, and it makes me think Tumaus lived at an earlier age than we usually thought." ΣΕΔΞΑΝ Ο ΡΥΔΙΩΡΙΣ has also furnished me with the following note: "*Dualtach Caoch*, according to some, was his brother and successor, but others said nothing of their relationship except that he was the last chief, and their story of his death was much the same as that given by Prendergast in his "Irish Rapparees," except that the latter makes no mention of Ruane and the clamp of turf, which, of course, was always our version. Prendergast calls him *Sir Dudley Costello*, and says he was killed by a party led by one of the Dillons somewhere beyond Swinford. He had been a Colonel in the service of Charles II., and had served abroad. The place where Ruane is said to have shot him is a hill near Swinford, called to this day *Silhestin a' Dualtaigh*, or, in English, Seeshtheen. Did poor Shamus O'Hart not mention anything of the boyish Tumaus when asked would he try a fall with the champion, "I would if I got enough to eat," "ΔΗ ΙΟΡΨΑ ΔΗ ΑΡΑΛΛ ΠΗ?" "ΨΙΛ ΠΙΟΡ ΔΞΑΜ ΔΗ ΙΟΡΨΑΜ ΔΗ ΑΡΑΛΛ ΜΟΡ ΔΕΤ Ο'ΙΟΡΨΑΜ ΔΗ ΑΡΑΛΛ ΒΕΔΞ," † meaning the foal, and the story of the twenty grouse which he and the wrestler demolished, and which was the cause of MacDermott's prejudice against him afterwards in the love affair."

According to the best story-tellers, Tumaus lived at Castlemore, about half-a-mile west of Ballaghaderreen (ΒΕΛΑΔΕ Δ'ΟΟΡΙΝ), in the Co. Mayo, and Una was the daughter of MacDermott of the Rock, who lived in a castle on an island in Loch Cé, called ΤΕΔΕ ΝΑ ΑΡΡΑΙΞΕ, or the "house of the rock," from whence sprang the present name, Rockingham. Hence the local proverb, Ο'ΨΑΞΑΜΝ ΤΕΔΕ ΝΑ ΑΡΡΑΙΞΕ ΔΞΑΟ, "I'd leave you the House of the rock," said to an unpleasant companion. Line 26, ΒΡΕΔΕΤΑ is a not uncommon superlative of βρέδξ.

* i.e. "I'd rather have a single lamb than all that," but the words also mean, "I would rather have one sheep and Fair-haired Una than all that."

† i.e. "Would you eat that horse?" "I don't know would I eat the big horse, but I'd eat the little horse." These legends about Tumaus Loidher seem to me an excellent example of how mythic and fabulous elements, the stock-in-trade of storytellers in all ages, become gradually grafted on to a real historical character.

Page 66, line 3. *ní éiríonn* is the usual form. The people in mid-Connacht never say *ní béarfaínn*; in the last verse of the Coolun, on p. 70, we find the *inverse solecism*, *do éabairfaínn* for *do béarfaínn*.

Page 69, line 10. *Read* *filíbeáct* for *filíbe áct*. *Read* *fuasac* for *fuasac* in fourth line of song. *Beairnaða*, in line 6, is often pronounced *beairnaða*, and this *é* sound of *ó* in plurals so formed is usual in Connacht. *Seághan O Ruairí* tells me he is almost certain that it was a man called Curneen who made this song, early in the century, and that the hero of it was one McLachlan, from Airteach, to the west of Castlerea, who carried off a girl from somewhere near Kilmovee, and that the song began *Tá bean ag an teampall a' r' solann sí liom*. Curneen was a regular *sporteen* and follower of the gentry, and was the author, according to O Ruairí, of many sporting, foxhunting, and drinking songs, but I have been unable to recover any of them.

Page 70. The song of the Coolun is generally associated with Belanagare, in Roscommon, from the first verse, which usually runs, *i mbeul-áé-na-geairi atá an r'áir-bean breágh m'óthmáil*; but my inquiries on the spot have elicited nothing to throw light upon it, nor does the song seem well known in the vicinity, so I fancy it must have originated in some other place of the same name.

Page 72, line 7. This line is mistranslated. It does not mean you squeezed a pressure on my hand, but "you pressed an embrace upon me." *Bairróg* is the common form of this word. See p. 48, four lines from bottom, where it is used in its most usual sense.

Page 74, line 14. *Táir=tá tu*. Line 23. *ní buailéad oim é*—I do not well understand this.

Page 76, line 7. Or, perhaps, it should be translated, "what the dead cat," as one would say, "what the mischief." This is how O Ruairí explains it. First line of last verse.—O Ruairí translates this line differently from me. "In our (Mayo) vernacular," he says, "this would mean 'you passed me by late in the evening without speaking!'" *Doiréa* was a localism for "cold," "distant," "making strange;" its opposite was *rubáilcead*. Even in English, "She's as black as the pot" would be heard of a cold, reserved girl without any reference to her complexion."

Page 82. This verse *a m'áire*, etc., is, I find, also given by Hardiman,

Page 85, line 1. The *manáire r'gáé* (pronounced like Mong-ir-ya Sooguch) means "jovial peddler," or, something analogous.

Page 86, line 28, *aliter*, *tá noemfaínn cairleán de éirí*, i.e. if I

were to make a castle of a pigsty. I omitted a seventh verse in the text, which I recovered in the Co. Mayo :—

níl don éirann ann ran scoill
 nac oíonnntóeas a bonn or a bárr
 níl don eala ar tonn
 nac oíonnntóeas a cúl leir an tinnín
 ná don tragarc 'ran bfrann
 nac oíonnntóeas a cúl leir an tinnín
 aet na ag feiceann gac am
 ar péarla deir an tleirb' óinn.

Page 92. This song is supposed to be of Leitrim origin, and is said to be an especial favourite with people of that county. It is, however, well known in Munster also.

Page 94, line 20. *Read* h-*ann* for h-*ann*.

Page 98, line 12. *Read* buó for ruó.

Page 100, last line. mónte seems an irregular genitive of món instead of the usual móna, unless it is for mónteas, the gen. plur., which would not make good sense.

Page 102, line 6. *lann* is very corrupt; it is meant for the relative *lann*—"which lights up." Before this relative form of the verb a "which" (in imitation, according to Dr. Atkinson, of the English "which") has often been placed of late years.

Page 104, line 1, for *ann* *read* *ann*.

Page 106, line 9. I do not quite know what *bub* is. I have met the expression, *bub* *ann*, as well as *bub* *ann*; it may be the beard of the rush. They have a proverb in Kerry, *bub* *ann* *bub* *ann* which, I suppose, is equivalent to the Scotch "many a little makes a mickle." Is this the same *bub* with the final *b* unspirated?

Page 114, line 5. *Read* *ann* for *ann*.

Page 120, line 23. *Ónn* *ann* cannot be the northern Dunganon, but a place in Waterford of nearly the same name.

Page 122. The first line of this celebrated song ought to run *pórrann* *bub* *ann* *ann*, which is the way I have always heard it, and Mr. John Fleming also, but the manuscript from which I copied wrote *bub*. O *ann*, who picked up the song by ear, thought that *bub* was the girl's name "Vesey," but I think *bub* is only another form of *bub* "well-mannered." My friend, Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, U.S.A. (author of the "Life of Thomas Francis Meagher," and like John O'Mahony, whose private secretary

he once was, a fine Irish scholar), has told me that an old man named John Moloney repeated this song for him from beginning to end, including the bombastic verses stuffed with classical names which I have omitted, and assured him that the celebrated poet, Anthony Raftery, was the author of it, and that it was from Raftery's own lips he heard it. Martin P. Ward, of San Francisco, U.S.A., has also assured me that the piece is Raftery's, and added, that it was made by him one night that he came to the Priest's house in Loughrea, and found a new servant girl before him who did not know him, and was unaware that the priest had given orders that as often as he called he should have a bed and entertainment while he chose to remain. He asked where the other girl, $\text{Brígid na Cásarais}$ (Bridget Casey) was, and heard she had gone to the Protestant Minister's house at the other end of the town. It was then he made this poem on her disappearance calling the Minister Pluto, which explains the allusion in the verse, $\text{'Sé Pluto an púionna clampaíac ríob uaim mo fíor a' m'annraic}$, etc. Mr. Ward also explains the name móm-eile which had puzzled me, but which, he says, is the spoken pronunciation of móm-aile , the Bog of Allen. This piece is not, however, in the only collected manuscript of Raftery's poems which I have seen. A very mutilated edition of it appeared in an Irish-American newspaper some fourteen years ago, the refined and sensitive Gaelic editor omitting nearly every third line as being, he said, "too *broad* and coarse to be submitted to the ladies and gentlemen who compose the (Irish) classes!"—A curious instance of false delicacy.

Page 128, line 22. The true reading of this line is $\text{ní' lé mé mór le Cháron}$, and so John Fleming told me he heard it recited, *i.e.* "I am not great with Charon," meaning, according to one of the commonest of Irish idioms—the despair of the merely book-learned—"I am not on good terms with him."

Page 129, note. Mr. H. S. Lloyd who has collected many Ulster and Leinster songs, tells me there is another Bréuch-mhuigh (or Breaky) in Meath, and thinks it is to it the song alludes.

Page 130, line 14. Beir i fíor is an obscure expression to me. I think i fíor must mean, as $\text{comár O fíannaoile}$ once suggested to me "in trouble," and the line would mean "who would when in trouble give her knowledge of his secret." Cár does often mean "trouble," or "hardship." Line 29. I do not quite understand the meaning of fíorac fíor .

Page 140, line 11. I do not quite understand fíorac an fíor , nor

Accordingly, when the Earl asks her why he was put naked in the tomb, she first says it was done to leave more space for herself to be beside him.

Do cum uaignear o'fágarl tam péin.
 Ann ra ccill a b'rao o éadé,
 Cum do donra, mún mo éleib
 Ir pfoi a méir-ge tálam a mádó ?

Her second excuse is that in the text.

cníoch.

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Hyde, Douglas.

Author

Abhrain gradh chuige

Title

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Hyde

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